

NEWPORT

OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL



NEWPORT
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NEWPORT

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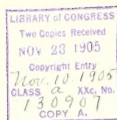
MRS. JOHN KING VAN RENSSELAER

AUTHOR OF "CROCHET LACE, AND HOW TO MAKE IT," "NEW YORKERS OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY," "THE DEVIL'S PICTURE-BOOKS," "VAN RENSSELAERS
OF THE MANOR," "THE GOEDE VROUW OF MANA-HA-TA," ETC.

WITH FRONTISPIECE IN COLOR BY HENRY HUTT
MANY ILLUSTRATIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE AND
DOUBLE-TONE AND FROM DRAWINGS BY
EDWARD STRATTON HOLLOWAY



PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
CLIMATE	17
<p>"What Cheer?" Situation. Climate. Longevity. Amusement Cure. A Day of Play. A Health Resort in 1729. The Southern Visitors. General Washington's Introduction. Foresight of City Government. Rise and Fall. Reunion. Sons of Newport. Summer Cottages. A New Fashion. Insomnia. Babies. Octogenarians. First Medical School. Dr. John Clarke. Charter. Baptists. The Doctors. Dr. Hunter. Dr. Vigneron. Board of Health. Hospitals. Newport in the Van.</p>	

SOCIETY	27
<p>Newport in 1800. First Cottagers. Value of Land. Pioneers from Boston and New York. Ochre Point. Governor Lawrence. Mr. de Lancey Kane. Mr. de Rham. Mr. Wetmore. A Traveller's Remarks. The Hotels and their Fashionable Guests. Occupations of the Day. A New Era. Fashionable Visitors. Dancing Reception. Notable Persons. A Newport Belle. By-the-Sea. The Dames of Halidon Hill. Ward McAllister. A Picnic. The Hosts. Extravagance. Cotillon Dinners. Yachting. Barn Dances. The Glen. Lawton's Tea-House. Gossip. The Social Ladder. To introduce a Debutante. Winter Festivities. The Leaders. Theatricals. Garden Fêtes. Balls.</p>	

BELLEVUE AVENUE	39
<p>Aquidneck Midas. Thames Street. Spring Street. Boiling Spring. Broadway. Bellevue Avenue. The Carriages. The Omnibus. The Drivers. The Excursionists. The Residences. Fashionable Hours. Names. Tradesmen's Carts. Nathaniel Kay. Rope Walk. The Fire. Jews' Cemetery. Methodist Chapel. Hilltop. The Reading-Room. Redwood Library. A Famous Tree. Mr. Tompkins. Mr. John N. A. Griswold. The Stone Tower. Miss Leary. Mr. Parrish's Villa. Mr. Garretson. The Fashionable Butcher. Rare Flowers. The Travers Block. Shops. Casino. Mrs. Le Roy. Mrs. Sidney Brooks. James Gordon Bennett. Kingscote. Ocean House. Mrs. Paran Stevens. Mr. Powell. Elm Court. Edna Villa. Mrs.</p>	

CONTENTS

PAGE

BELLEVUE AVENUE—CONTINUED

King. Mr. Prescott Lawrence. Mrs. Weld. Mrs. Best. Mr. E. J. Berwind. Mr. E. R. Morse. Mr. Elisha Dyer. White Lodge. Château Nooga. Mr. Andrews. Mr. Merrill. Mrs. Woodbury Kane. Mrs. Joseph Stone. Swanhurst. Mr. Blight. Mrs. Harold Brown. Château sur Mer. Mrs. John Carter Brown. Mayfield. The Bush. Mr. Grand-d'Hauteville. Mrs. Gambrell. Mr. Thomas. Mr. Storrs-Wells. Mr. Scott. Mr. Townsend Burden. Mrs. Van Alen. Mrs. Baldwin. Mr. Cramp. Mr. Belmont. Mrs. Oelrichs. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Mrs. Havemeyer. Mrs. Astor. Mr. Nathaniel Thayer. Wyndhurst. Mr. Knight. Mr. Bell. Belecourt. Misses Gibert. Mr. Winthrop. Mrs. Pierson. General Cadwalader. Baroness Selliere. Mrs. Mills. Mr. Cushing. Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt.

THE CLIFF WALK

55

Extent. The View. Fisherman's Rights. Trespassers. Mr. Chancellor. President Roosevelt. Mr. Johnston. Bath Road. Lord Percy's Head-Quarters. Cliff House. Mrs. Herman Livingston. Mrs. Slater. Mrs. Safe. Mrs. Gammell. Forty Steps. Mrs. Goelet. Ochre Court. Mr. Pendleton. Vinland. The Breakers. Minnie War. Mr. Pearson. Ochre Point. Mr. John R. Drexel. Flower Beds. Mr. Fairman Rogers. Midcliff. Mr. Collard. Mr. James Woodward. Mrs. James Kernochan. Mr. Peterson. Mr. John Thompson Spencer. Comte de Turin. By-the-Sea. Mr. Baneroft's Flower Garden. Rosecliff. Mrs. Whitney. Mrs. Astor. Marble House. Beechwood. M. da Barrada. Mr. Robert N. Carson. Mr. Yznaga. The Newport Duchesses. Mr. Harry Ingersoll. Mrs. Sorchon. Mr. Green. Rough Point. Spouting Horn. Mr. E. T. Gerry. Rockhurst. Lands End. Governor Lippitt. Mrs. Richardson. Gibbs and Cliff Avenues. Professor Pumpelly. Mr. A. B. Emmons. Professor Wolcott Gibbs. Mrs. Eustis. Mrs. Samuel Powel. Major Theodore Gibbs. Mrs. Rogers. The Misses Mason. Bushy Park. Easton's Beach. Mr. James Parker. Mr. F. K. Sturgis. Oaklawn. Major Fearing. Mr. Henry A. C. Taylor. The Pinard Cottages. Paradise and Purgatory. The Quaint Names. The Devils Chasm. The Legends. The Sweethearts. A Boy's Venture. The Feat of Trinity's Curate. The Cenotaph. The Beacons. Honyman's Hill. The Seekonk. The Battlefield. White Hall. Hanging Rocks. The Bishop's Chair. The Profile. Sachuest Point. Fish.

CONTENTS

THE OCEAN DRIVE AND KINDRED SPUR ROADS	PAGE 73
---	------------

Wild Scenes. Mild Climate. The First Private Estate. Bailey's Beach. Frolics. Almy's Pond. Mr. Henry Clews. Spouting Horn. Gooseberry Island. The Ledges. Seafield. Mr. Miller. Mr. Stuyvesant Fish. Mrs. Hazard. Hospital Lands. Lily Pond. Mrs. Pomeroy. The Lodge. Cherry Neck. Herrings. Gooseneck. The Messrs. Borden. Mr. Olmsted. Mrs. Busk. Indian Spring. Price's Neck. Life-Saving Station. Fo'castle. Rockledge. The Shoemaker. Light-Ship. Graves Point. The Club. Fishermen. The Reef. Egyptian Discoveries. The Entrance to Narragansett Bay. Mr. Ross Winan. Collins's Beach. Castle Hill. Historic Associations. The Naturalist. Ridge Road and Harrison Avenue. Batemans. Indian Track. Golf Club. Mrs. Hague. Shamrock Cliff. Broadlawns. Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard. Mrs. Charles Hoffman. Hammer-smith Farm. Governor Brenton. His History. His Estate. Jaheel Brenton. The Chimneys. Fort Adams. Mrs. Stowe's Novel. Beacon Hill. Mr. Addicks. Miss Grosvenor. Mr. Duryea. Mr. E. Morgan. Beach Bound. Egerston. Harrison House. Pen Craig Cottage. Mr. Sidney Webster. Lawnfield. Mr. Smith. Mr. Ludlow. Mrs. Sheffield. The Riviera. Mrs. John Nicholas Brown. Mrs. Jones. Harbor View. Chastellux. The Spur Roads. Coggeshall Avenue. The Jeffrey Road and the Regicides Home. Hazard Road. Brenton Road. Beacon Hill. Wyndham. Roslyn. Mr. Coats. Mr. Blanding. Narragansett Avenue. Mrs. de Lancey Kane and her Garden. Mr. Morse. Rhua Cottage. Mrs. Osgood. Mr. Stillman. Oaklawn's Mistress. Mrs. Tiffany. Mr. Warren. Mrs. Schermerhorn. Mr. Weld. Mrs. Haven. Mrs. Dulles. Mr. Carter. Mr. Wilson. Dr. Jacobs. Mr. William R. Travers. Mrs. Goelet. Mrs. Sheldon. Colonel George Richmond Fearing. South House. Ochre Point. Its History. Governor Beach Lawrence. The Old House. The Accident. Mr. Van Alen. Colonel Edward Morrell. Vinland.

THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT	PAGE 95
---	------------

The Entrance. Explorers. da Verrazani. Bay of Refuge. First Settlers. Early Homes. de Crevecoeur's Description. Newport Cargoes. Merchants. Mystery of the Sea. The Tartar. The Puritan's Prayer. Privateersmen. The Provincial Vessel. The Blockade. The Liberty. The Wreck. The Endeavor. Packet Ships. Fast Boats. Steamboats. Old and New. Wrecks. Naval Station. The

CONTENTS

PAGE

HARBOR OF NEWPORT—CONTINUED

Coal Mine. Yachts. The Roadstead. The Boats. The Trip to Jamestown. Rose Island. Fort Brown. To Fort Adams by Water. Ida Lewis. Brenton's Cove. View of Town. The Harbor. Country-Seats. The Torpedo Station. Goat Island. Coasters Island. Washington Street. Long Wharf. Rhode Island Frigates. Old Counting-Houses. Fort Greene. Blue Rocks. Mr. Hunter. Excursion Boats. An August Day. Yachting at Newport. A Tale. The "Corsair." "Electra." "Conqueror." "Marietta." "Nourmahal." "Truant." Cup Races. "Thirty-Footers." Monteceto. War-Vessels. Slang. Night Views. The Naval Academy. The Mecca of Yachts. A Sign of Wealth. Geographical Position. Ideal Harbor. Picking up an Anchorage. Noted Yachts. Social Conditions. The Etiquette. The Wharf. Cruise of the New York Yacht Club. Fête in Harbor. Rowing Races. Cup Races. "Tuning Up." Beautiful Sight. Trial Races. The Fleet that follows. Generous Yachtsmen. Expense. Effect. Corinthian Races. Forts in the Harbor of Newport. Old Fort Dumpling. Castle Hill. Goat Island. de Tousard. In Battle. Poplar-Trees. A Letter. Fort Adams. West Point. Major Totten.

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT . . . 123

Title. Two Capitals. Aquidneck. Dr. Clark and Governor Coddington. Roger Williams. The Price of the Island. Name. Roses. Pocasset. Nicholas Easton. The First Settlers. Newport's Birth. Its Boundaries. The First School. The State Seal. Insignia. Charles II. Governor Brenton. Rejoicings. Effigies. Lawmakers. Town Lots. British Absorption. Governor Coddington's Estate. The American King. The Great Hammersmith Estate. Daisies. The Chimneys. The King's Surveyor. Opening Thames Street. The Farms. Jaheel Brenton. Rocky Farm. Herds. Indian War. Hospitality. Cherry Neck. Greedy Neighbors. Misrepresentations. The Letter. Flag. Governor Arnold. Governor John Wanton. Concealed Treasures. Rewarding the Indian. Good Houses. Natives. Canonieus. Battle. Friendship. Weapons. Occupations. Sports. Reward of Thrift. 1769. Homes. Factories. Rope Walks. Home Industries. What was owed England. French and Indian War. Aggressions. Burned Boats. Second Fight. General Gage and his American Wife. Men of War. The Liberty. High-Handed Measures. Rebellion. First Shot for Liberty. The Fleet. Coasters and Fishermen. Hardships. Fugitive Moffatt. Quaker

CONTENTS

PAGE

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT—CONTINUED

Tom Robison. The Escape. No Recruits. Fort Greene. Disaffec-
tion. Defiance. Non-Importation Agreement. Hill. "Beaver" and
"Gaspé." Duddingston. Annoyances. Law-Breaking English Offi-
cers. Letter from the Governor. Admiral Montagu. A Paper
War. Duddingston's Insolence. Custom-House Clearance. The
"Hannah." Her Escape. The "Gaspé" aground. Sleeping Crew.
To Arms. Abraham Whipple. Stones. June 10, 1772. Capture of
the "Gaspé." Fenimore Cooper's Account. Appeal to the Law.
Court Martial. Investigations. Defiant Montagu. Keeler's Debts.
Evidence. Chief Justice Horsmanden's Official Report. Wesley's
Sermon. Federaey. Flag insulted. Unpaid Bills of English Offi-
cers. The "Spywood."

ON THE VERGE OF THE REVOLUTION . . . 157

Meetings. Taxes. Paper and Tea. The First "Tea Party" was in
New York. Baltimore. Spirited Women. Subservient Governors.
Independent Governor Fitch. The Original Yankee Doodle. New-
port Artillery. Fort George. Parliament. Franklin and Thompson.
Captain Sir James Wallace. Independence of Rhode Island and
Other Colonies. Colonial Documents. Squib. Colonial Stores. Colo-
nel Nightingale. Defiant Governor. Street Fight. Tea destroyed.
Lexington. Joseph Wanton. Nathaniel Greene. Newport Regiment
commanded by Church. Its Courage. Colonel Olney. "What the
Enemy say." Soldiers and Sailors. Correspondence. Noteworthy
Letters. Abraham Whipple. "Catch your Man." Young Navy.
Captured Vessels. Recaptured. Bunker Hill. Troops to Boston.
Refugees. The Friends. Signals. Beacon Hill. Net-Work of
Lights. The Citizens. Threats. The Amazons. The Herds. Pilots.
Colonial Navy. Return of Wallace. Alarm. Great Storm. Empty
Town. Wallace sails. Paupers. Naval Action. Conanicut Burned.
Generous Neighbors. Newport deserted.

NEWPORT DURING THE WAR . . . 173

General Lee. Return of Fleet. Conflict. Prudence abandoned.
Repulse of British. Infant Navy. Commander Hopkins. Move-
ments of Fleet. Capture of Glasgow. Intrenchments. Attack on
Castle Hill. New Earthworks. American Fleet dispersed. John
Paul Jones. Exploits. Naval Officers. Wreck. Recruits. Legal
Title. Declaration of Independence. British in Possession. Army.

CONTENTS

PAGE

NEWPORT DURING THE WAR—CONTINUED

Hessians. Fleet. Newspaper. Action. General Prescott. Prisoners. Doorsteps. Tyrant. Capture of Prescott. Reward of Barton. Blockades. Runners. Spies. More English Officers captured. Station of Troops. Raids. Repulsed. Surrender of Burgoyne. Sortie. Storm. Lynn captured. Columbus burned. Burgoyne in Newport. Treaty of Paris. The Commissioners. New Army. French Fleet. Action. British burn their Vessels. Skirmish at Sea. Destruction. French Army. Le Comte de Rochambeau. Volunteers. Landing on Conanicut. Sullivan's Army. Arrival of Lord Howe. Great Storm. Combat between Fleets. Advance of Americans. Retreat of British. Undisciplined Native Troops. French sail. Battle of Rhode Island. Colonel Trumbull. Poor Sherburne. Rufus King's Escape.

BRITISH AND FRENCH OCCUPATION OF NEWPORT 203

Americans retreat. Sir Henry Clinton. Prescott in Command. Gale. Spies. Seth Chapin. Capture of Pigot. Major Talbot. His Attack and Success. Raids and Forays. Destruction of Connecticut Towns. Governor Tryon. Major Taggart. Evacuation. Havoe. Breastworks on Miantonomi Hill. General Stark. Americans occupy the Town. The Newport Mercury. Hostile Fleet. It sails. French. The Officers. W. E. Channing. New Scenes. Fête de St. Louis. Indians. Quarters. New Defences. Death of de Tiernay. General Washington. His Arrival. Reception. Processions. Business. Dinners, etc. Ball. French Almanac and American Newspaper. Fleet sail. Engagement. Yorktown. Anxiety. City incorporated. George Hazard. Society Mayors. Newport Artillery. Second War. Captured Vessels.

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS 221

FRIENDS AND BAPTISTS

The Settlement of the Island. First Notice. Burnyeat. George Fox and his Supporters. Crowded Meetings. Influence. First Meeting-House. Seven Quaker Governors. Easton's Point. Roger Williams. Liberal Views. The Martyrs. Fighting Quaker. Williams's Grave. Strange Relic. Admiral Wager. Captain Hull. A Quaker's Fight. The Baptists. Birthplace. Governor Winthrop's Description. 1644. Public Baptism. Quaint Rites. Blue Rocks.

CONTENTS

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS—CONTINUED

PAGE

Sun Worship on Easter Day. Dr. Clarke. The Charter. Green-end Church. "Winding Sheets." Reformers. Their Punishment. Clarke's Family. Rev. John Callender. A Funeral Service. Barracks. British Raid. Second Baptists. Vaughan. His Pond. Central Baptist. First Lightning Rod. Dr. Styles. Parson Bliss. Seventh Day Baptists. Adventures. Quaker Greene. John Wanton's Party. Dr. Rodman's Punch. Quaker Address. A Woman's Text. Fourth Baptist.

THE JEWS. THE CONGREGATIONALISTS

Yeshuat Israel. Oldest Congregation in America. Liberality. 1658. The Law. Cotton Mather's Description. Augmentation. Trade Secrets. Factories. Bayberry Candles. Portuguese Refugees. Marranos. Touro. Congregation. Synagogue. Chazan. The Building. Eastward Movement. Sun Worshipers. The Pillars, Boaz and Jaehin. Interior. Unique Custom. Masonic Rites. Their Signs. The Oven. Parocheth. Ancient Scrolls. Generous and Honest Jews. The Beautiful Candlesticks. Deserted Synagogue. No Minyan. Dr. Mendes. New Organization. Societies. A Wedding. Noted Jews. Isaac, Abraham, and Judah Touro. Donations. Bunker Hill Monument. Cemetery. Syndicate in 1761. Library Fund. Touro Park. Lopez. Marriage. Merchant. The Descendants in Philadelphia. Jacob Riviera. His Honesty. Congregationalists, 1702. Meeting House. Mr. Clapp. New England Primer. His Habits. "A Fig for You All." Samuel Hopkins. Hero of Minister's Wooing. Congregational. Mr. Styles. President of Yale College. Anecdote. Negroes. Clarke Street Meeting-House. Religious Excitements. Dr. Styles. Sermon on George II. Women pay the Salary.

THE EPISCOPALIANS AND OTHER DENOMINATIONS

Seets. First Building. Incorporation. Pastor. Missionary. Literary Mr. Honyman. Library. New Church. The Spire. The Storms. Appeal to Peter Van Brugh Livingston. Fires. The Clock. Its Donor and Maker. Bell. Interior. The Pulpit. Warden's Staves. Memorial Windows. Cenotaphs. Communion and other Services. Organization. Organ. Its History. Bishop Berkeley. His Reception. Site. Alterations. Mr. Honyman. Jefferay, de Fayette. Tory Congregation. Crowned Spire. Destruction of King's Arms. Storm. Kay Chapel. Mr. and Miss Kay. Bishop Dehon. Emmanuel. Berkeley. Education. St. George's. St. John's. The Sum-

CONTENTS

PAGE

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS—CONTINUED

mer Chapel. Emmanuel. Its First Home. The New Church. Berkeley. Education. Travels. Visiting Priests and their Ceremony. Promotion. Voyage and Companions. Newspaper Reports. In 1729. Letters. Philosophical Society. Whitehall. Aleiphron. His Chair. Peculiarities. Roman Catholics. Imported by the French. Priests. Chapel in State-House. Regular Church. Fort Adams and Irish Workmen. New Building. St. Joseph's. Zion reconsecrated. St. Mary's. Methodists. Hospitable State-House. The Marlborough Street Chapel. Second Congregation. Unitarians. Organized in 1835. Whitefield's Pulpit.

FREEMASONS 273

Imported by the Jews, 1658. Working Craftsmen. Signs. Organization. Lodge of St. John. Meeting in Trinity Church. Patron Saints. King Solomon. Zerubbabel. John the Baptist. Freemasons' Arms. Temple. First Civic Charter. Dedication of Temple. Lotteries. Cable-Tow. Significance. Hosea. Candidates. King David's Lodge. Master Hays. Seixas. Rite of Perfection. Enoch and Solomon's Pillars. Mystic Word. Its Meaning. History. Kabbalah. Morgan. Antimasons. Benevolence. Buildings. Emblems. In Hoc Signo Vinces. Silver Mugs. Pitcher. Entered Apprentices' Song. Toasts.

NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS 283

Mr. Richardson. Smybert. Birth and Education. Duke of Tuscany. Emigrates. Indians *versus* Tartars. The Pictures. In Yale Gallery. Marriage. Feke. Charles Feke. Blackburn. Colonel John Trumbull. Mr. Van Alen. Samuel King. Teacher. Shop-keeper. Students. Charles B. King. Redwood's Portrait. Lafayette. Redwood Library Collection. English Studies. Patrons. Claggett. Friends. Baptist. Washington Allston. School Days. Portrait. Marriages. Corné. Salem. Codfish Aristocracy. Home Decoration. Move to Newport. His Street. Tomatoes. Gilbert Stuart. Parents. Baptism. School Days. Facile Pencil. Dr. Hunter. Mr. and Mrs. Bannister. Abroad. Home. England. Serenade. London. Marriage. Dr. Johnson snubbed by Stuart. American Patrons. Boston. Death. Miss Jane Stuart. Newport in 1800. Postponed. Eccentricities of Genius. Edward G. Malbone. Godfrey Malbone. Great Estate. House. Cost. Smugglers. The

CONTENTS

NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS—CONTINUED

PAGE

Structure. Circular Staircase. Price. Incomes before and after the Revolution. Gardens. Farm. Town House. Privateers. Fire. My Dinner. The Dainty Mistress. Family. Prescott Hall. Ancestral Ties. Murdered by the British. Mother and Wife. Friends. Mr. Blatchford and his Daughters. Francis Malbone. Estate. Malbone the Artist. Scene Painter. Little Pictures. Student Life. Sails. West's Criticisms. The Hours. Social Character. Character Sketches. Work. Instruction. Price. Mrs. Walter Bowne. Her Letter. Death.

BACKWARD GLANCES 307

First Houses. Architecture. Roome's House. Copied from Dutch. The Slaap-Bauck. Jonathan Nichols. Various Owners. Comparison and Description. Coddington Hall. Vaneluse. In 1754. The Roaches. Wooden Houses and the Exceptions. Thames Street paved. Old Shops. Seabury's Noted Shop. His Collection. Customs. City Hall. State House. Proclamations. Meetings. St. Joseph's Old Home. Liberty Tree. 1782. de Warville's Gloomy Description. Redwood Library founded. Subscription. Architect. Donations. Meetings. Books. Jealousy. Dr. Styles. British Vandalism. Mr. Ogilvie. Mr. Hunter. Southwick Donation. Other Donors. Vexatious Rules. Number of Books. Parent Society. Other Libraries. Savages. Wealth. Squaw Sachems. Wamsutta. His Death. King Philip. Pocasset. Change of Name. Remarriage. Dress. Industry. Dancer. Entertainment. Church's Narrative. War-Dance. Philip's Dress. Old Queen. Feast. Weetamoe. Her Third Husband. His Murder and her Death.

WOMEN OF NEWPORT 321

Influence. Courage. Mary Dyer hung. Atherton. Mr. Longfellow's Description. Women *versus* Men. Industries. Newport Mercury. Benjamin Franklin. His Family. Visits to Newport. First Newspaper. The Widow's Energy. Work. Gloves. Mrs. Channing's Silk Loom. Herodias Gardner. Tea. Morris's Parody. Heroines. Mrs. Robinson. Dr. Moffat. Educated Women. Flirtatious Officers. The Frenchman's Gift. Mrs. Rotch. Mrs. George McClellan and her Cousins, the Misses Hunter. The Family. Redemptionists. Sarah Wilson. Nurses. Frivolities. Aaron Burr's Daughter. Mr. Lawrence and Mrs. Redmond. The Hero. Captain Perry. The Flag.

CONTENTS

PAGE

SLAVE-SHIPS, PIRATES, AND PRIVATEERSMEN 341

Treatment. Descendants. Cuffy Cockroach. First Caterer. Mrs. Stowe's Heroine. Standing. Schools. Religion. Only Thermometer in Newport. Gardner. The Undertaker. Funeral Customs. Speech Island. Peculiar Words and Expressions in Newport. Old Violet. Colonial Dishes. Duchess Quanimio. The Slaves. Festival. Captain Kidd. History. Governor Bellomont. Concealed Treasures. Gardiner's Island. The Quidder Merchant. Kidd's Hollow. The Diamond Ring and Brocaded Tissue. Capture. Receipt for Treasure. Home in Newport.

NEWPORT'S NAVAL HEROES 349

Captain Perry. Birth. Midshipman. Appearance. First Service. Lake Erie. The Battle. Newport Home. Laconic Message. Matthew Perry. Japanese Waters explored. Fleet. Strange Craft. Lieutenant Duer. The Meteor. Its Omen. July 14, 1853. Treaty Cups. The Treaty signed.

CENTRES OF INTEREST 355

Newport Reading-Room. Casino. Golf Club. Polo. Graves's Point Fishing Club. Gooseberry Island Club. Meet. Cricket. Sports. Jews' Club, 1761. Assemblies. Town and Country Club. Old Stone Mill. Lack of Records. Iconoclasts. Situation. Height. Coast Towers. Stones. Mortar. Fireplace. Flues. Chimney. Windows. Floors. Baptisteries. Asti. Mellifont Abbey. English Mills. The Will. Mrs. Bannister. Her Country-Seat. Trustworthy Description. Old Diary. Easton. Old Deed. Construction. Mills Here and There. Back Sail. Lookout House. Ex-Governor Gibbs. Description. Gossip. Fire. Opinion of Architects. Walls. Windows. "Lady's Bower." Scrolls. A Theory. No Axe used. Castaways. Beaver Tail. Pharos.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FRONTISPICE. From a drawing by Henry Hunt.	PAGE
THE GARDENS, DR. HENRY BARTON JACOBS	17
"DUDLEY HOUSE" PORCH, DR. WILLIAM BULL	17
EASTON'S BEACH	20
"WAKEHURST," RESIDENCE OF J. J. VAN ALLEN, ESQ.	27
"ROSE CLIFF," RESIDENCE OF THE LATE HON. GEORGE BANCROFT	27
"BEACON ROCK," RESIDENCE OF E. D. MORGAN, ESQ.	32
ENTRANCE GATE, "THE ELMS," RESIDENCE OF EDWARD J. BERWIND, ESQ.	39
PORCH, VILLA OF HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY, ESQ.	39
BELLEVUE AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH	42
OLD BEACH ROAD, FROM BELLEVUE AVENUE	42
"THE ELMS," RESIDENCE OF EDWARD J. BERWIND, ESQ.	48
CLIFF FROM FORTY STEPS, FOOT OF NARRAGANSETT AVENUE	52
CLIFF WALK AT SHEEP POINT	52
"BEECHWOOD," RESIDENCE OF MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR	55
"HOPEDEAN," RESIDENCE OF MRS. E. H. G. SLATER, ANNANDALE ROAD	58
"THE BREAKERS," RESIDENCE OF MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT	64
"CLIFFS," RESIDENCE OF EX-MAYOR DANIEL B. FEARING, ANNANDALE ROAD ..	66
"BLEAK HOUSE," RESIDENCE OF ROSS R. WINANS, ESQ.	73
"ROSLYN," RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM GROSVENOR, ESQ.	73
"SPOTTING HORSE"	76
SURF AT GRAVES END FISHING CLUB	76
"BREAKWATER," RESIDENCE OF EX-GOVERNOR CHARLES WARREN LIPPITT ..	80
"WILDACRE," RESIDENCE OF A. H. OLNSTED, ESQ., OCEAN AVENUE.....	86
IN THE HARBOR	95
"FORT DUMPLING"	95

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

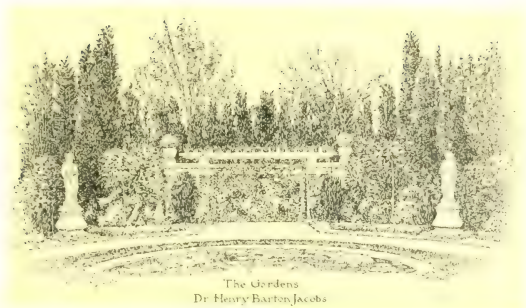
	PAGE
"CROSSWAYS," RESIDENCE OF STUYVESANT FISH, ESQ., OCEAN AVENUE ..	96
CLIFF WALK, SHOWING BATH CLUB-HOUSE AT BAILEY'S BEACH, RESIDENCES OF OLIVER H. P. BELMONT, ESQ., BENJAMIN THAW, ESQ., CHARLES H. DOLAN, ESQ., AND MRS. T. O. RICHARDSON	100
SOUTHWEST VIEW OF NEWPORT, 1795	104
"OCHRE COURT," RESIDENCE OF MRS. OGDEN GOELET	112
MONUMENT ERECTED TO CAPTAIN OLIVER HAZARD PERRY IN FRONT OF STATE- HOUSE, WASHINGTON PARK	116
MISS MASON'S VILLA ON LOVERS' LANE	123
IN THE GARDEN AT MISS MASON'S VILLA	123
"THE BREAKERS," RESIDENCE OF MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT	128
RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM WATTS SHERMAN, ESQ., SHEPARD AVENUE	134
GRAND STAIRCASE AND HALL IN "THE ELMS," E. J. BERWIND, ESQ., BELLEVUE AVENUE	140
RESIDENCE OF MRS. RICHARD GAMBRILL, BELLEVUE AVENUE	144
"THE CHALET," RESIDENCE OF HUGH L. WILLOUGHBY, ESQ., HALIDON HILL	150
THE GARDENS AT "HAMMERSMITH FARM," RESIDENCE OF HUGH D. AUCHIN- CLOSS, ESQ.	157
DINING-ROOM IN RESIDENCE OF HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY, ESQ., BELLEVUE AVENUE	160
VIEW OF THE CITY OF NEWPORT FROM THE HARBOR	166
"GRAY CRAIG," RESIDENCE OF J. MITCHELL CLARK, ESQ.	173
ENTRANCE, "SEA VIEW," RESIDENCE OF MRS. JAMES B. KERNOCHAN ...	173
"ROSECLIFF," RESIDENCE OF MRS. HERMAN OELRICHS, BELLEVUE AVENUE	176
WILLIAM VERNON'S HOUSE IN MARY STREET, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE COMTE DE ROCHAMBEAU	182
PRE-REVOLUTION HOUSE BUILT BY JOHN BANNISTER, ESQ., GENERAL PRES- COTT'S HEAD-QUARTERS, PELHAM STREET	182
"BETHSHAN," RESIDENCE OF MAJOR THEODORE KANE GIBBS, GIBBS AVENUE	186
BALL-ROOM IN "OCHRE COURT," RESIDENCE OF MRS. OGDEN GOELET	192
MAP SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH ARMIES AT THE SIEGE OF NEWPORT, 1778	196
"ROUGH POINT," RESIDENCE OF FREDERICK W. VANDERBILT, ESQ.	203
"WINDHAM," RESIDENCE OF MISS R. A. GROSVENOR	203

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

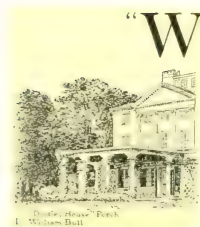
	PAGE
"MARBLE HOUSE," BELLEVUE AVENUE	208
JUDGING FOUR-IN-HANDS AT THE HORSE SHOW	214
RESIDENCE OF RIGHT REV. HENRY C. POTTER	221
GATEWAY OF THE HEBREW SYNAGOGUE	221
"INDIAN SPRING," RESIDENCE OF MRS. J. R. BUSK, OCEAN AVENUE	224
WATCHING A LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT, CASINO GROUNDS.....	228
"ROCKHURST," RESIDENCE OF MRS. H. MORTIMER BROOKS, BELLEVUE AVENUE	232
"ARMSEA," RESIDENCE OF CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, ESQ.....	240
MAP OF NEWPORT, 1713	248
TRINITY CHURCH	250
"BELCOURT," RESIDENCE OF OLIVER HAZARD PERRY BELMONT, ESQ.	256
KAY CHAPEL, MASONIC HALL, SPIRE OF TRINITY CHURCH, CHURCH STREET	262
AUTOMOBILE-RACING ON THE BEACH	268
"THE REEF," RESIDENCE OF T. M. DAVIS, ESQ.	273
RESIDENCE OF ARTHUR B. EMMONS, ESQ., GIBBS AVENUE	273
"OCHRE COURT," RESIDENCE OF MRS. OGDEN GOELET	274
THE FERN-BEECH TREE ON THE REDWOOD LIBRARY GROUND, CORNER OF REDWOOD STREET AND BELLEVUE AVENUE	278
PELHAM STREET, LOOKING EAST	278
RESIDENCE OF JOHN R. DREXEL, ESQ.	283
"EDGE HILL"	283
"BELCOURT," RESIDENCE OF OLIVER HAZARD PERRY BELMONT, ESQ.	288
MONUMENT TO THE LATE AUGUST BELMONT, ESQ., IN ISLAND CEMETERY ..	294
"VILLAROSA," RESIDENCE OF E. ROLLINS MORSE, ESQ., BELLEVUE AVENUE	300
STAIRCASE, "THE BREAKERS," RESIDENCE OF MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT	304
"CHETWODE," RESIDENCE OF W. STORRS WELLS, ESQ.....	307
THE REDWOOD LIBRARY	307
SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE, NOW NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM	312
THE OLD STATE-HOUSE	312
"VINLAND," RESIDENCE OF HAMILTON MCK. TWOMBLY, ESQ.....	321

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
THE GARDENS AT "CLARADON COURT," RESIDENCE OF EDWARD COLLINGS KNIGHT, ESQ.	321
A COACHING PARTY AT THE GOLF CLUB-HOUSE	326
CLIFF WALK, AND THE BRIDGE AT ROUGH POINT.....	328
PURGATORY	328
"WHITEHOLME," RESIDENCE OF DR. HENRY BARTON JACOBS, NARRAGANSETT AVENUE	336
"GREYSTONE," RESIDENCE OF JOHN J. WYSONG, ESQ.....	341
"NORTH HOUSE," RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM GAMMELL, ESQ.	341
BEDROOM IN RESIDENCE OF E. R. THOMAS, ESQ., BELLEVUE AVENUE	344
SHEPARD AVENUE ENTRANCE, "CHÂTEAU SUR MER," RESIDENCE OF EX- GOVERNOR GEORGE P. WETMORE	349
MONUMENT ERECTED TO COMMODORE MATTHEW PERRY IN TOURO PARK ...	352
THE GOLF CLUB	355
BISHOP BERKELEY'S CHAIR AT THE HANGING ROCKS, SACHUEST BEACH ..	355
"INGLEWOOD," RESIDENCE OF MRS. HENRY S. HOYT, OLD BEACH ROAD	358
THE DINING-ROOM IN "OCHRE COURT," MRS. OGDEN GOELET, THE CLIFFS AND OCHRE POINT AVENUE	362
THE OLD STONE TOWER, TOURO PARK	368
A KEY TO RESIDENCES AND POINTS OF INTEREST (in pocket at end of volume).	
MAP OF NEWPORT AND ROAD MAP OF ISLAND OF RHODE ISLAND AND CONANICUT ISLAND (in pocket at end of volume).	



CLIMATE



“**W**HAT CHEER, NETOP?” was the shout of welcome that greeted the white men who landed at State Rock that beautiful June day in 1636, when Roger Williams, with his five friends, reached the shores of Narragansett Bay, having been driven from the inhospitable Massachusetts Colony.

“Netop” signifies friend in the Indian language, and the example set by the untutored savage has been followed by succeeding generations of white men on Aquidneck Island, who have extended the same hearty welcome to all visitors to its rugged shores. Quiet Friends, progressive Baptists, staid Presbyterians, fugitive Jews, all other sects or religions, together with invalids, sportsmen, gay, frivolous, and fashionable people, one and all, are received in the same cordial manner by the hospitable people. Newport is beautifully situated on Aquidneck, or Isle of Peace, at the

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

mouth of Narragansett Bay, in latitude $41^{\circ} 29'$; longitude $71^{\circ} 20'$. It is thirty miles south of Providence and one hundred and sixty miles east of New York. It was laid out with prim regularity by the first settlers, the streets crossing each other at right angles. There are no cow-paths or maiden's lanes to wind with perplexing charm, for almost all are narrow and straight.

The Atlantic Ocean dashes against the crags and bluffs on the southern side, sweeping in unbroken waves from the Antarctic Ocean to spend its strength on this exposed coast. The air from the salt water tempers the climate, so that, even during the most rigorous winters, the snow remains but a short time on the cliffs, while the sea-breezes are by no means as keen as at other places bordering on the sea. During the summer Newport is favored with delightful weather, although sometimes a driving fog disturbs the routine of life and makes everything moist and unpleasant.

The fame of the peculiarly healthful climate attracted invalids very early in the settlement of the colony, and those who came found that it certainly gave them new life, and they shared with the residents of Newport the longevity for which those favored people are celebrated. Patients with jaded nerves are sent to the city by the sea, where the tonic air braces them as no medicine could. But while the ocean breezes do much toward the restoration of health, the "amusement cure" plays an important part, for visitors seem to be granted extraordinary energy, enabling them to "do more work in a day" than they could accomplish in three at any other place. So during the season there is perpetual movement and variety. Listless matrons and maidens who have spent the night at a dance are up betimes in the morning to drive their ponies or their electric runabouts "down town," where in the crowded

CLIMATE

ranks of Thames Street they do their shopping and meet all their friends for the first time during the day. Then they spin down to Easton's beach for a breath of sea air, where the crowds of excursionists afford endless amusement by their antics in the water, while the fair resident in her turn gratifies the gaping throng, who stare at her smart carriage and her vivid dress, that make such a pretty centre for the scene.

Partly amused and wholly gratified at the attention she has commanded, the busy creature flies off to the Casino to see who are the latest arrivals and pick up some one for lunch and bridge, stopping to speak to all chance acquaintances to gather the news of the day. Then out for a run to the golf links, or Bailey's beach for a dip in the sea at the society bathing-grounds, on which the public are not permitted to trespass. Home to lunch, after which the card-table is set in the "tea-house" or on the piazza, that is shaded by awnings but swept by cool breezes, unless there has been a musical *matinée* to attend, or some morning visits to pay. The afternoon brings its own exciting occupations, —perhaps a polo match or a yacht race, but certainly some sport in the open air that includes a spin along the ocean avenue or a long drive on the inland roads. Then dinner at eight, with a dance or kindred frolic for the evening, so that every hour of the day has been filled with action and pleasure that would be impossible were it not for the bracing climate that endows men and women with incredible energy.

Invalids were despatched to Newport as early as 1729, and many English people who had left their foggy birth-place to settle in Antigua, Jamaica, or other West Indian islands, found the climate relaxing and moved to Rhode Island, first, for the benefit of their health, and then, attracted by the charm of scenery, society, and comfort, they

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

made it a permanent home. Some rich Southern planters took advantage of the packets that ran regularly between Newport and Charleston or Savannah to send their families North every summer. Among them were the Middletons, Gaillards, Grinkés, Rutledges, Singletons, Chalmerses, Newells, Pollocks, etc. Until within a half-dozen years the town has never been without at least one of these families during the summer, and when Mr. Middleton died lately it was said he had been a yearly visitor during the whole of his long life, that nearly touched the century mark, and that he attributed his health and longevity to "being preserved in Newport salt."

Major-General Charles C. Pinckney and his family were visitors, according to the town records, in 1799, having tried Newport air for the benefit of Mrs. Pinckney's health, which they had been encouraged to do by President Washington's recommendation.

It appears that Washington found Newport both salubrious and beautiful during the two hasty visits he paid the town, for he writes:

"NEWBERGH, 7th June, 1783.

"SIR,—My nephew, who will have the honor of presenting this letter to you, has been in bad health more than twelve months, and is advised to try the climate of Rhode Island by his physicians. Any courtesies which you may be kind enough to show him will be thankfully acknowledged by

"Sir, yr Most OB^e Serv^t,

"GO. WASHINGTON.

"TO WILLIAM CANNING, ESQ^r."

The comfort of visitors has always been studied by the city fathers. Every whim is planned for, every fad encouraged. This makes the town progressive and adds to its attractions. With unusual foresight the tastes of visitors are



CLARENCE BEACH

CLIMATE

consulted, as well as the health of the town. Not only is the drainage wisely planned, but roads are laid out and kept in good order. Police protection is so quietly managed that, while the safety of valuables is insured, but few people realize the unceasing watch and guard that is kept over them. The fire department is admirably disciplined and most efficient, so the summer resident has nothing to do but take his ease and enjoyment. Casual visitors or newcomers hardly realize the meaning of "the lap of luxury" until they have slipped into their own niche in Newport, but once entrapped, no other place will ever be quite the same to them. Of course, as a summer or health resort Newport has had its rise and its fall. Before the war with England it was, as has been said, favored by Southerners who came North to escape the enervating climate of their own homes, but Newport was practically laid waste by the enemy, and held out few inducements to travellers after peace was declared. It was, in fact, so stagnant that, as the city fathers began to recuperate from the wasting trials the town had endured, they, with the energy given them by the wonderful climate, began to plan to entice people to their health-giving shores once more, as they fully realized the amount of money invalids were willing to spend for the sake of regaining strength and health.

For this purpose a grand fête was planned to take place in Newport during the summer of 1859, to which numbers of people were invited, but in particular the sons and daughters of the town who were scattered all over the United States. They were requested to join in a great reunion on the twenty-third of August. This attracted crowds of people, who found the accommodations ample and comfortable, while the climate and scenery completed the fascination. The bait so well offered was greedily seized, and

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

many of the visitors returned to Newport summer after summer, secure of finding health, amusement, or society that would satisfy every member of a large family, from its work-weary head to the baby in arms, and this "Reunion of the Sons and Daughters of Newport," as it was named, established the town so firmly as a watering-place that it has never receded from the position.

Many of the sons of Newport, such as William Sherman, Charles H. Russell, etc., who had made fortunes in New York, returned to the haunts of their childhood and bought property, on which they built comfortable cottages that were occupied only during the summer. Up to that time the great American families had been scattered, as they had lived in their country-seats while the weather was warm, and only occupied their town houses in the cities during the winter. The men who were busy at their counting houses and the merchants made their homes in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, etc., and went with their families to some hotel during the hot months. It was a new departure to have these merchants establish themselves in cosy cottages, where they were sure of privacy and not burdened with the cares and responsibilities of a large country place. This laid the foundation for a new order of life, and Newport was as usual in the van by providing for that class of rich people who rose after the independence of the colonies was assured.

There are two troubles in particular that afflict mankind that are alleviated by the salubrious air of Newport. One is insomnia, for which physicians declare the climate is a cure. They perhaps also take it into consideration that patients can have every hour of the day and many of the night filled with harmless amusements in the open air, which greatly helps the cure. It is said that no teething infant

CLIMATE

ever lost its life in Newport, and although this is a strong statement that cannot be received with credulity, it is certain that children thrive during the teething period, which is often fatal in other climates.

It is also claimed that there are more aged people living at one time in the city than in any other place of its size in the United States, and that the inhabitants are long-lived. It is unquestionably the case that octogenarians are common, and that they are vigorous and healthy, in spite of their years.

But notwithstanding the fact that Newport is celebrated for the salubrity of its climate, it is noteworthy that it is the cradle of the first medical school in the country, and many celebrated doctors and surgeons have thriven within its boundaries. Besides, Newport was founded by a physician named John Clarke, who united with Roger Williams in obtaining from Charles II. a charter conferring greater civil and religious privileges than had been granted to any other province. Hence Rhode Island was not cursed with governors sent from England to rob the people under pretence of ruling them, as was the case in almost all of the other colonies. Besides founding the city of Newport, Dr. Clarke started the First Baptist Church, that has been the parent of all others of this denomination. He died in 1676, at the age of sixty-eight. About 1750 William Hunter and Thomas Moffat, both graduates of the famous Edinburgh University of Medicine, arrived in Newport, where, during 1754, '55, and '56, Dr. Hunter gave the first course of medical lectures ever delivered in America, through which he drew many pupils from other colonies. The school was unfortunately broken up on the outbreak of the war, as Dr. Hunter, being desirous of gaining fresh experience, offered his services to the Provincial government, and he marched

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

to Canada with the Rhode Island troops. He had the largest medical library in New England, a portion of which was given by his son, the Hon. William Hunter, to Brown University. On his return from the war, Dr. Hunter settled in Newport, where he lived until 1777, but died from an accident before reaching his fiftieth year.

Dr. Vigneron reached the Province about 1690, and not only lived to be ninety-five, but left so many descendants that he was laughingly declared to have peopled the town. William Vigneron Taylor, one of his descendants, was a lieutenant on Oliver Hazard Perry's ship at the battle of Lake Erie, and there are countless others in Newport who trace their descent from this worthy and long-lived physician.

The father of Captain Perry's wife, Dr. Benjamin Mason, also studied medicine in Europe, and was a prominent member of the profession. The history of the physicians of Newport requires a volume to itself, but among the honored names of her sons is that of a descendant of one of the early governors of the province, Dr. William Bull, one of the foremost surgeons in the United States.

As early as 1798 a board of health was established in Newport, which drew up a set of rules that were rigidly enforced, making an important step in the prosperity of the town that depended on keeping up its reputation for salubrity. This was a novel office, and Newport's example was not followed in any other locality for many years. According to the report of this board of health for the month of March, 1905, there were only thirty-four deaths in Newport. This is the same number reported for February and a trifle above the average for the month during the last four years. These deaths in an estimated population of twenty-three thousand are equivalent to an

CLIMATE

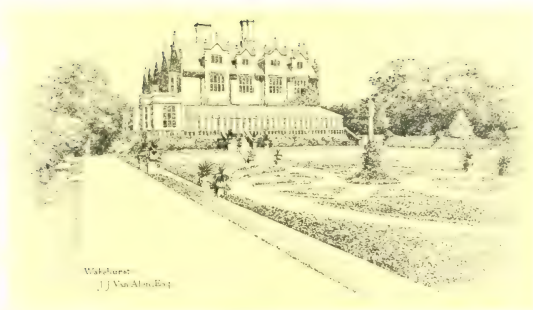
annual rate of 17.74 in each thousand inhabitants. In 1792 Coasters harbor was selected for a site for a small-pox hospital, and on some of the islands in the harbor physicians had provided establishments where patients could be inoculated. It became fashionable among the young people to make up parties to go to these health resorts for the purpose of being inoculated in company.

The Newport Asylum was built in 1819 on Coasters Island, but it was moved to the interior when the land was sold to the United States Government. During the Revolution the State-House was used by both English and French as a hospital. The Newport Hospital, incorporated in 1873, is a private institution on Friendship Street, near Broadway. It has lately been greatly enlarged by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, in memory of her husband, and is fully equipped in every respect with all modern medical fads. The home for the nurses is commodious and the school is admirably conducted. The hospital has also a district nursing service. Many of the beds are endowed,—one to the late David King, the son of a celebrated Newport physician; another to Charles Feke, an artist of Newport, who died in 1822 at a very advanced age. Part of the income of the hospital is derived from the legacy of Captain Hazard, who left it the Rocky Farm, which was one of the original great demesnes of Newport.

In the medical literature of Rhode Island, published in 1824, Dr. Waterhouse says, "Newport was the chosen resort of the rich and philosophic from nearly all parts of the world. There were more complete chemical laboratories in Rhode Island than were to be found anywhere in Massachusetts prior to fifteen years ago. If it be asked, What were they doing in Philadelphia at this time? we answer, Nothing—if we except Franklin's exhibition of

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

electricity. What were they doing in Boston at this time? Pelting Dr. Boylston with stones as he passed in the streets and breaking his windows for introducing inoculation for smallpox. And what were they doing in Rhode Island between 1721 and 1754? Reading the best collection of books to be found in New England, Cambridge excepted; which gave Newport a literary cast of character which it sustained until the Revolution." Here also inoculation was practised without disfavor, and everything done by the inhabitants to make themselves healthy, wealthy, and wise.



SOCIETY



ALTHOUGH Newport had been a favorite summer resort since 1729 for people from the Southern colonies, these visitors abandoned it after the war with England, and in 1853 the town consisted of comfortable homes grouped about its centre, while the handsome country places, such as Hammersmith, Rocky Farm, and Godfrey Malbone's estate, were abandoned, having been ruined by the enemy. At that date Newport had exactly the same number of inhabitants as before the war, for commerce had deserted her wharves and fashion had not rediscovered it.

On the tax-book of 1852 there were only twelve house-owners who came to its shores as summer visitors owning real estate on the island; they were assessed on \$47,500 real and \$65,000 personal estate. Four of these were from Boston,—Mr. Bowne, Mr. Richard Derby, Mr. Sears, and Mr. Mason. These names are still familiar in the city, although Mr. Sears's family no longer pass their summers

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

at the place. But the Misses Mason have been yearly visitors, and, in spite of the loss they sustained when their father's house was burned to the ground, they bravely rebuilt, and are now the owners of one of the most beautiful homes in Newport. At this same date—namely, 1852—there were four New York land-owners,—Mr. Prescott Hall, whose beautiful estate on “Tomony Hill,” the site of Godfrey Malbone's colonial establishment, was the centre of wit and beauty for many years; Mr. Henry de Rham, Mr. de Lancey Kane, and Governor Beach Lawrence.

The estate of the latter was on Ochre Point, and the farm cultivated by him as a gentleman's country place has since his death been cut into a dozen portions, that are occupied by the ultra-fashionables of the gay world. It was the largest demesne belonging to any of the summer residents, and was always noted for the hospitality of its host. Governor Lawrence had married the daughter of Archibald Gracie, a wealthy merchant of New York, the owner of a fleet of vessels whose red-and-white signal was well known all over the world. Mr. Pendleton, Mr. James Van Alen, Mr. Hamilton Twombly, Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Morrell, Mr. Wysong, Mr. Eldridge, Mr. Shields, Mr. Drexel, and Mr. Pearson have divided the Ochre Point property among them, and there is no more lovely situation on the Cliffs.

Mr. de Lancey Kane, who married Miss Astor, purchased on Bath Road the estate now owned by Dr. Mattison. The heart-strings of his children are attached to this beautiful early home, and Mrs. Augustus Jay, Mr. de Lancey Astor Kane, and Mr. Woodbury Kane all have country-seats in Newport.

Mr. Henry de Rham's simple house still stands on Bellevue Avenue, almost unchanged, although its owner has long passed over to the great majority. Mr. de Rham owned the

SOCIETY

handsome house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street, where his son still resides. The beautiful country-seat named Ghee, a few miles above Garrison, on the Hudson River, claimed the family for the spring and autumn, who only passed July and August in their Newport cottage. His grandson, Mr. Casimer de Rham, has a house on Red Cross Avenue, his principal one being at Tuxedo. Besides the eight Boston and New York land-owners, Mr. Middleton, of South Carolina, and Mr. Wetmore were the only non-resident owners of houses in Newport in 1853. The cottages of both were on Bellevue Avenue, and both have disappeared before the march of progress, although Mr. Wetmore's has only given place to the handsome granite house built by his son, Ex-Governor of Rhode Island and United States Senator George Peabody Wetmore. About this time a portion of the Hammersmith estate near Fort Adams sold for what was considered the high price of five thousand dollars. From 1855, for several years, Mr. de Rham gave weekly dinners to a group of men who met at his home to enjoy the French cooking and discuss rare Madeira. Among them were George Tiffany, John Julius Pringle, Dr. Mercer, of South Carolina, Henry Middleton, of the same place, Henry Van Rensselaer, William Wadlington, while Dr. Mercer, of Trinity Church, and Dr. Thayer, of the Presbyterian, were occasional visitors.

The charms of Newport scenery and climate have always been acknowledged, but it had few visitors from 1800 to 1850 except those who paused there for an hour or so on their journey between New York and Boston, for at that time the Fall River boats made the quickest and most comfortable connection between the two cities, and travellers were often landed at Newport to pursue their journey by land. Under date of May 31, 1834, Mr. Philip Hone, at one time mayor

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

of New York, and a well-known and genial *bon vivant*, notes in his diary: "We embarked on board the fine steamboat 'Boston,' the accommodations of which are at least equal to any on the Hudson River. She has a round-house and pleasant state-rooms on the upper deck, one of which was occupied by the girls (Miss Joanna Anthon and Miss Margaret Hone). The position of Newport is superb, and I was surprised to find it so large a town." But the little place offered few attractions to the travellers, who pushed on their journey without visiting the cliffs or noting the beautiful views on the ocean side. In a later visit to Newport Mr. Hone enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Charles H. Russell at Oaklawn, on Narragansett Avenue, when the worthy mayor was surprised and delighted at the features of the place that he had never observed when passing hastily through it. Cottage life in 1850 was embryonic, but the hotels were well patronized. These were the Ocean House, the Atlantic, the Bellevue, and the Fremont. One after the other became fashionable. The Bellevue attracted Mrs. de Lancey Kane's cousin, Mrs. Charles Astor Bristed, who was a fashionable beauty, Mrs. James W. Otis, Mrs. J. Carson Brevoort, Mrs. James Wadsworth, Mrs. Archibald Gracie King, Mrs. Theodore Gentil, Mrs. Richie, Miss Theresa Moore, and many others. Whitfields, afterwards Touro House, was a favorite resort. Mrs. Calvert, Mrs. Ralfe Izard, Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. William Waddington, and Mrs. Pringle patronized it, and it was considered the centre of the Southern colony.

The amusements of the day were staid and stately. A simple dinner at two o'clock served in the bare hotel dining-room, on the plainest white china, was followed by a drive in a barouche hired from a neighboring livery stable, in

SOCIETY

which a couple of matrons generally, with two children on the small seat facing them and one on the box, would go for a drive on Easton's beach or the West Road.

After tea at six the ladies would play a quiet game of whist without stakes, and retire to their rooms before ten o'clock. There were few members of the other sex to be met in Newport at these days, and such functions as dances or picnics were either unknown or very rare. An occasional "hop" at one of the hotels was the extent of the dissipation, with the exception of one grand fancy ball at the Ocean House, which was attended by all the visitors to Newport, given about 1854. Between 1860 and 1870 the tide of fashion set strongly toward Newport, and the change was as great as that which occurred after 1850. Not only were the hotels and boarding-houses crowded during July and August, but many pretty cottages were built. Those who wished to combine comfort and privacy without the trouble of housekeeping, would hire rooms in a private house, which the owner would keep for them. This was the case with the Gofe cottage on Old Beach Road, to which Miss Sarah Coleman, of Washington, went yearly, having as her guest the celebrated beauty Mrs. Hazlehurst, of Philadelphia, or Mrs. Alden, from West Point. The four handsome sisters, Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, Mrs. Amos Taylor, Mrs. Dahlgren, and Mrs. James Paul, rallied around them the beaux of the place, among them being Mr. Horace Binney, Mr. Clement Barclay, and Mr. Alexander Brown, all well-known Philadelphians. Mrs. Robert Carter, from Louisiana, and Mrs. Nicholas Beach soon came to the front as hostesses, setting the example of giving entertainments in the once quiet place. The latter lived in Catherine Street, and was the first to give "dancing receptions" in the afternoon, which made a great sensation at the time.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

There were many other rich and fashionable people attracted to Newport not only by the climate, but also by the amusements it afforded. Mr. Robert Ray had a cottage on Dixon Street. Mr. and Mrs. Russell, with their clever daughter, afterwards Mme. Outré, lived on Narragansett Avenue. Mr. Edward Ogden had a house near by, in which Miss Elizabeth Callender afterwards lived. Miss Theodosia Davis was a well-known figure, with the witty Miss Mary Pringle and her clever friend, Miss Ida Powell, now Mrs. Johnson, of Philadelphia, who is the mother of Mr. Edward Morrell; and the charming Miss Newmans, whose cottage, called "The Nutshell," on Catherine Street, was always in vogue.

Miss Charlotte Cushman was a yearly visitor, and her death made a great gap in the gay set of her day. Miss Bessie Balch, the authoress of "Mustard Leaves," lived at Purgatory, but she also was a leader in fashionable gayeties. Mr. Robert Maitland's lovely place was on the harbor side near old Fort Greene, and General Henry Van Rensselaer built a large house on Catherine Street, with an entrance on Ayrault Street, which has passed through many hands and been much altered, and is now known as White Hall. Here he brought his large family from the Rensselaerswyck estate in New York, that his young daughters found too dull for their gay tastes.

It was doubtless because Mrs. Belmont had many associations with Newport that she deserted her beautiful country-seat at Staten Island and built By-the-Sea, the pioneer riparian estate on Bellevue Avenue, for her father was the celebrated Commodore Matthew Perry. For many years Mrs. Belmont was the social leader of Newport, her magnificent entertainments, beautiful jewels, and handsome costumes making her a prominent person. Mrs. Lewis Ruth-

OF BRIDGE (L.S.), "A VIEW OF THE BRIDGE AND THE RIVER, FROM THE LEFT SIDE OF THE BRIDGE TO THE RIGHT"



able people attracted to Newport not only by the climate but also by the amusements it afforded. Mr. Robert L. had a cottage on Union Street. Mr. and Mrs. Russell had their place on the harbor side near old Fort Green. Miss Elizabeth Callender afterwards Mrs. Theodore Tilton, and her witty Miss Mary Francis and her sister Frances, the daughter of Mr. Edward Morrell: and the charming Miss Norriss, whose cottage, called "The Green," on Exchange Street, was always in vogue.

Miss Elizabeth Tilton was a very early visitor, and her death was a great loss to the society of her day. Miss Frances, the daughter of Mr. Edward Leaves, lived in Providence and was one of the most fashionable women of the time. Her father's house, which was on the harbor side near old Fort Green, and General Henry Van Rensselaer built a large house on Catherine Street, with an entrance on Ayer Street, which has passed through many hands and is now known as "Windsor." It was the home of his family from the Rensselaers to the present day. His young daughters found it a very pleasant home.

It was doubtless a very pleasant home. It was a beautiful country-seat at Staten Island. The pioneer riparian estate on Bell Street, which her father was the celebrated Commodore. Mrs. Higgins was a very prominent person. Mrs. Higgins was a very prominent person. Mrs. Higgins was a very prominent person.





SOCIETY

erford, Mrs. Buonaparte, Mrs. Hugh Dickey, Mrs. Mary Mason Jones, and Mrs. George Jones made Halidon Hill fashionable when the tide seemed to have set in the opposite direction, for at one period the cliffs attracted all newcomers. The gay set at Newport owes a great deal to Mr. Ward McAllister, who for many years was indefatigable in promoting the amusements for the summer visitors. If Mrs. Nicholas Beach inaugurated dancing receptions, and Mrs. Belmont dinners, Mr. McAllister started breakfasts and picnics on a scale never before attempted. In his youth Mr. McAllister had been one of the visitors from the South when the wildest dissipation was to have a picnic in order to fly kites from Purgatory and have a clam chowder at Paradise, with the well-known *bon vivants*, Samuel Ward and Dr. Francis, of New York, as cooks. Mr. McAllister had a farm he purchased in 1853, on the outskirts of Newport, at which he seldom resided, but usually hired a cottage on Bellevue Avenue and gave impromptu entertainments at his country-seat. Every detail of these picnics was planned with care. Music, flowers, and food were provided, so when the gay caravan arrived they had nothing to do but enjoy themselves, unless some delinquent had forgotten to carry out with him the champagne, grapes, or *filet de bœuf piqué* that was intended as his contribution to the feast.

It was a gay scene in Bellevue Avenue when a picnic party had a rendezvous there preparatory to the long drive to the farm. Drags with a smartly dressed load of men, maids, and matrons; society phaetons driven by pretty young girls, with, perhaps, like Miss Fearing, three horses driven unicorn; tall dog-carts that promised a delightful *tête-à-tête* drive; and a landau with a load of chaperons quite as ready for a frolic as the youngest there.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Major Macomb, Ward McAllister, and Clement Barclay were in their element as the pioneers of these picnics, who promoted good cheer and flirtations, and were delighted when by their able tactics they succeeded in throwing young people together, for they were great match-makers, and aimed at being in the van on such occasions.

Before the Civil War people lived comfortably but unostentatiously in the great cities. There was certainly wealth, but even in New York there were not more than a couple of families who spent fifty thousand dollars a year on their living expenses. This altered by leaps and bounds, so that by the beginning of the twentieth century it would be impossible to say this even in a small community, much less in the extravagant little city of Newport, where a person can hardly live in the social circle without spending that amount; therefore what would have been a simple inexpensive picnic in the hands of people in other parts of the country became a *fête champêtre* under the able management of the society leaders.

Of course, novelties are always desirable, and the host or hostess who can amuse the satiated crowd is the ruler for the time being. For many years the picnics devised by Mr. Ward McAllister were well attended, but as the appetite for them began to pall, he planned what he called cotillon dinners, that were given at his Bayside Farm. The table was laid in the garden and the dinner was served at six o'clock, after which the guests strolled in the grounds by moonlight, then danced all evening in the barn, that was decorated with gerbes of wheat, pumpkins, ears of maize, or other rural trophies, making a capital background for the ultra-fashionable gowns of all the beautiful women of the place.

Another favorite form of entertainment has always been

SOCIETY

an aquatic picnic, when the guests assembled at the little yacht club station and were transported in gigs, launches, etc., to the smart yachts anchored in the bay. Sometimes the entertainment would be provided on one of the yachts, at others a rendezvous would be given on Conanicut or the stone bridge, when a clam-bake followed by a dance was provided by the hosts of the day. It occasionally happened that a storm would come up, when the flimsily dressed women would shiver on the homeward journey down the bay. But the prudent yachtsmen, after one disastrous experience, have carefully provided for the comfort of their guests, and at this day the yachts' lockers are filled with long cloth cloaks made by the Shakers of Lebanon. These cloaks are warm and comfortable, and are of the colors of the yacht signal. So when a group of pretty women are garbed in these quaint coverings, they add to the gayety of the scene.

The restlessness of the summer colony is well known. All amusements pall after a couple of seasons and inventiveness has a limit. The picnics and cotillon dinners given by Mr. McAllister were equalled by barn dances at Oaklawn, at one time Mr. August Belmont's farm, but now belonging to Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt. The Glen was for years a favorite picnic ground, but after it was purchased by Mr. Henry Taylor it was closed to the public and is rarely used, as Mr. Taylor prefers to entertain on his yacht the "Wanderer." But in old days Mrs. Durfee's tea-house was a well-patronized resort. The place is beautifully wooded, and was formerly called Cundall's Mills, from a fulling-mill that was built over the stream in pre-Revolutionary times, owned by Joseph Cundall. Lawton's tea-house was also a pleasant place for an evening frolic, and "Aunt Hannah's" shovel cakes were delicious eating for those jaded with French dishes. There is always much gossip about these vagrant

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

entertainments, that is generally whispered by the coachmen or grooms, who, having no share in the amusements, are critical observers of all that passes. The gay votaries of fashion pay little heed to the servants who scan their every movement, but they would regret their carelessness could they hear how their innocent gambols are misinterpreted by the spectators. There is no greater gossip than the typical Newport coachman, and no place where gossip is more rapidly exchanged than at the cab-stands on Bellevue Avenue, where liveried and non-liveried coachmen alike "pass the time of day." It is impossible to chronicle the leaders of fashion, or even those composing the smart set of Newport, from 1850 to the present time. The suns rise and set rapidly, so the persons with their feet on the lowest rung of the social ladder of one season have mounted to the top within a few months. Those who have but lately scaled the heights are always most scornful of the climbers below them, totally ignoring their own struggles. Mr. Ward McAllister, in "Society as I have found it," says, when making suggestions as to the proper way of introducing a young girl, particularly if not well supported by an old family connection, "She should have a pair of ponies, a pretty trap, with a well-gotten-up groom, and Worth to dress her." This might have been good advice during the "fin de siècle," but we live differently in the new century, and the dame with social aspirations has a more difficult rôle to play and one not overcome by French dresses and a pony carriage.

The pet amusements of the day are garden fêtes. Sometimes these are arranged to take place by moonlight, when the grounds are lighted by Japanese lanterns hung from the trees. One hostess had seats placed on the lawn, where the guests sat in darkness to watch a vaudeville performance on a miniature stage. Magnificent balls are given by

SOCIETY

different hostesses, who spare no pains to make their houses into elaborately decorated backgrounds for their guests. One great ball combined dancing with a circus show. The booths were set out on the lawn and visited one by one by the guests, who enjoyed watching the freaks, ate peanuts, and drank pink lemonade, neglecting the beautiful ball-room and enticing band that tried to tempt them to dance instead of wandering about the electrically lighted grounds. But balls are not always successful in Newport, owing to a lack of dancing men, and hostesses prefer to devote their attention to dinners or impromptu entertainments of a more simple character. For many years the winter colony of Newport was as gay as its summer one. The ancient assemblies were revived, and, with the families of the army officers stationed at Fort Adams and the naval men at Coasters Island, the ball was kept rolling. Mrs. Edward Neill, Mrs. William Redmond, Mrs. Russell Forsyth, Mrs. Richard Derby, Mrs. Kuhn, Miss de Jongh, Miss Powel, Mrs. Bedlow, and many others formed a pleasant coterie. This set of people were interested in the drama and gave a series of theatrical performances that were so good that the amateur troop was called on to repeat the plays in other localities. Mr. Bedlow was an excellent actor, and in the part of "the used-up man" made a decided hit.

The winter colony to-day can hardly be called gay, as all who can go to other cities generally move at the end of the season, but Miss Wormley and the late Miss Woolsey gathered about them a few congenial souls who delighted in their society. The death of Mrs. Brinley made a great rent in this circle, from which it has not recovered, so the winter society of Newport can almost be expressed by a cipher.



BELLEVUE AVENUE



AQUIDNECK, or the Isle of Peace, as it was named by the Indians who lived on the shores of Narragansett Bay, is shaped somewhat like a boot that was made for the left leg. The heel touches the ocean at Sachuest Cape, its toe pointing westward. The leg of the boot is washed on one side by Sachuest River and on the other by the magnificent bay that gives such an easy access to the island.

On the sole of the boot are grouped many of the celebrated country-seats, the windows of which command unrivalled views of the sea.

On the harbor side, or what might be termed the instep of the boot (to carry the simile still farther), are many picturesque villas belonging to the summer colony. The bristling walls of Fort Adams, on Brenton's Point, protect the entrance to the harbor of Newport, overlooking the town

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

as it stretches along the water-side or covers the hills with crowded, bustling streets.

The world that amuses itself, the fashionable throng, or what is known as the "smart set," clusters on the hill-top or spreads over the rocky crags. The vim and vitality of these people seem to be the pulse of the continent, that is forever beating and keeping alive the great body public. They live in knots and groups as close as possible, so it sometimes happens that large and handsome houses nearly cover the patch of valuable ground owned by the rich proprietor, for with all his vaunted wealth, he has been unable to secure more land on the celebrated Bellevue Avenue, which apparently is the Mecca of each mammon worshipper in the country.

Starting from the Jews' Cemetery, on both sides of Bellevue Avenue new houses are erected yearly. They are built close to the dusty street or perched on bare crags. The power of wealth, like Aladdin's lamp, creates new places in a night. The houses are graced with vines, fragrant flowers gleam on every side, tall trees shroud the place as if they had grown there for years. The desolate spot becomes a paradise, and this happens with such frequency that the old inhabitants of Newport hardly remark that Midas's purse has added another palace to their beautiful township.

The city of Newport has three streets dividing it longitudinally. The first is Thames Street, that skirts the harbor. It is the business centre, on which the banks and shops are placed. It is still lined with gabled houses that are relics of Colonial times, although the small-paned windows on their fronts have been replaced by plate glass, the effect of which quarrels with the moss-covered roofs overhanging them.

Spring Street runs parallel to Thames, and on it the houses of the first settlers were built, attracted by a bubbling

BELLEVUE AVENUE

fountain that flowed from its source along what is now Washington Park and fed the fountain that was originally a hollowed log. Old persons in the middle of the last century recalled a childish rhyme that they were accustomed to chant as they danced about the spring:

“ Look yonder, look yonder,
And see a great wonder,
Four and twenty pots boiling
And nary coal under.”

Spring Street runs from the Parade, or Mall, to Bailey's beach, on the southern part of the neck, and terminates in the ocean. To be sure, it is called Coggeshall Avenue for part of the distance, which confuses the stranger.

Broadway starts from the Mall and leads to Middletown, but loses its name when it joins the West Road at Mile Corner. During Newport's summer season her own favorite thoroughfare presents a kaleidoscopic scene unrivalled in its brilliancy. Bellevue Avenue was created for the especial benefit of the gay world, and is seldom used by the old residents of the town. It was at first merely a lane leading from the Hebrew cemetery to Bowery Street, past the Bowling Green where Redwood Library now stands, and was called Jew Street.

In 1853 the editor of the Newport *Mercury* wrote:

“ Within a few years a street has been opened running south in continuation of Touro Street, and called South Touro Street. It passed through several valuable farms on the brow of the hill, the lots gently falling away on either side. These lots were quickly bought for building purposes.”

The Atlantic House, the Bellevue, and the Fremont were on or close to this avenue, with the Ocean House on the edge

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

of the town, for be it remembered that Newport was a watering-place as early as 1729, with many boarding-houses, that expanded into hotels as people from the South, particularly Charleston, became frequent visitors, and after these hotels were built Newport became established as a fashionable summer resort, with Bellevue Avenue as the artery connecting the gay with the business world. On a summer's afternoon a procession of vehicles pass and repass, attracting the eye by their fashionable appearance, the equipages, servants, horses, and harness being as perfect in their way as the well-dressed women occupying the seat of honor. The key-note of Newport is struck on this arena to the best advantage, for the rivalry is extreme among the leaders of society, and in no place is it better observed than on this dress parade. New fashions are launched here that are rapidly reviewed, accepted, or condemned. If the seal of approval is set upon them they are quickly adopted, and are imitated all over the country; if disdained they drop instantly out of sight. A new livery, a carriage of novel construction, a peculiar dress, is displayed on Bellevue Avenue, and its fate is decided with incredible rapidity. The vehicles are of all shapes, styles, and construction, but the fashionable ones are easily sorted from the others. There are automobiles, electrics, victorias, landaus, omnibuses, bicycles, and baby-carriages, that crowd past each other with bewildering rapidity. Perhaps the most useful but unornamental is the long omnibus drawn by two, four, or six horses, the sides of which are placarded with odd signs. These conveyances are usually well filled with excursionists from near-by places who have landed from a crowded steamboat at a Newport wharf, from which they have hastened into one of these carry-alls, anxious to see the sights of the famous fashionable resort. Men, women, and children



BELEVUE AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH

1890-1891



OLD BEACON ROAD, 1800 FT. BELEVUE AVENUE

1890-1891



BELLEVUE AVENUE

peer out of the open sides, listening eagerly to the gossip poured forth by the driver. These men are often wits after their own fashion. They are familiar with the history of every house and its owner, and can tell the exact amount of his income as well as the wages he pays his servants. As for the skeleton in the closet, no bolts or bars could conceal it from the hackmen on Bellevue Avenue. Every passer-by is commented upon by these drivers for the benefit of his "load." Nor are the men easily daunted, for if a noted personage was not to be seen during the drive, the conductor would not hesitate to point out a showily dressed woman and give her the name of a celebrated society leader, who may, in fact, be wearing deep mourning.

The moist children, sticky with half-eaten cakes and candy, care little for the patter so rapidly poured forth by the driver, but their elders hang eagerly on his words, asking one question after another as they recognize the names of people already well known to them through the social topic column of the newspapers, and to see whom they have come long distances from their own dull homes to what is indeed fairy-land. But it is not only the throng on the roadway that interests the excursionists, the townspeople, or the fashionable occupants of the vehicles, for they are quite as much attracted by the cottages, villas, houses, mansions, or palaces that line Bellevue Avenue. Many of these residences are typical and interesting on that account, and since they belong to fashionable people they have an additional attraction. They are intensely modern, and have no historical background, for this part of Newport was only used as pasture-land until about 1850. But the owners are foremost in the public eye, at least that eye that concerns itself only with the movements, entertainments, dress, or

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

customs of the people who, having great wealth, spend it lavishly on amusing themselves.

The houses first built on the line of Bellevue Avenue were frame buildings that were intended merely as temporary homes for the summer. But these have one by one given way to structures of brick, marble, or stone, so that the homes of the first fashionable world have left no records behind them and are seldom recalled.

These cottages are hardly to be regretted, for they were more comfortable than artistic. The present mansions are far more beautiful from an architectural stand-point. The hour for the fashionable parade changes from decade to decade, and sometimes yearly. About 1850 six o'clock was the time decreed, and every season sees the ebb and flow from two to seven o'clock, as various amusements claim the time of the pleasure-loving throng. When every one dined at two or three o'clock it was "the thing" to visit Fort Adams two afternoons in the week to listen to the band play at evening parade. The alternate days were spent on Easton's beach when the tide was low. At this time a barouche seating four persons was the fashionable carriage. Now that the dining hour is eight o'clock, a great deal of visiting is done in the morning. Gay luncheons follow at two o'clock. Bridge parties are held from three to five, musicals, teas, and receptions from five to seven, while the evenings are occupied with grand dinners, after which music or cards keep the ball going, so there is seldom an hour of the day when Bellevue Avenue is not lined with carriages, their gayly dressed occupants "on pleasure bent." Sometimes it is a racing automobile, again a tiny basket cart drawn by a shaggy pony driven by fancifully dressed children. The electric runabouts are the most useful of the fashionable carriages in Newport, for they are

BELLEVUE AVENUE

easily guided by a lady and ready at all hours of the day. Fashionable women give pet names to their automobiles or electric carriages. Some are called "Puff-puffs," another is familiarly named "Angelica," while a third is "Toby." The reason or origin of this is obscure. It is "the thing," so it must be right.

One pair of horses could not stand the work demanded by the gay fashionable dames, so the motors are a convenience, as they quickly cover great distances and never complain of waiting in the hot sun. There is one peculiarity about Newport, which is that everything is smart, well mounted, and with an air or style of its own. No shabby, old-fashioned vehicles appear in the throng. Even the little hacks get painted within the memory of man, and have fast horses before them, while the carts of the Newport tradespeople set a fashion of their own. The bodies are open, but are covered with a gayly striped awning only two feet above the cart, that protects the contents from sun and rain, and is more sightly than delivery carts in any other part of the country.

Bellevue Avenue begins in front of the Jews' Cemetery where Touro and Kay Streets join in making a triangle. The latter bears the name of the King's Custom Inspector and one of the first vestrymen of Trinity parish. Nathaniel Kay and his maiden sister lived where Hartman's now stands. Kay Street was originally laid out as a rope-walk, that was owned by the Brinleys. The building was burned one dry, hot day in August, 1797, causing a great excitement in the town. A number of sailors volunteered their help, and shouldered the long cables that were being made for the government use. They took the lock step, which distributed the weight, and marched in unison down Mary Street to Long Wharf, where many fathoms of cable were

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

safely stored. It was in Brinley's rope-walk that the "cable-tow" now decorating the Masonic Hall was laid. It was presented to the Freemasons by one of the firm.

The Jews' Cemetery has been the theme of many a song. The gates of the cemetery, presented by Judah Touro, are extremely handsome. The granite archway is carved with down-turned torches, while above the iron gates is a sphere upheld by outstretched wings full of symbolic meaning.

The first building on gay Bellevue Avenue is an unpretentious wooden church, standing back modestly from the road, called Touro Chapel, belonging to an African Methodist congregation. Next to it is Nathaniel Kay's house, and opposite, at the junction of the three streets, stands "Hilltop," the roomy home of the late William H. Hunt, the celebrated New York architect. It is now used by Mrs. Muenchinger as an annex to her very comfortable private hotel, and is filled winter and summer by ultra-fashionable people, who have every wish and luxury studied by the capable landlady. The walls of the house could tell tales of the merry, happy family who filled the rooms and played such a prominent part in the social world. Mr. Hunt was a brilliant genius who attracted to his roof all the scientists who visited Newport, and was noted for his hospitality. On the opposite side of Church Street is an unpretentious frame building, the home of one of the exclusive clubs known as the Newport Reading-Room. Its piazzas are crowded during the season with young men dressed in the extreme of the fashion, who lounge in the easy-chairs to criticise and discuss all passers-by. Almost opposite is the Redwood Library, with its Roman-Greco portico. The steps of the front are decorated with relics of the battle of Rhode Island. The lawn is shaded by one magnificent tree that, like all other things in Newport, sets the fashion. It is a

BELLEVUE AVENUE

fern-leaf beech with giant bole and spreading branches, that is the parent of all the trees of its kind. It was the result of an experiment attributed to different residents of Newport, who grafted a fern on the stock of a beech-tree, with a surprising and beautiful result. The house owned by Mr. William Tompkins, of New York, on the corner of Old Beach Road, is one of the original of the Newport cottages. It was for many years occupied by Mrs. Ashhurst, a New Yorker, who married a Philadelphian.

On the opposite side of the road stands the cottage of Mr. John N. A. Griswold. It was once the site of Charles Feke's pretty home, which was moved down Bellevue Avenue when Mr. Griswold built the present house about 1860. Mr. Lawrence's cottage was on the corner. After his death his widow, who was one of the beautiful Miss Bunkers, lived in Mill Street, where for many years her house was a pivot in the social world.

Mr. Griswold's lawn, that is guarded by a handsome wall surmounted by an orange hedge, overlooks Newport's ancient treasure, the stone tower that has served for years as a fruitful theme for antiquarians, essayists, and poets. The spirited statue of Commodore Matthew Perry faces Mr. Griswold's house. William Ellery Channing, another of Newport's famous sons, stands now silently represented in bronze where his active feet played in boyhood.

On the site of the Atlantic House, that was used in 1861 as the United States Naval Academy, is Miss Leary's home, in which the best musical parties are given at the "afternoon teas" of the hostess. In 1853 a writer describes Newport, saying "Mr. Parrish's villa claims, with Redwood Library, the distinction of being Newport's chief architectural beauty." This house is now owned by Mrs. Astor.

On Mill Street overlooking Touro Park, that was laid

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

out with money given to Newport by Judah Touro, is the house built before 1770 by John Tillinghast, who sold it to Colonel Archibald Crary, since which it has passed through many hands. Governor Major-General Nathaniel Greene lived here, where he was visited by Baron Steuben, the Marquis of Lafayette, Thaddeus Kosciusko, the Polish refugee, and other celebrities. William C. Gibbs, governor of Rhode Island from 1821 to 1824, owned the place for many years, and was succeeded by Mr. Henry Tuckerman, who has left so many charming impressions of the Newport of his day. The place is now called Touro Manor, and is owned by Ex-Mayor Frederick Garretson. For about a quarter of a mile after passing Touro Park, Bellevue Avenue has a little business quarter of its own, and is lined with shops. The jovial butcher, Mr. Buck, supplies the gourmets of Newport with the dainties they covet, while his daughter cultivates in her secluded garden the rarest of dahlias that make her the envy of all florists.

The erection of the "Travers Block" marked an epoch in the life of Newport, for it contained shops with bachelor quarters above. Before it was built all the shops were kept by local dealers on old Thames Street, but now the show-windows bear names of firms from all parts of the country, and are filled with beautiful and rare goods, not only for personal wear, but for decoration of houses, horses, and humans. The shops under the Casino are also filled with novelties that are displayed in Newport before they are seen elsewhere. The Casino is one of Newport's playgrounds, that contains a house for various sports within easy reach of the fashionable world. Over the open entrance is a large porch that looks like an opera-box. During the season there is always a group of young men lolling over its balustrade, from which coign of vantage they can criticise the passing



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NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

by Judah Touro, is the house built by John H. Hinghast, who sold it to the City of Newport, which it has passed through the hands of General Nathaniel Greene lived here, when it was bought by Baron Steuben, the Marquis of Lafayette, Kosciusko, the Polish hero, and others. William C. Gibbs, governor of Rhode Island from 1824, owned the place for many years, and it was sold by Mr. Henry Tuckerman, one of the great business of the Newport of his day. The place is now called Touro Manor, and is owned by Ex Mayor Frederick Garretson. For about a quarter of a mile after passing Touro Park, Bellevue Avenue has a little business quarter of its own, and is lined with shops. The jovial butcher, Mr. Buck, supplies the gourmets with the choicest cuts of meat they covet, while his daughter has a garden in which she grows the rarest of dahlias that make her the envy of the town.

The "Bachelors Block" marked an epoch in the history of Newport. It contained shops with bachelor proprietors, and all the shops were kept for the convenience of the bachelors. On Esplanade Street, but now the show-window of the city, goods from all parts of the country, and rare goods, not only for the use of the bachelors, but for the use of the whole population of houses, horses, and automobiles. The Casino are also filled with the most fashionable people of Newport before they are seen elsewhere. The Casino of Newport's playgrounds, for various sports within easy reach of the city. Over the open entrance is a large clock. During the season there is a large crowd of people over the clock, and they can criticise the passing





BELLEVUE AVENUE

through. Once past the portals of the Casino, a broad lawn stretches to the "Horseshoe," that is sometimes crowded with the fashionable world and again is deserted. On the lawns beyond, croquet, tennis, and other games are played. Squash and tennis courts are provided, as well as a ball-room that can easily be converted into a theatre. It was in this arena that Mr. Thomas Cushing and Mr. Ward McAllister earned many laurels. The Casino was built close to the grounds of Mrs. Le Roy, who for many years made Newport her summer home, and with Mrs. Sidney Brooks, her opposite neighbor, led the fashionable world of her day. The site was once owned by Henry Middleton, but Mrs. Brooks built a granite house in 1854, the walls of which were so thick that it received the nick-name of Sevastopol. After the death of Mrs. Brooks her home was purchased by James Gordon Bennet, but is now seldom occupied.

A few steps beyond is the high wooden paling enclosing Kingscote, and nearly opposite are the ruins of the second Ocean House, that was built about 1840, concerning which Mr. Tuckerman declared that it had "reduced Saratoga to being a hotel, while Newport was a realm." Here the gay people from all parts of the country congregated to enjoy during the summer months cool breezes and congenial society. The weekly dances or hops at the Ocean House were crowded with young people, and the after-dinner promenade up and down the long piazza was an amusing sight not easily forgotten. Somewhat back from Bellevue Avenue, and now hidden by a row of shops, stands the house that once belonged to Mrs. Paran Stevens—"Auntie Paran," as she was mischievously called by the youngsters of her day. There was no more energetic hostess than Mrs. Stevens, so, long after her handsome daughter married Mr. Paget and went to London her mother continued to entertain for her own

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

amusement. From the short lane called Bowery Street an interesting old place opens on it. It is one of a pair of houses built in duplicate by two friends that show the caprices of fashion. When they were erected Bellevue Avenue was a country lane leading to a farm with a gate closing the road to trespassers. The choice site of the two places was on the brow of the hill overlooking the bay, and it was selected by Mr. Powel for his house, and has been occupied continuously by his family. It marks an era, for there is neither gas nor electricity in it. The twin-house Elm Court, on Bellevue Avenue, has been repeatedly altered, as it has been owned by many fashionable people, who had it decorated according to the latest vogue. At one time the Duchess de Dino lived here, but for many years it has been owned by Mr. Frank Work, of New York.

Next to this substantial cottage is Edna Villa, belonging to Mr. Samuel Barger, and built by Mr. James Gordon Bennett for his sister, Mrs. Isaac Bell, Jr., while opposite is the brick villa that belongs to Mrs. Le Roy King. Adjoining this is Mr. Prescott Lawrence's pretty residence, next to which is Mr. Weld's lawn, famous for the rare plants and beautiful shrubbery that attract the eye of the passer-by, while Mrs. Best's little house, on the corner of Perry Street, is one of the dainty cottages for which Newport is noted. The handsome grounds owned by Mr. Edward J. Berwind embrace a square from Bellevue Court to Dixon Street and bounded east and west by the avenue and Spring Street. This great house is one of the new and magnificent edifices lately erected. It is a beautiful specimen of architecture and well arranged for entertaining. The granite wall surrounding the place, with its carved ornaments, is a great addition to the avenue. The grounds are filled with old trees and new. The shrubberies, flower-beds, and gardens

BELLEVUE AVENUE.

are so beautiful that the curious public regret vainly they can only peep at them through an iron grille. From the terrace at the back of the house there is a fine view of the harbor. This place was once owned by Mrs. Bruen, and was noted for the handsome trees that had been planted under the directions of a woman of taste, and these great elms give the name to the estate.

The next house on Bellevue Avenue has lately been erected by Mr. E. R. Morse, the site once occupied by Rhua Cottage, owned by Mrs. Lewis Jones. The new house has many unique and charming features, and Mrs. Morse is one of the great hostesses of Newport, so it is sure to be the centre of gayety. Mr. Elisha Dyer's mansion has not the picturesque features of the original Wayside, that was pulled down and the acre of land that it covered thrown into Mr. Berwind's place, but Mr. Dyer's new house is more modern and better adapted for the entertainments for which he is well known.

White Lodge adjoins Wayside, and is the house of Mr. Lispenard Stewart, one of New York's best-known bachelors. Beside him is Château Nooga, better known as the "Chatter-box," on the corner of Narragansett Avenue, while on the opposite side of Bellevue are the cottages of Mr. Andrews, Mr. Merrill, Mrs. Woodbury Kane, and Mrs. Joseph Stone. Swanhurst, now occupied by Mrs. George Lockhart Rives, was inherited from her father, Mr. Augustus Whiting. The laurel hedge in these grounds is a lovely specimen of its kind. It is over twenty feet high and insures privacy to the house, that stands somewhat back from the road. Mr. Blight's cottage was built by Mr. Clement C. Barclay, of Philadelphia, whose hospitable door was always open to all comers. Nearly opposite is the villa belonging to Mrs. Harold Brown, close to the estate of her grandfather.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Mr. Wetmore, that is now owned by United States Senator George Peabody Wetmore, ex-governor of Rhode Island, who owns one of the largest and handsomest places on Bellevue Avenue. The grounds, which are laid out with great taste, are filled with rare trees, shrubs, and plants. The Japanese maples are probably the finest examples of their kind in New England. The principal entrances are on the avenue, but there is a unique gateway opening on Shepard Avenue, that was built by the late Mr. Wetmore, who, having lived for years in China, imported from there for his own use and pleasure many strange and interesting things, among others this design for a gate. The house he built was supplanted many years since by *Le Château sur Mer*, a modern structure better adapted for the brilliant entertainments given there by the hospitable owner and his beautiful wife, who was Miss Keteltas, of New York. On the corner of Bellevue and Hazard Avenues is the home of Mrs. Brown, of Providence, which commands an extensive view over Almy's Pond.

Dainty Mayfield, in its green and white dress, has a lovely lawn; its owner, Mrs. Glyn, is noted for her taste and charm. She is descended from the celebrated Dr. William Hunter, who was one of Newport's distinguished physicians before the Revolution, whose house overlooked the harbor near old Fort Greene. The Bush, as Mrs. Francis Brockholst Cutting has named her country place, is always gay with the peculiar pink geraniums named after General Grant. Their novel arrangement adds to the attractiveness of the place. Mr. Grand-d'Hauteville's villa is only occupied by the owners on alternate seasons, his family estates in Switzerland claiming him at other times.

Mrs. Gambrell's new house is a delightful reproduction of a celebrated French mansion, and the grounds are most



CLIFF FROM ROCKY BEACH, FOOT OF NARRAGANSETT AVENUE

Photographed by J. H. H. H. H.



CLIFF VIEWS OF SHEEP POINT, ROUND POINT IN THE DISTANCE

Photographed by J. H. H. H. H.



BELLEVUE AVENUE

attractively laid out. The villa built by Mr. Ellis has lately been purchased by Mr. E. R. Thomas, and faces the fine one erected for Mr. Storrs-Wells after a disastrous fire had burned his first home. The gardens of this place are charmingly laid out, but are not visible from the avenue. Mr. George S. Scott's colonial mansion commands a lovely view over rocks and openings to Almy Pond, and is shared by Mr. Townsend Burden, who owns the beautiful estate on the opposite side of the avenue. Mrs. J. Van Alen's house was for many years occupied by her mother, Mrs. Post, and was one of the gayest places in Newport. Only a ha-ha fence separates it from Snug Harbor, the home of Mrs. Baldwin, that nestles between that and one lately purchased by Mr. Edward Cramp, of Philadelphia. The first riparian estate on Bellevue Avenue is By-the-Sea, owned by Mr. Perry Belmont, and inherited from his father, August Belmont, the well-known banker, who was the first to introduce Continental fashions in democratic America. The beautiful Mrs. Belmont was for years a queen of the gay world; her *demi d'Aumont*, with its postilions, created a sensation never equalled in Newport. She was the daughter of Commodore Matthew Perry, and had many ties in the town, where she is as well remembered for her charity as for her social success. A gap in a privet hedge is the unpretentious entrance to Mrs. Herman Oelrich's marble house that adjoins Mr. Whitney's place. Opposite them is the home of Mrs. Havemeyer, whose husband was one of the most celebrated "whips" of his day.

The estates of Mr. William Waldorf Astor and his aunt, Mrs. William Astor, that are on either side of Marble House, are the great water-side demesnes of Newport. On the corner of Wheatland Avenue is the cottage belonging to Mr. Thayer, of Boston, adjoining Wyndhurst, while oppo-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

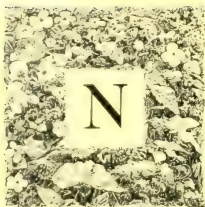
site is the new house of Mr. Knight that faces Mr. Bell's beautiful country-seat. Belcourt, on the corner of Lakeview and Bellevue Avenues, exhibits the taste inherited by Mr. Oliver Belmont from his father. The house is filled with rare and curious articles, and the library is one of the most beautiful rooms in Newport.

The home of the Misses Gibert adjoins Belcourt. They were famous belles, but have deserted their old home that is next to Mr. Egerton Leigh Winthrop's. At the turn of the road is Mrs. Pierson's comfortable villa, Roselawn. Next to this is the cottage built by General Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, while opposite is Inchquin.

Mrs. Oliver Jennings has purchased the house on the corner of the avenue and Ledge Road, next to the "Train Villa," that is usually occupied by Mrs. de Forest, which is opposite Mr. Thaw's colonial mansion, the last house on Bellevue Avenue. The villa of Mrs. Mills, and estate of the late Thomas Cushing, are bordered by the Cliff Walk, and share with Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt the glorious view over Rough Point.



THE CLIFF WALK



EWPORT offers to citizens and guests alike the most beautiful and extended walk in the country. It stretches along the brink of the ocean for three miles and a half, twining and turning on top of the great ledges of rock, against which the ocean tears or

beats with ceaseless energy. The path hangs for the most part about thirty or forty feet above the water, and cuts directly across the lawns of nearly fifty of the most sumptuous demesnes in Newport, although it is thrown open to the public.

Starting from Bath Road, the sea spreads to the left, the breakers rolling into the bay formed by Ochre and Easton's Points to dash on the beach that bears the name of Nicholas Easton, one of the first settlers of Newport. Beyond the stretch of blue water is the long, graceful cape, on which a few cottages are dotted here and there. To the right of the path, that rises and falls as required by the irregularity of the cliffs, spread a succession of lawns and country houses that are world famous, presenting so many attractive

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL.

features that they are not only difficult to point out, but it is hazardous to make invidious comparisons.

This famous walk was first merely a fisherman's track, and when the land-owners attempted to close it to the public in order to insure privacy for themselves they found it was under protection, for the early law-givers had provided that the toilers of the sea should have access to it at all times and seasons.

But the city concerns itself little with the Cliff Walk, since its fatherly interest stops with the protection of fishing privileges, and the government leaves the path to be ruined at the pleasure of the elements. At one time the property-owners were so annoyed at the trespassers that they were allowed to scramble over the rocks, but no facilities were offered to them. By degrees one after another of the rich proprietors accepted the inevitable and determined to make the path on his own place safe and serviceable, and now it is a broad foot-way which is kept in beautiful order by individuals as it runs through their properties.

In some places terraces overhang the path that shield the houses from view; at others it is sunk under the bluff or bridges are thrown across the rocks, leading the walk far from the houses. At Mrs. Astor's place a brick wall shuts off any view of the house, but this is covered with vines so the pedestrian hardly realizes that he is shut in. This may perhaps seem churlish on the part of the rich proprietors to try as they do to exclude the public from access to their grounds, but they could tell many tales of the annoyances they have received from trespassers. At one place where the lawn slopes to the Cliff Walk it is no unusual thing for people to walk up to the house, sit on the piazza, or even enter the rooms. In some cases small objects of value were appropriated by people who were not thieves, but who

THE CLIFF WALK

wanted reminiscences of Newport, and who took what they saw as calmly as they would have picked up shells on the beach.

At Marble House excursionists would lie flat on the ground to peep under the protecting grille of iron-work, or sometimes they have torn away handfuls of vines to have a better view of the occupants of the house. These and many other incidents have been borne good-naturedly by the cottagers, who, however, have protected their privacy by excluding the public whenever it was possible.

As the Cliff Walk leaves Bath Road it passes in front of Mr. Winthrop Chanler's beautiful home, that was one of the first to be placed in this commanding position. There is now a modernized house on the place, and it was here that President Roosevelt, in 1902, stood godfather to Mr. Chanler's youngest child. The celebrated novelist Marion Crawford is a frequent visitor to his brother-in-law. The older house, that stands behind the present one, was built by Robert Johnston, a Scotchman, who had the interests of his adopted town at heart. He it was who cut the straight road across the hill from Thames Street to Easton's beach, calling it Bath Road. Before that day the approach to the shore was *via* Old Beach Road, where the hill was steep and dangerous. Mr. Johnston purchased part of the Easton farm, and his house was Lord Percy's head-quarters. The grounds were once planted with beautiful sycamores, that were killed by the blight that destroyed those trees all over the country about 1830. It is claimed that Mr. Johnston was the first to graft a fern on a beach, producing the beautiful cut-leafed beach, the most unique specimen of which shadows the lawn before the Redwood Library. His estate was cut into three portions, that were owned by Mr. Peterson, Mr. Chanler, and Mrs. Woodworth. The grounds of

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

the Cliff House come next to Mr. Chanler's. This is one of the most beautiful situations in Newport, and strangers staying there have all the advantages open to the most exclusive of the private demesnes on the Cliff Walk. The cottages connected with the hotel have belonged to different well-known persons, among them being Mrs. Herman Livingston.

As the walk winds along the beautiful lawns in front of Mrs. Slater, Mrs. Safe, and the north and south houses of the Messrs. Gammell, of Providence, one realizes how bountifully both nature and art have combined to make this quarter of a mile a delightful promenade. The walk is cut in two by Narragansett Avenue, where a platform hangs over the cliff and a stairway leads to the rocks that are always slippery with sea-weeds or water. This spot is known as the "Forty Steps." A surefooted fisherman can get a foothold in the crevices of the crags, but the place has been the scene of more than one tragedy, as several persons have lost their balance and fallen into the sea, only to be swept instantly to destruction, for even an accustomed swimmer can seldom be saved. It was here that a grandson of Commodore Perry lost his life.

Cliff Walk crosses Narragansett Avenue and skirts the borders of Mrs. Robert Goelet's beautiful estate. The path is sunk below the level of the cliff. The rocks are partly covered with vetchi and euonymus, the vine that thrives so remarkably on the edge of the ocean, its evergreen leaves keeping their color during the most severe winters. The magnificent palace built by Mr. Ogden Goelet is almost hidden from the walk, although peeps of it may be obtained as the path winds in and out of the rocks. Mr. Pendleton's cosey cottage nestles between Mrs. Goelet's palace and Vinland, now owned by Mr. Hamilton Twombly.

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THE CLIFF WALK

The boundaries of the old Ochre Point demesne begin about here. Governor Lawrence gave a slice of his land to Mr. Pendleton so he should always have his friend as a near neighbor. As the walk passes beneath the terraces of the Breakers, the home of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, a good view of the famous house is obtained. The sea view is entrancing. Two bold headlands point into the ocean, and over both of them the waves dash so madly as to earn for the place its name.

On September 5, 1902, an interesting mimic war took place at Newport between the troops stationed at Fort Adams and the White Squadron. Several of the war-vessels ran in close to the Breakers, and the "Puritan," "Massachusetts," and "Indiana" pretended to bombard the homes of the magnates of the land. Had the guns been shotted, the places would have been ruined, as no defence was possible. Mr. Frederick Pearson's place lies to the south of the Breakers, and here the Cliff Walk takes a sharp turn to the west, skirting Ochre Point, which is one of the southern capes of Aquidneck.

Mr. Drexel has laid out the walk most artistically as it skirts his beautiful property, which recalls memories of Mr. Fairman Rogers, of Philadelphia, to whose taste in landscape gardening Newport owes so much. At the time when carpet-beds of flowers first became fashionable Mr. Rogers threw a magnificent Persian rug on the lawn, ordering his gardener to follow the lines of its pattern and copy the colors when laying out the bed before the house. Mr. Rogers's yacht "Magnolia" and his famous brake with four horses that he tooled with such skill make his numerous tastes and talents recalled by all his friends. Over the walk hangs "Midcliff," exciting many envious glances toward Miss Jones's charming home, that commands such a

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

glorious view of Father Neptune. The picturesque villa occupied by Mr. George Collord seems as if it "clung like a limpet to the rock."

Very little of Mr. Woodward's house can be seen from the Cliff Walk, which is almost a pity, for it is one of the most ornate villas in Newport. The owner is famed for the magnificent collection of bric-à-brac and china that he has inherited or gathered from all parts of the world.

Marine Avenue, skirting Mrs. James Kernochan's and Mr. Perry Belmont's places, joins Cliff Walk to Bellevue Avenue at this point. The place of the former well earns its name of Sea-View, for the windows command a most varied and extensive prospect over land and wave. Mrs. Kernochan has changed and embellished her house so it would scarcely be recognized by the original owners, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, of Philadelphia, so when their niece, Mrs. George Washington Childs, lately visited Newport she was surprised to see the alterations in her father's old home.

At this part of the Cliff Walk the pedestrian not only enjoys the ocean view, but, looking landward, catches a glimpse of Mr. John Thompson Spencer's colonial house standing on an eminence on Ruggles Avenue, secure of privacy but enjoying a lovely view. It was here that Mrs. Spencer entertained the Comte de Turin, who was at the time heir to the throne of Italy. This visit made a great impression on the Newport people, and the house is pointed out to excursionists as the one in which "the prince stayed." The owners of By-the-Sea have always kindly considered the comfort of the public, gaining its gratitude, for the Cliff Walk in front of Mr. Belmont's place has invariably been preserved with care, in spite of the inroads made on the bank during the winter storms.

Lovely groups of rare roses no more greet the passer-by

THE CLIFF WALK

on reaching Mr. Bancroft's old place. It was the pride and pleasure of the noted historian to earn for his rose-garden an equal fame with those his histories gleaned for him. The roses imported or home bred were remarkable for number and variety, which thrived close to the edge of the ocean, as Mr. Bancroft coaxed them to acknowledge that the sea air was as good for their health and complexions as it was for that of delicate women, and once having submitted to his powerful will, the roses thrived and bloomed as they did in no other parterre in the country. Since Mrs. Oelrichs has built her beautiful white palace on the site of Mr. Bancroft's house, the character of the place has been completely changed. Art has replaced nature, but it is an art that is perfect of its kind, that has triumphed over almost insurmountable obstacles.

As the walk dips and curves under the sloping lawns of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's place, it would take a sharp observer to discover the studio that the mistress of the house has had built close to the waves. In it she can study or work sure of privacy and free to enjoy the beautiful view spread before her.

The old home of Mrs. John Jacob Astor overhangs the cliff walk with its balustrades and gardens. Beaulieu seems to pine for its vanished mistress who once cast the spell of her gracious presence over this enchanting place, where she and her most clever and amusing neighbor, Mrs. Aquilla Stout, gathered the beaux and belles of Newport about them. Cliff Walk turns round a small cape hardly worthy of a name, but which gives point to the grounds of Marble House as it juts into the sea at this place, while the path presses close to the overhanging terrace. The bank at this spot is covered with dandelions, the little flowers growing so thickly that the terrace is a solid mass of yellow disks,

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

looking as if the sun-god had touched the bare rocks with his golden finger, making it reflect his own radiant face. Even Midas could not have created this wonderful wild flower-garden, for dandelions grow where they please, but do not obey the bid of art. Beechwood, with its beautifully cultivated lawn, hangs over the walk. The quantities of great aloes in tubs stationed close about the house give a character particularly their own to Mrs. Astor's grounds. The greenhouses on this place have always been famous for delicious grapes, the vines having been imported by M. de Barrada, who once owned Beechwood. Ever since Mr. Parrish built the house it has been spoken of as one of Newport's show places. The little bay under Mr. Robert Carson's place is called Sheep-Cove from the fancied resemblance of the rocks beyond to the head of an old ram. One of the first owners of this spot was Don Antonio de Yznaga, the father of Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, where her childhood days were passed. It seems strange that three of the reigning English duchesses should have lived on the Cliff Walk. Besides the Duchess of Manchester, is the Duchess of Marlborough, born Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, and the Duchess of Roxburghe, born Miss Goelet. Mr. Yznaga sold his place to Mr. Harry Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, who, with his charming wife, made their coterie the social centre of America between 1860 and 1880.

At Mrs. Victor Sorchon's place the Cliff Walk follows the brow of the hill, so a good view of her house and that of Mr. Green can be had, but the path dips suddenly before Mr. Bell's beautiful grounds, staying near the water level as it passes before those of Mr. Mills and Mr. Cushing, until it reaches the most romantic and picturesque part of the three-mile walk.

The telephone was first habitually used by the fashion-

THE CLIFF WALK

able people of Newport. A story was told at the time that caused much amusement. A gay dame called up a friend to invite him to dinner. He answered the bell that was in his bath-room. Then, recognizing the voice, called, in dismay, "Oh! don't look. I was in my tub. Please wait till I put on my dressing-gown." Just as if hearing were seeing.

At Rough Point the sea has beaten into the land with such fury that it has cut it sharply back in many places, leaving the old bones of the island bare in spots. A clever landscape gardener has taken advantage of the bold outlines thrown by nature's artist hand, and has made the walk wind and twist among the boulders, dipping under an arch of rock work, making one of the most attractive features of this noteworthy promenade as it skirts Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt's grounds. Here the waters dash wildly, as if emulating the celebrated Spouting Horn that faces this cliff, lending such beauty to the foreground of Mr. Henry Clews's view on the opposite side of Coggeshall's Ledge, that separates the two capes.

Perhaps the Cliff Walk is swept by no more bracing air than that which passes across it as it goes under Mr. Elbridge Gerry's place, so appropriately named Sea Verge. The walk curves and twists, then stretches before the grounds of Rockhurst, that show the gardener's skill and the cultivated taste of its mistress, Mrs. Brooks. As the path rounds "Land's End," under Mr. Livingston Beekman's lovely cottage, the ocean takes on a new aspect. From this point it seems to change color and be black in strong contrast to the glistening white foam breaking over Coggeshall's Ledge, that here defies old Neptune, yet seems to hold out tempting hands to sea-nymphs, inviting them to climb and play on its weed-covered crags. At one time this

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

was the favorite haunt of seals that slipped or slid over the barnacle-covered rocks, frightening the simple-minded fishermen, who fancied the soft-coated creatures were mermaids indeed.

Under Governor Lippitt's great red brick palace the Cliff Walk becomes wild and picturesque in the extreme, and looking westward from beneath Mrs. Richardson's place there is another magnificent view of Spouting Horn. The red rocks of Gooseberry Island in the distance contrast well with the white breakers that fight it on all sides, while far in the distance Price's Neck stands out boldly.

GIBBS AVENUE

Practically the Cliff Walk ends at Bailey's beach, the favorite bathing beach of the fashionable world. It is one of Newport's puzzling peculiarities that a street, road, or avenue generally changes its name three or four times in the course of a mile. This is notably the case with the avenue bearing the name of the governor of Rhode Island in 1826. Gibbs Avenue starts from Bliss Road, runs south for a mile to Bath Road, which leads to Easton's beach, where the name is suddenly merged into another. But on Gibbs Avenue are a dozen modern cottages that are as generally occupied in winter as in summer.

Professor Pumpelly and Mr. A. B. Emmons are side by side. It was Mr. Parish's house, the father of Mrs. Emmons, that was long pointed out as the most beautiful villa in Newport.

The home of the great scientist, Professor Wolcott Gibbs, shares with its neighbors the extensive view over Easton's Pond, which during the winter is often covered with skaters. In these gardens the first spring flowers appear, notwithstanding its proximity to the ocean.



NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

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THE CLIFF WALK

In front of Mrs. Eustis's cottage is a venerable and cherished tree shadowing and protecting the house regardless of the east winds that sweep directly from Honyman's Hill and Paradise.

Mrs. Samuel Powel shares the wind as well as the views of her neighbor Mr. Swan, who is on the corner of Buena Vista Street, while Major Theodore Gibbs's handsome house and beautiful lawns sweep nearly to the edge of the pond. These grounds are celebrated for the high state of cultivation they have been brought into under the scientific guidance of their mistress, who is a noted botanist and naturalist, having made some original researches that are very remarkable.

Mrs. Rogers's beautiful country place is only separated from Bethshan by a low fence, while on the opposite side of the road is Miss Ellen Mason's beautiful home, the entrance to which is on Love Lane. This place was laid out about 1850, and the grounds and gardens show the exquisite taste of the owners. As it crosses Bath Road the avenue changes its name to Cliff, on the corner of which is Dr. Richard V. Mattison's Bushy Park, one of the pioneer places in modern Newport. It was planned by Mr. de Lancey Kane, who brought his bride, Miss Astor, to this beautiful spot, that at the time was bleak and bare, but is now covered with a forest that rivals the sycamore grove that originally covered Mr. Winthrop Chanler's historic place.

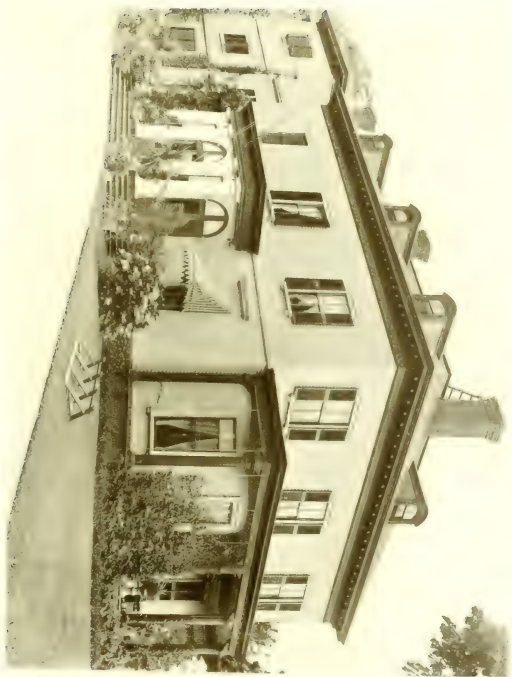
The Cliff House is on this avenue. It is a favorite summer hotel overlooking the ocean and in the centre of the fashionable world. The view from this spot is incomparable. Easton's beach stretches to the northward, and on its shining hard sand groups of chattering children dance in the sunlight. Hardy bathers venture into old

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

ocean's embraces but half clad, and shivering men with great boots reaching to the hips wade into the surf to dig for quahaugs, or clams. Farmer lads ride rebellious horses into the waves, dragging long rakes that snare streamers of red sea-weed, to drag it ashore to use it for fertilizing their fields. The gay panorama moves and changes incessantly, and is constantly augmented by the crowds of excursionists who flock to the famous beach to enjoy the bathing or the clam-bakes on the shore, where "genuine Rhode Island chowder is served fresh every hour." It is here that the sun-worship takes place on Easter morning which is so remarkable in the place devoted to amusement and fashion. Across the bay the green rocks of Easton's Point frown on the encroaching water. But the most fascinating part of the view is the swell of the ocean as it races toward the beach. The long rollers begin to heave at Ochre Point, and from its rugged sides the water in serried ranks rushes onward to break in long combing waves on the smooth sand. If the wind sets from the north it blows the spray backward to make what children call "sea horses" with wildly flying manes. Every seventh wave seems to be larger and stronger than its fellows. It rolls more steadily and majestically, it curls with greater dignity, and seems to wait an instant longer than its fellows before plunging on the sand with loud roars of defiance. Directly beneath the cliff the water dashes against the rocks, throwing spray high in the air, so that the view from the cliff at Sea View Avenue presents more variety than any other point in Newport.

On the west side of Cliff Avenue, on the corner of Merton Street, is the cosey cottage of Mr. James Parker, the well-known club and society man, while Mrs. Slater's beautiful country-seat is directly on the ocean, adjoining Mr. William

WILSON'S BUILDING, 100 N. 4TH ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.



THE CLIFF WALK

Gammell, Mrs. Shaw Safe, and Mr. R. S. Gammell. On this corner Mr. Frank K. Sturgis has lately built a new house. His exquisite taste has been displayed in every detail. Like several other Newport land-owners, Mr. Sturgis has a home in New York, a charming house at Lenox called Clipston Grange, after the home of his English ancestors, and has a farm three miles out of town, not far from Oakland, the home of Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, which he inherited from his father, the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, who purchased it from the estate of August Belmont.

Cliff Road turns sharply to the west, to end abruptly in the Annandale Road, on which is the entrance of the ancestral home of Mr. Daniel B. Fearing, ex-mayor of Newport. This comfortable and handsome house was owned by the grandfather of Mr. Fearing. It contains a very valuable collection of books, as Mr. Fearing is a lover of rare editions and rich bindings as well as of all kinds of sports. The house is almost a museum, as it is crowded with curiosities brought from all countries by generations of travellers, but particularly by the mayor himself, who is alert to enrich his collection. The attractive demesne of Mr. Henry A. C. Taylor is only separated from that of his nephew, Mr. Fearing, by a magnificent hedge, and connects with that of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Frederick Sheldon, which is on the corner of Annandale Road and Narragansett Avenue, directly opposite the famed Pinard cottages, where tired housewives may live in luxury secure of the seclusion of home, with a well-appointed household and "no trouble beyond paying the bills." And here ends this strange and crooked thoroughfare, with its sharp corners and varied names, out of which open many of the most fashionable and attractive of Newport's summer homes.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

PARADISE AND PURGATORY

Certainly the first settlers of Newport deserve credit for the names they bestowed on the salient features of the picturesque country in which they lived. Indian names were frequently retained that fall pleasantly on the ear, but in many cases descriptive words were used that are attractive and representative. It is true they abandoned the Indian title for their Isle of Peace, exchanging Aquidneck for Rhode Island, but it is said this was done in memory of the beautiful spot in the Mediterranean Sea, although when the religious settlers of Rhode Island could have visited the Isle of Rhodes is not stated. Nor did they invariably use this title, for in many original documents it is referred to as the Red Island, while several writers state that the name was bestowed by the early Dutch navigators, who called it Roode Eyelandt. Be this as it may, Sachuest beach, Ochre Point, Cormorant and Gull Rocks, Rough Point, Spouting Horn, Prudence, Patience, and Rose Islands, with Paradise and Purgatory, show the imaginative powers or quaint thoughts of the men of the seventeenth century.

Paradise conjures exciting expectations that are well fulfilled by the lovely spot, while Purgatory gives a foretaste of the horrors awaiting a sinner, for the feet seem only treading on a grassy lawn, with no forecast of the rift in the treacherous rock beneath, where the chasm yawns unexpectedly beneath the transgressor, who escapes as he may. Purgatory is part of the steep bluff of gray rocks south of Sachuest beach. The rock is cleft in two by a crack one hundred and sixty feet long and eight to fourteen feet wide at the top, varying in width at the bottom from two to twenty-four feet. The water swirls madly round the rocks at the base, and is over ten feet deep even at low tide. The

THE CLIFF WALK

bluff at this spot is fifty feet high, and has other fissures, but none of them are as broad as the main one called the Devil's Chasm. There is, of course, a legend attached to the spot, and several accounts of hair-breadth escapades. The Indians declared that at this uncanny place the devil threw a squaw into the sea for murdering her rival. The hoof-prints of his Satanic Majesty can be traced on the sides of the cliff by those venturesome enough to peer from the brink to the water below. These were made by the repentant devil, who clambered down the steep sides to rescue the maiden he regretted having punished. Her blood still stains the face of the cliff and shows where her mutilated body struck as she fell on the rasping edges of the rock.

It is said that two sweethearts once wandered to Purgatory, when the girl dared her lover to leap the chasm. This he did, then turned to make her a low bow and walk away never to speak to her again, for he was so angry that she should demand such a rash act on his part that it destroyed his affection for her.

The boys of the town have at all times explored the place, and William Ellery Channing crept or slid down the embankment to the opening of the gulf, then swam to the mouth, and, returning safely, reclinbed the cliff. Mr. Meriam, one of the staid ministers of Trinity Church, was dared to leap over Purgatory. He did so, but lost his hat, and when again dared to climb down the rocks to recover it, he declared he would leave that feat to younger and better men. On this lonely spot is a small white cenotaph commemorating the accidental death of Archibald Gracie Lawrence, son of Governor Beach Lawrence. The boy was killed by the discharge of his gun when trying to leap the rift in the rocks. His body was placed in Trinity church-yard beside his mother.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

During the Revolutionary War, as well as that of 1812, beacons were set on Purgatory and a watch kept for the enemy's vessels, from which many timely warnings were sent.

Paradise Avenue leads from Honyman Hill due south to Sachuest beach. The hill takes its name from the first rector of Trinity Church, who had a country-seat here. The view from the head of the road is truly charming. To the east are the quiet waters of Seaconnet River, the east passage of Narragansett Bay. The Indians called the black goose that once visited these waters Seekonk, and it is supposed the name of the river is derived from this. To the west are glimpses of the Newport palaces seen over broad, well cultivated fields dotted with homely white farm-houses. On the summit the American army gathered under Lafayette to repulse the British. Remains of the redoubts are still visible, and cannon-balls have frequently been ploughed up when tilling the fields.

Bishop Berkeley's residence, White Hall, is close at hand, but is half hidden in an apple-orchard whose rough boles and gnarled, lichen-covered branches betray their age.

The Hanging Rocks, or Negro's Head, that overlook Sachuest beach are picturesque objects in the foreground, while the waves lashing the rocks of Purgatory, throwing their white spray almost to the top of the cliff, complete the panorama that is as full of startling contrasts as any in the country. On the Hanging Rocks is a niche called Bishop Berkeley's Chair. The point that juts over the road bears a forcible and strange resemblance to an ancient dame who lived for many years in Newport. It is seen to the best advantage from Indian Avenue and Third Beach Road when facing westward.

THE CLIFF WALK

The eastern boundary of the beach is formed by Sachuest Point, which is the extreme southeastern end of Aquidneck Island. The river is a famous fishing-place. Here bass, mackerel, tautog, etc., abound. The last is a game fish sometimes called "white chin." Enormous flounders are occasionally caught off Hobson's Hole, and after a severe storm Sachuest beach has been covered with dead bodies of hideous sea monsters that make it an unpleasant resort. Quantities of algæ fill the bay, at times making the water look red, and during the season the farmers collect it to fertilize their field by driving their horses into the surf and dragging the sea-weed ashore by means of great rakes fashioned like hay-tedders.



THE OCEAN DRIVE AND KINDRED SPUR ROADS



OF all the beautiful drives in America, the one in Newport that extends from Bailey's beach to Castle Hill, known as Ocean Avenue, ranks in a foremost position. The fashionable afternoon route for the grand parade is from Bellevue Avenue to the Ridge Road *via* the ocean, and at the hour decreed by Mme. Vogue the road is filled with electric motors, automobiles, carriages, drags, brakes, and many other vehicles.

On one side of the drive lies the ocean in one of its ever varying moods, on the other there are lovely lichen-covered rocks, between which, in the scanty soil, eglantine, whortleberries, and other shrubs grow in wild profusion. Early in the spring saxifrage nestles in every nook, while tall irises nod their purple heads amid the flag-leaves and cat-tails of the adjoining marshes. When the wild roses are blooming the edges of the road are gay with their pink blossoms, that give place to the red berries that hang on the bushes through the most rigorous winter weather, and with the bronzed green of the few clinging leaves make touches of color even in the gray days of February. There are few trees on these bleak rocks, for they were destroyed by the British when

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

occupying the islands, and the forests have never been replanted. Although the ocean drive skirts the southern and most exposed portion of Aquidneck, the snow seldom lingers there. The rocks are not covered with piles of ice or concealed by a glaze of frozen spray that makes Niagara and fresh water streams so beautiful when touched by the icy fingers of the Frost King, for the ocean tempers the air, and few vestiges of winter are seen on its edge except during the most rigorous weather.

The wild scenery through which the drive passes offers a striking contrast to the extreme of civilization bordering Bellevue Avenue, that is all the more surprising from the sudden transition, for it is but the turn of a corner and ostentatious luxury is dropped as if by magic to be succeeded by nature in all its most rugged forms, and yet Lily Pond, once passed, the boundaries of the great Hammer-smith demesne are entered, that was settled as a gentleman's private estate in the seventeenth century, and at that time was brought partly under cultivation, but after the death of the owner the place returned to its original wild state. Now the country places that open on Ocean Avenue are with excellent taste made to harmonize with their surroundings, and even when a long procession of carriages pass quickly along the drive they add to but do not detract from the beauty of the scene, for the road winds in and out, round and beneath the overhanging cliffs, looking like a monstrous serpent writhing with glittering scales in its wonted haunts.

Ocean Avenue begins by passing the pretty lawn of the Bailey's Beach Bathing Association. The picturesque club- and bath-houses are crowded during the summer months with the flower of the smart set. During the morning the sands are covered with maids and children who splash the

THE OCEAN DRIVE AND KINDRED SPUR ROADS

water and make sand castles, while the air resounds with merry cries and laughter. Young men, maids, and matrons equipped for a swim roam about the beach or loll under the shade of the outspread awnings. Sometimes a frolicsome matron gives a lunch or a tea on the beach, and then it is a droll sight to watch the bathers in their scanty dress being served by footmen tightly buttoned in the smartest of trim liveries. These festivities are sometimes held by the light of the moon, which adds greatly to the wierd effect.

During the morning hours the excursionists peer over the low wall guarding the entrance to Bailey's beach, anxious to see all they can of the merry army amusing itself in or beside the water, when the comments of the onlookers would furnish good copy for a comic paper.

Almy's Pond lies to the right of the avenue. During the winter, when the ice bears, it is covered with skaters, but in summer not even a boat disturbs its placid waters.

The most prominent feature to the left is Mr. Henry Clews's picturesque residence called The Rocks. This charming spot was owned by General Robert B. Potter, brother of the bishop of New York. It is one of the most commanding residences in Newport, the view to the east being across Bailey's beach to Coggeshall's Ledge, now crowned by Governor Lippitt's Elizabethan castle and the chalets of Mrs. Richardson and Mr. Clarence Dolan. Directly beneath The Rocks is the spot famed in song and story, the Spouting Horn. After a severe storm from the southeast the water rushes into a cavern and then, dashing against the crags, throws the spray high in the air.

" Old spouting rock, eager the gladness to share,
A festive white spray-wreath flings high in the air;
And the spirits imprisoned below in his den
Growl back a gruff greeting in thunder again."

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

From Mr. Clews's piazza there is a magnificent view of the ocean, while Gooseberry Island lies to the southwest. It is occupied by a private club, said to be the most expensive and exclusive in the country. On the island is the clubhouse, which is the theatre of many merry parties, where madcap freaks may be safely indulged in safe from prying eyes that see and report all gay doings in Newport. From time to time buttons, pieces of silver such as spoons and forks of ancient pattern, Spanish and French coins, are dug up on the shores, to be treasured with other curiosities in the museum. Off the red rocks there is capital fishing, and from them the rubber-clad fishermen may often be seen casting their lines.

As the road winds up the hill bordering Almy's Pond, an open gate leads to The Ledges, the home of Mr. B. M. Cushing. This lovely spot shares with Seafield, the adjoining property, a glorious view of Beacon Hill and Lily Pond, while the ocean dashes its spray against the windows of the house.

Mr. William Starr Miller has placed his new house on a commanding site, so high above those of his neighbors that he completely overtops them. At his feet lie Almy's Pond and the Spouting Horn, while Cherry Neck on one hand and Coggeshall's Ledge on the other are easily seen. Along Mr. Miller's place runs the Jeffrey Road, leading through wild marshes into Carroll Avenue.

At the corner of Ocean Avenue and this road stands on a prominence the large white colonial mansion built by Mr. Stuyvesant Fish that has been named "Crossways." This place is the centre of gayety during the season, its mistress being one of the most ingenious hostesses of Newport, and the smart set are always attracted and amused by the novel entertainments for which she is noted.



POULING BOGS.

[Illegible text]



DR. J. GRAY AND F. H. BINGHAM.

[Illegible text]



THE OCEAN DRIVE AND KINDRED SPUR ROADS

In strange and startling contrast to the Crossways is the mansion occupied by Mrs. Hazard that has been inherited from generations of Newport ancestors. It is secluded behind a tall stone wall so the house cannot be seen from the road. It has a mysterious charm, and recalls the forest concealing the Sleeping Beauty in the wood. Mr. Hazard has been dead for many years, but he bequeathed a large part of Rocky Farm to the Newport Hospital. When he did this it seemed as if a slice of Greenland would have been more remunerative. But the trustees of the hospital realized that Newport was the playground of millionaires, so they joined with other land-owners in cutting spur roads to connect Ocean Avenue with drives on the harbor side of the island. These roads cross Beacon Hill to wander through woodlands and marshes, and in this way they bring desirable building sites within touch of the Newport thoroughfares. As large areas of land are from time to time sold, the funds of the hospital are increased and much good is done through the generosity of John Alfred Hazard, whose ancestors were among the founders of the Queen City by the Sea.

Ocean Avenue affords many changing scenes. At one time it climbs a hill, at another dips into a marsh that would be impassable were it not for a well-engineered causeway bridging the foot of Lily Pond, which is noted for the perch that are caught there. There is also good crabbing near the outlet. The scene here is wild and desolate. During the nesting season countless gulls hover over the inland waters, and geese always rest on the rocks to break their northward flight in spring. The loneliness of the view is altered after passing Lily Pond by the new villa belonging to Mrs. Pomeroy, half a mile from Crossways, that is such an important feature as it crowns the hill to the eastward. The pictu-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

resque carriage and lodge-keeper's houses belonging to the Gooseberry Island Club are the next buildings passed on the road. From the landing stage gay parties embark for the isolated club.

Beyond this spot Cherry Neck points southward. Its grand red rocks are abandoned to lonely beauty. It seems incredible that it should derive its name from the orchard of cherry-trees that were planted here by the owner of the great Hammersmith place. It is a beautiful building site, and when again under cultivation it will become the most magnificent of all the country-seats here.

As the ocean drive crosses a small arm of the sea, the herring traps of the fishermen attract attention. Great hauls are taken here during the season. To the left is an oddly shaped little cape named Goose-Neck, which is crowned by the cottages of the Messrs. Borden. Their sail-boats lie in the cove beneath their feet, ready to sail at a moment's notice.

At this part of Ocean Avenue the best view is obtained of the procession of carriages winding round the rocks toward Brenton's Road, that was once the main drive in the Hammersmith estate. The vehicles follow the curves of the road as it winds around the crags, curling beside the marsh and under the boulders to Mr. A. H. Olmsted's picturesque house.

Perhaps one of the most harmonious of the many houses built on these lonely crags belongs to Mrs. Busk. Here nature has done famously, and art has not impaired what was already perfect. The entrance road winds under a steep bluff, approaching by an easy gradient the beautiful stone house that seems part of the surrounding rocks. The grounds have been deftly planted with imported shrubs, the golden flowerets of which gild the surrounding scenery.

THE OCEAN DRIVE AND KINDRED SPUR ROADS

Indian Spring, as the place is called, commands an extensive view that is unsurpassed.

As the ocean drive curves under the rocks past the gorse-covered fields, Price's Neck bounds the view to the southward. On it is the life-saving station shown in the view of Mr. Olmsted's house, with a few scattered cottages, Mr. Murray's Fo'castle and Mr. Neilson's Rockledge being, as it were, like yachts at sea, since they are nearly surrounded by water.

One of the abrupt and sudden transitions for which Newport is famed, and which adds to her seductiveness, is met at this turn of the ocean drive, for directly on the fashionable road, which for months is crowded with the equipages of the wealthiest of the land, is a simple and most unpretentious farm-house. Ducks and geese swim in the little pond under the windows. Before the door a pebbly strand stretches out, on which the waves dash that seem to threaten even the weather-beaten old building that has defied them for two centuries, for this was one of the houses on the Hammersmith demesne, occupied by a tenant named Price, who was the family shoemaker.

The road now dips directly to the edge of the ocean, where the water creeps over or lashes the rocks, curling back to meet the incoming breakers. On this spot there is a grand view of Brenton's Reef, off the entrance to Newport harbor, pushing a mile into the ocean, over which the "sea-horses" dash after a great storm, as if the naiads were jealous of the fashionable throng on land and wished to spring upon them. Three miles to sea is the light-ship, dipping and bowing at its anchor. Point Judith extends in the distance, and on a clear day the houses at Narragansett stand out distinctly.

Just here lie two lonely graves, the headstones telling

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

of the poor sailors whose bodies were found lodged on the inhospitable rocks. This is called Graves Point. The road has passed the club-house, that is said to be the most extravagant in the country, although it is only an unpretentious frame building. It is maintained by a number of keen amateur fishermen, who may often be seen casting their lines from the platforms on the ledges.

As the drive reaches Brenton's Point it turns sharply to the north, rounding "The Reef," as Mr. Theodore M. Davis calls his place. Behind the shelter of the rock wall is the most superb hedge of Japanese roses. The rough, richly tinted leaves and magnificent flowers of this hardy shrub thrive on the bleakest point of Aquidneck. It is beautiful at all seasons, for the ruby berries are as decorative as the blossoms. In the house is the best collection of "primitive" pictures in this part of the world, and there are many other curiosities. On February 12, 1905, Mr. Davis was the discoverer of a tomb in Egypt between the sepulchres of Rameses IX. and Rameses XII., that proved to be the burial place of Yua and Thua, parents of Queen Teie, the wife of Ammonhotep III., of the eighteenth dynasty. This tomb was packed with treasures constituting the richest discovery of ancient Egypt that it has fallen to the lot of any explorer to uncover, adding to the number of discoveries made by Mr. Davis. In March, 1903, he unearthed the war chariot of Thothmes IV., and has made many excavations of great value. Everything in the burial-place of Yua and Thua was covered with plates of gold. The alabaster jars in which parts of the bodies were placed are of the most beautiful workmanship, and the heads forming the covers are in the best style of Egyptian art.

Mr. Davis's dahabeyeh, the Bedouin, is well known on

EX-PORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

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As the day approaches Boston's Point it turns sharply to the north, ascending "The Reef," as Mr. Theodore M. Davis calls its place. Behind the shelter of the rock wall is the most superb hedge of Japanese roses. The rough, richly veined leaves and magnificent flowers of this hardy shrub thrive on the steepest point of Aquidneck. It is beautiful at all seasons for the ruby berries are as decorative as the blossoms. In the house is the best collection of "primitive" pictures in this part of the world, and there are many other curiosities. On February 12, 1905, Mr. Davis was the discoverer of a tomb in Egypt between the sepulchres of Rameses IX. and Rameses XII., that proved to be the burial place of Yua and Thua, parents of Queen Teie, the wife of Amenhotep III., of the eighteenth dynasty. This tomb was packed with treasures constituting the richest discovery of ancient Egypt that it has fallen to the lot of any explorer to uncover, adding to the number of discoveries made by Mr. Davis. In March, 1903, he unearthed the war chariot of Thothmes IV., and has made many excavations of great value. Everything in the burial-place of Yua and Thua was covered with plates of gold. The alabaster jars in which parts of the bodies were placed are of the most beautiful workmanship, and the lids forming the covers are in the best style of

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"BREVETAYE"), RESIDENCE OF EX-GOVERNOR CHARLES ARTHUR FINLAY

from a bookshop by Yuma & Co.





THE OCEAN DRIVE AND KINDRED SPUR ROADS

the Nile, where he has many friends among the foreign residents and the natives.

As Ocean Avenue winds around Brenton's Point the view westward attracts attention. The entire entrance to this part of Narragansett Bay is stretched out. The southern cape of Conanicut Island, that was appropriately named Beaver-tail, from its shape, bounds the horizon. The rocks here are dark and forbidding in appearance. The water has cut under the ledges, and forms little caves into which the waves dash and heave. The bluff is crowned by a lovely villa belonging to Mr. Ross Winan and called by him Bleak House. The view from the pergola that has been built on the edge of the rocks is delightful.

And now the drive slides down to Collins's beach and finishes abruptly under Castle Hill. This place earned its name from a rampart built there to defend the harbor. The water at the base of the rocks is twenty-nine fathoms. During spring and autumn tautog can be caught at this spot. No more fitting termination could be found than at the feet of the great naturalist who has wrested from earth and water the secrets of its living life. As Mr. Longfellow wrote of his friend Mr. Agassiz:

" And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, ' Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee.' "

Ocean Avenue links the wild beauties of sea and land with the luxury of modern civilization. It draws the home of the millionaire to the base of that of the savant. It is at once the wildest and the most cultivated scenery in the world. It is the site of the first gentleman's estate on Aquidneck. Its varied views charm the eye, while the health giving breezes bring color to the cheeks.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

The Bateman place, at the corner of Ridge Road and Castle Hill Avenue, is an attractive old farm, where many people stay in summer. It stands somewhat back from the road in an orchard. On the grounds is a summer-house that is copied from the tower in Touro Park. Bateman's was the object of the afternoon drive before Ocean Avenue was opened, which was a favorite for many years. Before Bellevue Avenue was laid out a country road led to the farm. There were at least ten gates to be opened, and at these were always stationed a group of children who demanded pennies for their services. Castle Hill Avenue is a pretty shady lane turning into Harrison Avenue. It is the old Indian track that led from the northern part of the island to Collins's beach and the redoubt on the hill. One of the entrances to the golf grounds opens on Harrison Avenue. The club-house is on an elevation commanding the links and has an extensive view of the ocean. It is supposed that it stands on part of the island that was originally separated from the end of Aquidneck, and that the ocean swept over the marshes or low land directly into Brenton's Cove. But this inlet was closed before the white men came, for no mention of it is made in the records.

Overhanging the woodland road is the beautiful home of Mrs. Arnold Hague, who is reclaiming the wild land and planting it with exotics that will make this part of Newport famous for novel and beautiful effects. But to return to Ridge Road as it leaves Ocean Avenue close to Shamrock Cliff, Mr. G. M. Hutton's place, that overlooks the entrance to Narragansett Bay.

Broadlawns adjoins Mr. Hutton's home, and Mr. Huntington has done much to make this one of the most valuable of the riparian properties, rivalling that of Mr. Lewis Cass

THE OCEAN DRIVE AND KINDRED SPUR ROADS

Ledyard, whose place commands an unrivalled view of Beaver-tail and the Dumplings.

The great colonial-looking mansion belonging to Mrs. Charles F. Hoffman shares the extensive view of the last-mentioned estates, and when the Cliff Walk is continued and skirts them all, the public will delight in the fine prospects they can now only enjoy from a distance. A turn in the road skirts Hammersmith Farm, the extensive property owned by Mr. Hugh Auchincloss, of New York, who has preserved the name of the first great demesne of Newport that was laid out in the seventeenth century by Governor William Brenton, and which covered, it is said, the entire neck of land from the ocean at Almy's Pond to the bay, although the boundaries are rather uncertain.

William Brenton was president of Aquidneck from 1640 to 1647, then deputy-governor, and finally governor of the colony of Rhode Island from 1666 to 1669. He had emigrated from Hammersmith, England. He purchased the land from the Indians, and laid out the property in farms. Part of it was devoted to raising cattle, sheep, and horses from imported stock. Houses were built for the use of the employees of the estate, one of which has been mentioned as still standing on the little beach on Ocean Avenue, and is called Price's Farm. Jaheel Brenton, the elder son, had another house near the ocean, the location of which is disputed. Governor Brenton built himself a large handsome house familiarly called "The Chimneys," as it had four brick chimneys.

The roof was surrounded by a high parapet, commanding a beautiful view, the rooms were large and filled with imported furniture. It was no unfitting predecessor to its successor, built by Mr. Auchincloss. The gardens of this estate rival those of Governor Benton, who planned to found

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

for himself a principality in the new world that was wrested from him by his democratic neighbors.

Fort Adams is built on the neck of land commanding the entrance to the inner Newport harbor. It is full of historic interest, and the drive that circles the great stone fortress is too lovely to be neglected as it generally is by the sightseers.

The small farm-house near the entrance to Fort Adams was made the scene of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel called "The Minister's Wooing." She took for her heroine a Newport girl, and for her hero one of its most eccentric clergymen, Dr. Hopkins, whose peculiar views caused the formation of a new sect called the Hopkinsonians.

Beacon Hill Road turns into Harrison Avenue at the summit of the hill, making a semicircular sweep, to rejoin it half a mile nearer town. On one of the highest points is the stone mansion owned by Mr. J. E. Addicks. The last occupants abandoned it, for its mistress declared that her servants were kept so busy racing after the furniture that had been blown off the piazza over the lawn that she never had any use of their services. The beauty of the situation, however, compensates for such minor troubles in house-keeping, and Belvoir is a most delightful home.

Returning to Harrison Avenue on Beacon Road, Miss Rosa Grosvenor's, Mr. William Grosvenor's, and Mr. Duryea's places are passed, that have each a fascination of its own.

Mr. E. D. Morgan's classic villa is perched on Beacon Rock, that bounds Brenton's Cove on the east. No one but a master of taste would have selected such a site for a home, as it seemed impracticable, but it is an example of what can be accomplished by skill, for the house is a model of

THE OCEAN DRIVE AND KINDRED SPUR ROADS

simple refinement, that, instead of striking a jarring note in the landscape, adds greatly to its harmonious beauty. To reach the main-land an arch of stone-work spans the space between two crags, which is most picturesque.

Beach Bound, built by Mr. Burden, is situated directly on the bay. Harrison Avenue here takes a sharp turn, and from this point there was once a grand view over the water that is now cut off by an osage orange hedge.

Mrs. Harry White inherited from her father, Mr. Lewis Rutherford, the famous astronomer, her delightful place Edgerston, named after the family estates in Scotland. Harrison House, on the south side of the avenue, is the home of Mr. Gibson Fahnestock. It is close to the water, so the "Shenandoah," flying her yellow-and-blue crossed burgee, can anchor at the owner's wharf. Mrs. Bonaparte, the granddaughter of Daniel Webster, owned the place for many years.

Pen Craig Cottage was built by Mrs. George Jones, whose gifted daughter, Mrs. Edward Wharton, passed her girlhood days in these surroundings. Mr. Hamilton Fish Webster has owned the place for many years, and has altered and improved it. The situation is peculiar, for, although on the harbor side of the island, there is a beautiful view of the ocean over Cherry Neck.

Overhanging the harbor is Mr. Sidney Webster's lovely home. The lawns slope directly to the water, looking at the Lime Rock light-house, in which lives Ida Lewis, the heroine who has saved so many lives from shipwreck.

Lawnfield has also a fine view of the harbor, with a peep at the ocean on the opposite side of the house. Mr. J. C. Smith has purchased the Swiss chalet that is next to Mr. Edward L. Ludlow's and Mrs. Sheffelin's places, both of which are surrounded by beautiful trees. Just beyond

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

these places Harrison Avenue comes to an abrupt end in the Old Fort Road. The usual route to the town is through Halidon Avenue past the Riviera, for many years the centre of fashion, where Mrs. Hugh Dickey was its attractive hostess. Mrs. John Nicholas Brown's new and beautiful house promises all the charm that has hallowed the spot. Mrs. William Iselin's house stands on top of a hill overlooking the bay, but she seldom occupies it. It was built by her grandmother, New York's great social leader, Mrs. Mary Mason Jones.

The Chalet, the summer residence of Hugh L. Willoughby, the first house built on Halidon Hill, lies between that of Mrs. Iselin and Mr. J. C. Smith. These places are close to the harbor, so that an old yachtsman like Lieutenant Willoughby can enjoy his favorite sport without exertion, or overlook the manœuvres of the Naval Reserve of Rhode Island that he organized, and of which he is so justly proud. This sheltered spot is conducive also to a literary life, which can be thoroughly appreciated by the author of "Across the Everglades."

Mrs. F. O. French's house, Harbor View, is well named. It is divided from Mr. Lorillard Spencer's Chastellux by the avenue of the same name. Where all the places are so beautiful, it seems invidious to praise one to the exclusion of another, but it would be difficult to find any more delightful than those on Newport harbor.

THE SPUR ROADS

It is generally conceded that Ocean Avenue affords many beautiful views, and is a charming as well as fashionable drive, but even it becomes monotonous if taken daily. Still it is not the only road in Newport, and infinite variety may be obtained by turning from it to follow one



“WILSON’S” RESIDENCE OF A. B. QUARLES, JR., ORION, ALABAMA
1907. (Photographed by J. S. Smith.)



THE OCEAN DRIVE AND KINDRED SPUR ROADS

or the other of the half-dozen that connect it with the northern part of the peninsula.

Coggeshall Avenue is the first turning to the right at the triangle formed by it, Bellevue, and Ocean Avenues. It skirts Almy's Pond, but it is seldom used by the fashionable world, for on it open all the stables and kitchen-gardens of the villas that have their dress front on Bellevue Avenue. Mr. Oliver Perry Belmont, Mr. Reed, Mr. Havemeyer, Mr. Edward Cramp, Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. J. Van Alen, and Mrs. Scott all have kitchen entrances on Coggeshall Avenue, which merges into the better-known Spring Street at Bateman Avenue.

The Jeffrey Road is little more than a pretty lane, of a quarter of a mile in length, that leaves Ocean Avenue between Mr. Starr Miller's and Mr. Stuyvesant Fish's places. It is bordered with wild flowers, and is only attractive to lovers of nature. It was the site of William Jeffrey's homestead, a celebrated refugee who came to Rhode Island in 1639, and who was supposed to have been one of those connected with the execution of Charles I. of England. Jeffrey owned about seventy acres between the great Hammer-smith estate, belonging to Governor Brenton, and William Coggeshall's tract of land, that extended nearly to Pelham Street. Jeffrey's tomb is in Trinity church-yard, and he is said to have been a devout member of the congregation.

The road turns into Carroll Avenue, that leads to Harrison Avenue, where the Fort Road and Bateman Avenue form a triangle that has been carefully planted with lovely shrubs. The Hazard Road skirts the Cherry Neck Inlet on the east and Lily Pond on the west. There are many attractive sites on this road waiting for purchasers. What is still called the Brenton Road was originally the private drive in Governor William Brenton's great estate, con-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

necting his mansion with the outlying farms on Cherry Neck, and the old shoemaker, Price, in the farm-house still standing beside the ocean. On the rocks overhanging the road was the celebrated beacon that was so useful in Revolutionary times, giving the place the name of Beacon Hill, by which it is still known. A good view is obtained from this road of Mr. Addicks's handsome stone house that is perched on the crags "far from the madding crowd." Even on the coldest day in winter, and after great snow-storms, this road is dry and hard, as the wind sweeps it clear of snow and dries the road, so the winter residents frequently drive to this beautiful spot, where they can walk for a couple of miles to enjoy the grand view in solitude.

Miss Rosa Grosvenor's delightful home stands on an eminence that commands an extensive view over Newport harbor, Narragansett Bay, and the ocean. Fort Adams seems to be almost directly beneath the house, while at night the lights of the town twinkle to the northeast. Miss Grosvenor has named her place Wyndham, and she is rapidly repairing the damage done by the Hessian troops, who destroyed the primeval forest at this place, for she is planting numbers of trees that are being coaxed to grow on this wind-swept spot.

Roslyn, the estate of Mr. William Grosvenor, of Providence, is perched so advantageously on Beacon Hill that it commands a generous view of harbor and ocean. Here also the gardener's and forester's arts have been called upon to make the desert bloom, so the once bare rocks will again be covered and the landscape will be more beautiful than ever before.

The colonial-looking house of Mr. A. M. Coats, of Providence, crowns the hill that rises east of Brenton's Road, with an entrance on Harrison Avenue. A long straight

THE OCEAN DRIVE AND KINDRED SPUR ROADS

road leading to the house is lined with poplar-trees that recall the avenue planted by Major de Tousard at Fort Adams, in which the French officer took such pride, but which died on reaching their one hundredth year, that seems to be the life of these trees.

Mr. Blanding's place is one of Newport's newest creations, but it promises to convert a once desolate spot into a beautiful garden. From the house is an extensive view of the ocean, for, although within a quarter of a mile of the harbor, it stands on such an elevation that it overlooks the low marsh land lying between the hill and the water.

Narragansett Avenue runs from west to east across Bellevue Avenue, just one mile from the official centre of Newport, the pivot of which is the old State-House facing the Parade. This short shady lane, that is scarcely a mile in length, is declared to be the centre of Newport's social world, although there are very few extravagant or remarkable places opening from it. The root of Narragansett Avenue is planted in an inconspicuous and but little known street called Marchant, running from it to the ocean, where it terminates at the "Forty Steps," a stairway that leads to the water below.

One of the most delightful country-seats in Newport opens on this avenue just east of Spring Street. It is now owned by Mr. de Lancey Astor Kane, and was originally laid out by his aunt, Mrs. Nicholzen, who was one of the "pioneer cottagers," as they are called, a woman celebrated in her day for grace and charm as a hostess. Mr. Kane has practically reconstructed both house and gardens. The great oak-trees planted by Mrs. Nicholzen give their name to the place, and show how nature can be coaxed to aid in decoration, for it was supposed when they were planted that no tree would grow so close to the ocean,

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

whereas now Mr. Kane's lawns are among the best-wooded on Aquidneck. The gardens have been skilfully planned under Mrs. Kane's directions, and on Friday afternoons in mid-summer she receives in the pergola, that is the central spot of beauty in the demesne, and there are few more attractive scenes than the one witnessed there as beautifully gowned women wander along the paths bordered with rare and lovely flowers.

Mr. Rollins Morse, of Boston, has a new house on a delightful plot that opens on Narragansett Avenue, on the corner of Bellevue. Rhua House once occupied this place. It was the home of Mrs. Louis Jones, of New York, a gay and fashionable dame, whose entertainments and charming personality made her a general favorite. The exterior of Mr. Morse's house is a capital specimen of Colonial architecture, while the interior is decorated far more lavishly than the majority of houses of that date in this country. It is said that the cottage of the late Mr. Columbus Baldwin is the most unique in Newport, while Mrs. Osgood's, on the southeast side of Narragansett Avenue, is the most comfortable.

The beautiful place adjoining Mrs. Osgood's belongs to Mr. James Stillman. It recalls memories of by-gone owners who made Oaklawn the centre of every gayety. The dinners of Mr. Charles H. Russell were famous, and Miss Fanny Russell, his daughter, presided with such dignity that she is remembered by all those who had the pleasure of knowing her when she was playfully called the Queen of Newport.

The country-seats of Mrs. Tiffany, Mr. Warren, Mrs. Schermerhorn, Mr. Weld, and Mrs. Haven line Narragansett Avenue on the northern side. Each place has some distinguishing or noteworthy feature, for it is remarkable that

THE OCEAN DRIVE AND KINDRED SPUR ROADS

in Newport the owner of each house stamps it with his own individuality, which is perhaps the reason for the attraction of the city.

Rosevale, once owned by Mr. George Lockhart Rives, has lately been purchased by Mrs. Dulles, of Philadelphia. It was always a most delightful home, and the alterations made by its new owner promise to make it one of the most attractive on the avenue.

Quarterfoil is owned by Mr. William E. Carter, of Philadelphia. The name of the place is conspicuously displayed on the gate-posts, where the but half-hidden pun on the names of house and owner brings a smile to those who realize and enjoy it.

Mr. Richard T. Wilson, of New York, owns the adjoining villa that lies between Quarterfoil and the magnificent new house of Dr. Henry E. Jacobs, of Baltimore. The grounds have been skilfully laid out. During the winter months numbers of large trees, weighing from ten to fifteen tons apiece, were hauled by eight horses attached to a dray to the grounds, where they were planted, and promise to flourish in their new home. This lovely spot was originally occupied by Mr. William Travers, the well-known club-man and wit, whose choice sayings are often quoted. During Mr. Travers's lifetime the red house was the centre of Newport gayeties. With a beautiful wife and a quiverful of sons and daughters, there was seldom a moment during the season when the house was not filled with a gay, pleasure-loving crowd, and receptions, dinners, dances, etc., followed in lively succession. This place is at the corner of Narragansett Avenue and Ochre Point Avenue, which at one time was called Widows' Lane, for almost every one living on it had lost either a husband or wife. Mrs. Goelet's house, overlooking the ocean, shows the quiet good taste of its mis-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

tress. It is a picturesque building, and there are no more lovely grounds than these that slope to the sea, overhanging the rocks that edge it. Mrs. Frederick Sheldon and Mr. George Richmond Fearing, her brother, live side by side. Their father, Mr. Daniel Fearing, was one of the first men who realized the desirability of Newport as a summer residence, and his old home, which lies close to those of his children, is now owned by his grandson, Daniel B. Fearing, the ex-mayor of Newport. Mr. R. L. Gammell's "South House" is directly on the ocean, and is one of the places that is skirted by the Cliff Walk.

What is now known as Ochre Point is a small cape jutting into the Atlantic Ocean. It was given the name because of the metallic oxides that stain the cliffs at this point, giving them a yellow tint. The original grant was assigned in 1640 to one Brasse, and it was supposed to be valuable, as a gold-mine was alleged to have been discovered there. It passed into the hands of Godfrey Malbone, who deeded it to Robert Taylor, whose son Nicholas inherited it, and it was known for many years as the Taylor Farm. In the middle of the nineteenth century sixty-nine acres of this farm were sold for twelve thousand dollars. When Mr. Beach Lawrence, of New York, purchased the farm he gave it the name it now bears, and converted the old house into a comfortable dwelling for himself and his large family. He had been secretary to Mr. Gallatin when the latter was minister to the court of St. James, in 1826. He was a graduate of Columbia College and author of "The Rights of Nations," a book that made him famous all over Europe. All the noteworthy people who visited Newport during the last five-and-twenty years of the nineteenth century were entertained by Mr. Lawrence. An amusing account of one luncheon given to Miss Carpenter, the English prison re-

THE OCEAN DRIVE AND KINDRED SPUR ROADS

former, was related by one of the guests, among whom were Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Professor and Mrs. Botta, with many others. On the lawn under the old apple-trees was a long plank resting on supports. This was called a "joggle board," and was an unfailing amusement to foreigners, who would seat themselves and be violently bounced up and down by some of the children of the family. After Governor Lawrence's death the old farm was cut into many lots, which sold for fabulous sums, and on his homestead are now the dozen or more places that are crowned with magnificent palaces that have made Newport famous far and near.

Among them is the Elizabethan castle belonging to Mr. James J. Van Alen, which is noted for the attention to detail displayed in the interior decorations and furniture as well as the exterior. Mr. Van Alen's dining-room is exquisite, and his dinners are famous. The great mahogany table is not covered with a cloth, but candelabra, compotiers, dishes, etc., of silver are dotted on its shining surface, that reflects the glints of light on the silver and those from the candles in the great branches. The service of plate and unique decorations make Mr. Van Alen's entertainments marked features even in Newport.

Mr. Morrell, of Philadelphia, owns the adjoining cottage, which is next to Mr. J. Wysong. Mr. Shields and Mrs. Eldridge cover the adjoining lots on Ochre Avenue. Mrs. Hamilton Twombly purchased Vinland, that stands on the site of Governor Lawrence's old house, which was removed when Miss Catherine Wolfe purchased the place from his heirs. The latter left her house to Mr. Louis Lorillard, who sold it to the present owner.



THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT



NEWPORT is approached from the Atlantic Ocean through Naragansett Bay, which is one of the safest of the numerous landlocked waters on the coast of North America, affording as it does an unrivalled harbor for the largest vessels. It is sheltered by picturesque crags and rocks that not only attract the eye, but claim attention on account of their historic interest.

A native poet once wrote of Newport that it was

“The loveliest gem on the bosom of earth,
And queen of the isles of the sea;”

and we may forgive this natural pride, for, indeed, Aquidneck is a favored spot not only by nature, but through art. The entrance to the bay is between Point Judith on the Naragansett side and Brenton's Point on Aquidneck. The sail up the Strait between Castle Hill and Fort Dumpling and past the torpedo station into the harbor of Newport itself looks as beautiful to-day as it must have looked to the hardy sailors who first entered it.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Since we are unable to pierce the haze that veils the voyages of the early explorers, as no authentic records remain to testify to the truth of the traditions that reach us, we can only try to believe what many writers have positively affirmed was a fact when they state that Leif the Lucky, the son of Red Eric, visited Aquidneck in 1001. He is said to have sailed into Narragansett Bay in his small, sharp-prowed vessel and astonished the aborigines by the paleness of his complexion in contrast to their own red skins. The strange fashions of the Norsemen overawed the Indian, for although the former stood but little higher in the grade of civilization than the wild man of the new world, still they had some arts and crafts quite unknown before that date in America.

But the traces left of this visit from Leif the Lucky to Newport are so very slight as to be unrecognized except by persons learned in ancient geography, early voyages, and kindred subjects, and it is a more generally accepted belief that Giovanni da Verrazani, the European navigator, discovered Aquidneck about 1524, when he visited America in his ship "*La Dauphine*," and that he planted the French flag on the island, claiming the territory in the name of his master, François I. of France. The map made by this hardy sailor has been studied and discussed by many writers; who have generally agreed that he called the Sound he had discovered the Bay of Refuge, entirely ignoring the name given it by the savages, which has also been discarded. Fortunately the Frenchman's descriptive but unmusical title had not found favor with the English settlers, so the beautiful sheet of water commemorates by its appellation the tribe of Indians that once ruled its waves, fished its waters, or fought on its shores, and now the name of Narragansett Bay will probably cling to this historic spot forever.



NEWPORT AND SOCIAL CAPITAL

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THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT

The first settlers of Newport sailed down the bay from Providence, instead of entering it from the ocean. They landed at Coasters Island, but the following day moved to the larger one that the Indians called Aquidneck, or the Isle of Peace. Here a few small houses were built half-way up the hill, near a good spring of fresh water, on a spot that commanded an extensive view of Narragansett Bay, and close to the harbor with its good anchorage, that has made Newport the prosperous city it has become. Many years later M. de Crevecoeur wrote:

“ The harbor of Newport is one of the best in every respect. The roads are well planted with acacias and plane-trees. There are abundant springs everywhere. The fields are rich, the meadows afford good pasturage, and the houses are singularly neat and convenient. The head of the island toward the sea offers a singular mixture of picturesque rocks, pleasant bays, and rough cliffs. A man can farm with one hand and fish with the other. Here is the best blood in America, and the beauty of the women, the hospitality of the inhabitants, the sweet society, and the simplicity of their amusements have always prolonged my stay.”

These compliments from the keen-eyed Frenchman are as well deserved to-day as when they were penned, although he wrote many years after the first settlement of the island, the prosperity of which was early assured. Into its safe harbor sailed the well-laden ships of the Newport merchants, the cargoes of rum, molasses, slaves, or sperm enriching the inhabitants and keeping them well occupied in reshipping or distributing the contents of the warehouses along the shores. Habits of thrift and economy were taught by the Jews, such as Lopez and Riviera, while display and extravagance were inculcated by the example of Governor

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Brenton, Governor Coddington, Godfrey Malbone, and other great landed proprietors. Whale-boats, slavers, and merchantmen were not the only vessels that entered or cleared from Newport harbor. Many stories were told of black-hulled pirates that took shelter in coves and hiding-places along the shore, and the armed privateersmen that hunted them from these lairs. The old sailors told weird tales of adventure, but none was more mysterious than a well-authenticated history of a mystery of the sea.

In the summer of 1750 some fishermen on Brenton's reef saw a brig with all sails set heading directly for Coggeshall's Ledge instead of entering the harbor. The movements of the vessel were so peculiar that the fishermen followed along the edge of the cliff, expecting every minute to see her dashed to pieces on the rocks. She drove into the bay between Ochre and Easton's Points, striking on the sand toward the northeastern part of Easton's beach, where the outlet of the pond flows into the ocean. The vessel was quickly beached, but to the unbounded astonishment of every one nothing alive was on board but a dog and a cat. There was a fire burning in the galley and a table was spread for breakfast. The ship was from Honduras and well laden. Everything was in order and nothing was missing but the long boat. It is not difficult to imagine how much excitement this irregular arrival of a foreign vessel created in the quiet town. She was easily floated and sailed round into Newport harbor safely, but nothing was ever heard of captain or crew and no claim ever made for the vessel and cargo. After lying some time without an owner, the fishermen who had rescued the ship sold her to Henry Collins, who named her the "Blackbird" and fitted her out for a coaster. During the Revolutionary War this waif of the sea was captured while trying to run the blockade. The British

THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT

altered her and cut her down for a galley, after which she prowled around Narragansett Bay with another name and colors, doing as much injury as possible under her new commanders to the people who had rescued her a quarter of a century before from the rocks on Easton's beach.

In May, 1745, the Assembly of Rhode Island passed a resolution to raise a regiment of one hundred and fifty men to join the other colonial troops in the expedition against Louisburg. It was also decreed that the sloop "Tartar," which belonged to Rhode Island, should be fitted out and armed, and that a crew of ninety men exclusive of officers should be placed on board of her that should take part in the attack on the island of Cape Breton, supported by the troops of the colony.

The Puritans of the time were, says Mr. Longfellow, occupied partly in fighting, but partly after their own fashion, saying,—

" Let us pray :
O Lord, we would not advise ;
But if in Thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

It was perhaps in answer to this prayer that the fleet sent out by France was destroyed by a storm at sea and the vessels so scattered and injured that they were unable to raise the siege of Louisburg, which was surrendered after it had been surrounded forty-nine days, June 17, 1745, and peace was signed in October, 1748.

The Rhode Island privateersmen distinguished them-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

selves particularly during this war, and more than twenty prizes were carried into Newport alone.

It was after the capture of Cape Breton that the unfortunate inhabitants were so cruelly driven from their homes by the British, the story of which is immortalized in the history of *Evangeline*, written by Henry Longfellow. The recollection of the sufferings of these unfortunate people made a lasting impression on the minds of the colonists in other parts of America, nerving them to resist the encroachments of the British government, for they were well aware that they might meet a similar fate. The history of the Tories who went to England after the war but too truly points to what the destinies of those who were loyal to the government would certainly have been.

The renowned sloop "Tartar" had been built by the colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations from its own revenues to protect its shipping interests in 1740, since the British government failed to guard the people or give them an equivalent for the income derived from American taxes. The "Tartar" was a vessel of one hundred and fifteen tons, that did good service for many years. When it became politic to disarm her for fear she would be seized and used against the people she was intended to protect, a pair of cannon were presented to the town of Newport, and after these became unserviceable they were sunk on either side of the fountain at the foot of the Mall, directly in front of Captain Oliver Perry's monument.

At the time the "Tartar" was commissioned by the colonial government five privateersmen were fitted out by Godfrey Malbone, of Newport, and other merchants. Manned by four hundred men, these vessels cruised against the pirates who had been capturing homeward-bound ships. Many years afterwards the mouth of Narragansett Bay and



CLIFF PATH, SAN FRANCISCO. The view from the Cliff Path, looking down at the town, with the bay in the background. The white building is the residence of the author.



THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT

the harbor of Newport was blockaded by the British fleet, that effectually barred commerce and endeavored to prevent all interstate communication by water. Reckless feats were performed and spirited fights were fought that are unchronicled, but the capture of the British sloop of war the "Gaspé" by a handful of fishermen armed with *stones* is a matter of history, that showed the courage and determination of the Americans when they were goaded to defend themselves against the aggressions of the petty officials sent to rule them.

But three years before, in 1769, the commander in the proud British navy was overcome by a shower of stones. Another fight took place in Newport harbor between the fishermen of the place and the crew of the sloop "Liberty," a revenue cutter that had seized some coasters from Connecticut and carried them into the harbor. The natives took the part of their fellow-countrymen, so boarded the "Liberty," overcame her crew, cut her cables, and abandoned her. The "Liberty" drifted into Brenton's Cove, where she was again boarded, her masts were cut away, her armament was thrown overboard, and she was scuttled and again set adrift. An unusually high tide floated the sloop, so she drifted to Goat Island, where she was struck by lightning and burned.

Among the historic vessels that have sailed into Newport harbor was the ship "Endeavor," in which Captain Cook circumnavigated the world in 1768. She had passed through many adventures, and was finally purchased in 1790 by Captain William Hayden, of New Bedford, who sailed for Newport with a cargo of oil consigned to the well-known firm of Gibbs & Channing. She arrived safely, but was then discovered to be unseaworthy and allowed to fall to pieces, although not before part of the carving on the

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

stern and pieces of the hulk had been secured by relie-hunters.

Newport's trade with Africa, the West Indies, and other distant parts of the world made her merchants wealthy men; but not contented with sending their vessels on long voyages, they established a line of packets to New York, Boston, and Charleston. Vessels also ran at intervals to Philadelphia, the favorite ship in 1772 being the "Peace and Plenty," while the "Governor Gerrard," the "Olive Branch," and the "Thetis and Hermes" plied between Charleston and Newport. As early as the beginning of the eighteenth century the favorite route between New York and Boston was *via* Newport, which was quite as well patronized as at the present day.

After the establishment of the government of the United States commerce became more secure, and early in the nineteenth century the packet sloop "Golden Age" ran regularly between Newport and New York, a distance of one hundred and sixty-five miles. She was owned by Captain Perry, who was also the proprietor of some stages called "the commercial line," running daily between Boston and Newport. The vessels sailing on this route were built for speed and carried but little freight, which was despatched by slower boats owned by the same company. The "Golden Age" in particular was so fast that when the wind was northeast at Newport she frequently reached Peck Slip, New York, in sixteen or seventeen hours, and made the same time when coming in the opposite direction if the wind was from the southwest.

The first large steamboats that were built to ply at night and were provided with berths for passengers ran from New York to Albany on the Hudson River and from the former place to Newport *via* Long Island Sound. To-day

THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT

these great vessels are the size of those that first crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and it is surprising how they wind their way through the narrow channel at Hell Gate that connects the Sound with the harbor of New York. The "Providence," which is the newest and largest vessel of the fleet, surpasses all others ever built for this service. The "Franklin" and "Empire State," which were the great boats of the early service, were cockle-shells compared to those of to-day. The latter was partially destroyed by fire in 1848, and the tragedy of the "Lexington," that was burned to the water's edge, will never be forgotten. It happened on the night of January 13, 1840, when almost every person on board perished. Another boat, the "Atlantic," was wrecked in Long Island Sound, and for some strange reason the bell of the boat floated on the rocks, where it caught and was tolled by the waves. It remained in this position for many months, its ghostly voice sending a warning far over the water.

The fleet that replaced these early boats are still remembered by the old inhabitants of Newport, who love to recall the "Bay State," the "Empire State," the "State of Maine," and the "Metropolis," built in 1853. These steamboats ran in connection with a small railroad, the old coaches of which were built on the English plan and lined with gray cloth.

As early as 1799 Newport petitioned the Secretary of the Navy to place a dock-yard in her harbor. This petition was not granted, but the government of the United States selected Newport harbor for one of its principal naval stations, so there is seldom a day when there is not a wicked-looking cruiser waiting for her torpedoes from the government station on Goat Island or a lively torpedo-boat skimming the waters at an astonishing speed. The naval

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

war college is at Coasters Island, where a training-school for sailors has lately been established. A coaling-station has also been planned on the northern part of Aquidneck. This may be in connection with the mine that is on the island, which perhaps may be profitably worked under the superintendence of the government.

Coal was discovered at Portsmouth soon after the colonization of Rhode Island, for the Boston *Post-Boy and Advertiser*, November 5, 1764, states:

“ We hear from Newport on Rhode Island that a very valuable mineral of the Coal Kind is discovered within the Limits of that Town in Land belonging to Captain Benjamin Almy. Upon repeated Trials it is found to be very good Fuel Emitting an intense Heat and more durable than any of the Coal imported, and there is no doubt of its Answering many Valuable Purposes. The Inhabitants are well pleased with this Discovery at a Time when the Scarcity of Cash and Decline of Trade seems to be a Universal Complaint.”

This, then, seems to refer to the vein that has been worked from time to time, and is probably the earliest public record of its discovery. In 1808 some specimens of this coal were offered to an expert who made the following report: “At the general conflagration of the universe the most secure place to be found would be the coal-mine at Portsmouth, Rhode Island.” After this opinion the mine was not worked by the owners.

The pleasure-yachts that skim past Castle Hill and the Dimplings make Newport harbor the liveliest one on the Atlantic coast, and when a regatta is being sailed it is difficult to imagine a more picturesque scene. These vessels with their snow-white sails are among the few that recall that time-honored mode of progression. There are still some sloops and brigs with their masts that haunt Narragansett Bay, but they become scarcer every year; yet some-

OF THE TOWN OF NEWTON, 1792.
OF THE TOWN OF NEWTON, 1792.





THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT

times the beautiful sight of a schooner with sails set wing and wing flying before the wind rejoices the eyes of those who delight in time-honored customs.

While Narragansett Bay is one of the most attractive pleasure cruising grounds on the Atlantic coast, the harbor of Newport is one of the best roadsteads in the world, as it is sheltered by the high land that makes the southern part of Aquidneck famed for its picturesque beauty. The harbor is the background of a busy scene during the summer months, particularly when the New York Yacht Club appoints it for its yearly rendezvous. Then the white sails crowd into Brenton's Cove and steam- or sailing-boats vie with each other in their spotless brilliant appearance, while the blue-and-red pennant flies above the private one of the owner. The naphtha or steam launches that ply between the yachts and club-house are as well polished as the boats to which they belong, adding much to the excitement and bustle as they flit rapidly in and about the fleet.

Many ferry-boats move across the waters at stated intervals. There are the "Conanicut" and "Beaver Tail," that run hourly between Jamestown, on Conanicut Island, and Newport. They are clumsy-looking craft, but conveniently arranged for the transportation of drays and carriages as well as foot-passengers. The trip across the bay in one of these boats is a delightful one. It pushes out from the foot of Pelham Street and runs due north between Goat Island and the city, affording a good view on the right hand side of the quaint old houses, rising one above the other on the hill-side, overtopped by the spire of Trinity Church, with its golden diadem glittering in the sun. To the left is the torpedo station on Goat Island, where the commonplace, ugly quarters that have been built for the officers and men strike a jarring note in the beautiful scene. Under the lea

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

of the island lie the slim black boats that resemble sea monsters. When they start on a run up the bay long streamers of black smoke mark their progress, making the torpedo-boats look wicked even when on a peaceful cruise.

As the ferry-boat rounds the breakwater, on which is the light-house, the steering wheel is rapidly spun, making the boat turn sharply westward and pass to the "s'uth'ard" of Rose Island, with its quaintly shaped beacon, to steam directly for Conanicut. Far to the northeast the outlines of the United States government buildings on Coasters Island can be seen. Gould and Prudence Islands peep from the background, while to the south the gray walls of Fort Adams and the new fortification on the Dumplings rise on either side of the strait that connects the bay with the ocean.

There was once a small, untrustworthy pile of stones called Fort Brown, that was built during the war of 1812 for the protection of Newport harbor. It was perched on the pile of peculiarly rounded rocks that had been nicknamed by the natives the Dumplings, which forms the lower cape of Conanicut, and this name was given to the little oval-shaped fort that could have afforded scanty protection to the entrance of the harbor at any time, and has been condemned and removed by the government, to be replaced by a strong fortification. The lovers of ruins and the picturesque have mourned over the destruction of old Fort Dumpling, but their feelings were neither consulted nor considered. It is to be hoped that the fish that have always haunted these rocks will not be driven away by the so-called improvements.

There are three government stations in Newport harbor, all of them reached by water, although two of them are connected with the main-land and are accessible from the town. But the shortest and easiest route is by the govern-

THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT

ment launches or small freight-boats that ply between these stations and Newport. The oldest of them is Fort Adams, on the site of Governor Brenton's farm. It has been enlarged several times, as it was originally only intended as a garrison for three thousand men. The boat connecting it with the city of Newport skirts to the north of the Lime Rocks, running between them and Goat Island directly across Brenton's Cove to the government dock on the eastern part of the Point. The cove is usually crowded with yachts during the summer, and as the launch threads its way among them the trim craft win many admiring if not envious remarks.

This trip across the southern part of the harbor affords a good view of the lower streets of the town. King Park is on Wellington Avenue bordering the bay. It was for many years an unsightly marsh until a scientific summer resident saw possibilities in the swamp and money was raised by private persons in order that it should be reclaimed, after which it was turned over to the corporation for the use of the public. A dismantled pier at the foot of the avenue is called Chastellux's Landing, for it is a matter of tradition that many of the French troops landed on this spot. Halidon Hill rises from the water directly behind the Park. This hill is well covered with pretty villas belonging to the Hartshorn estate. Mr. Lorillard Spencer's house lies to the east of Mrs. French's mansion, and both houses can be seen from the boats on the bay.

The half-dozen favored sites that command a beautiful view of the harbor between the Lime Rocks and Brenton's Cove are owned by Mr. Sidney Webster, of New York, Mr. Arthur Kemp, Mrs. Henry White, whose husband is minister from the United States to Italy, Mrs. Clark, and Mr. E. D. Morgan, so well known in the yachting world.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

The launch belonging to the torpedo station on Goat Island has but a short dash of half a mile to make in the land-locked harbor, as it lies directly in front of the main streets in Newport. The station has no water supply of its own, depending on a pipe service from the city, but during the severe winter of 1904-05 this failed, and the station was cut off from the main-land by the ice. It was with difficulty that tanks of water were sent to Goat Island, while the persons stationed there were seriously inconvenienced by the rigorous weather in many other ways. It seems a pity that this historic island should have lost its identity and name that is now but seldom heard. It has not only been the site of many historic incidents, but was for years a favorite playground for the townspeople of Newport. In 1800 the United States government ordered a survey made of it by Major Louis Tousard, the skilful French engineer, who built the original Fort Adams.

The boat running between Coasters Island and Newport has a trip of a mile and a half directly north, that runs past Washington Street, lined with old houses, the wharves belonging to each place jutting into the water directly under their eaves. The boat passes Long Wharf, around which all the memories of aquatic Newport of early days linger. Here the two frigates built by Rhode Island hove down. They were named the "General Greene" and the "Washington." They were among the first vessels of the American navy.

On Long Wharf were the counting-houses of Lopez and Gibbs & Channing, and close to them the first factories established in the colony were erected. Generally some of the large steamboats belonging to the Old Colony line are lying in the dock. As the launch moves rapidly past the shore the outlines of old Fort Greene can be descried by

THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT

those acquainted with the locality. It was thrown up in one night in 1776 and guns brought to bear on the British man-of-war "Scarborough," forcing her to slip her cables and drop down the bay. In 1812 a semicircular brick wall was erected and Fort Greene was garrisoned, but it is now a ruin. The historic Blue Rocks, where all public baptisms take place, and is hallowed by time-honored usage, is close to Fort Greene. Mr. Auchincloss at one time owned a beautiful place here. His son is now living at Hammersmith farm. Mr. Maitland's deserted house and that of the old Hunter's place skirt the edge of the water, and can be easily seen from the boat as it runs rapidly past the frigate moored to the wharf that was long since condemned for service, and only serves now to instruct the naval apprentices in the use of spars and sails. Here is also the famous Spanish cruiser, which serves merely as an object-lesson for the boys, since she is not seaworthy.

Besides these active little ferry-boats that run every hour during the day, there are the freight or excursion boats that connect Newport with Block Island, thirty miles southward far in the Atlantic Ocean, as well as those running to Narragansett Pier on the main-land, or to Providence, Bristol, Fall River, and Rocky Point. These boats are crowded with excursionists in the season who flock to Newport to partake in its pleasures by bathing at Easton's beach, driving on Bellevue Avenue, or visiting all the points of interest. The Wickford boat ploughs her way daily up and down the bay, carrying passengers arriving by train from New York, Providence, and Boston.

The scene in Newport harbor on a bright warm August day is one to enjoy and remember. The little house of the New York Yacht Club, with the well-known blue-and-red burgee flying from the flag-pole, is crowded with men in

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

yachting dress or naval uniform, for the officers of the fleet usually embark from the club float. The picturesque costumes of men and women add touches of color to the already brilliant scene. The landing stage is surrounded with steam and naphtha launches, trim gigs, or yawls waiting for their loads, each with a smart little flag waving in the breeze. So many yachts cover the waters and are crowded so closely in the harbor that it seems surprising that any could have picked up a good anchorage. As the huge white sails spread to catch the breeze, the private pennant of the owner flies out and the beautiful vessel moves off slowly at first and then more swiftly, threading her way through the crowd with incredible accuracy, skimming the water as if alive and endowed with sense and feeling.

The parties on board these pleasure-boats echo the tastes of the owners. Some are devoted to sport such as racing or deep-sea fishing; others give magnificent entertainments to the smart set, when the cabins are given up to feasting and the decks to dancing. Many yachtsmen use their vessels for private clubs, where business can be discussed, or pleasant games of sniff, poker, whist, or bridge are played on the deck under an awning or in the cabins. During race-week all the yachts are filled with a pleasure-seeking throng, too many of them finding, on a closer acquaintance with Father Neptune, that he exacts a heavy tribute. One of the great ocean races disappointed the crowd, but the large steam yachts went to sea day after day even when the weather was too stormy to permit the contest or there was no wind to fill the sails. The amusement-hunting set found themselves bored and retreated to the cabin, where they played bridge all day. On their return some one asked, anxiously, "Who won?" The answer was, "Oh! Miss Chose; she held all the cards."

THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT

The great steam-yachts are as handsome in their own way as the sailing-vessels. When Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's "Corsair," flying her red signal, on which are the crescent and the cross, comes into the harbor, yachtsmen feel that the season is duly open. Commodore Gerry's "Electra" sometimes winters in Newport, to the delight of the old salts, for it brings work to them during a dull time of year. The great vessel is perfect in her appointments and well fitted for the delightful parties often given on board by the hospitable owner, who has inherited the rare talents of his ancestors for entertaining, their houses having been for generations the centre of gayety in New York. Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt's "Conqueror" does not haunt the shores of Aquidneck as she does those of the Hudson, where her lozenged flag is well known as it flies between New York and Rhinebeck, where the owner has a beautiful country place on what was once part of the Livingston Manor. The "Marietta," belonging to Mr. Robert N. Carson, of Philadelphia, is one of the fleet that calls forth admiration, sharing it with Mr. John Jacob Astor's "Nourmahal," that is such a familiar craft in the harbor, and tries its speed with Mr. Berwind's "Truant." Mr. William K. Vanderbilt's "Valiant" has not appeared at Newport lately, but she, with Mrs. Goelet's "Nahma" and Mr. James Gordon Bennett's "Lysistrata," make long sea-voyages, and while in foreign waters their owners are frequently the hosts of royalty.

The cup races off Newport are always gala occasions in the town, when the harbor is crowded with vessels of all sizes. The Brenton Reef cup was presented by ex-Commodore James Gordon Bennett in 1871, and was offered to the yachts of all nations to be sailed for in an ocean race, on a course from the light-ship off Newport to and around the

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

light-ship off Sandy Hook and outside of Long Island and return. This cup is generally sailed for during the cruise of the Yacht Club. The Goelet cup is another stirring event of the season, when such boats as Mr. Henry Sheaff Redmond's "Ailsa" compete, while the "Reliance," that is the champion winner, and other vessels take part in the race. The little "thirty-footers," as they are called, have numerous contests all through the summer, and there is no prettier sight than to watch from Conanicut Mr. Agassiz's "Kirin," Mr. Vanderbilt's "Virginia," Mr. Reginald Norman's "Wing and Wing," with many others, skimming lightly over the water, the owners sailing their own little craft, learning to manage them as skilfully as the Messrs. Columbus and Oliver Iselin once sailed the "Pluck and Luck" in Long Island Sound.

There is seldom a bright summer afternoon when there is not a yachting party on the bay given by the owners whose ambition does not lead them to indulge in racing, but like sailing quietly in the harbor. Among these demure yachtsmen is Mr. W. W. Tompkins, whose "Monteceto" affords a comfortable home when her owner deserts his house on Bellevue Avenue. Generally one or more of the Atlantic Squadron lie beyond Goat Island, looking even more spick and span than the well-polished private vessels. The admirals and other officers are noted for their hospitality, and many delightful entertainments are given on board. A fashionable belle was lately being shown over one of the cruisers, when she innocently asked "the length of the vessel." She was immediately invited to the mess-room, and to her surprise was handed a cocktail and told that she had used the slang expression for asking for a drink.

The lights at night, when even the smallest boat hangs out a warning signal, make the harbor quiver with rays that





THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT

are reflected by the water and echoed by the pharos that flash their beams from the different stations, while the lights from the town on the hill-side ripple and sparkle responsively. The search-lights on the men-of-war or at Fort Adams illuminate the whole scene, which is like fairy-land, particularly when the moon and stars peep from behind a gray veil of mist.

Newport harbor has been the scene of many contests besides the peaceful cup-races. One of the first was the opening fight of the war of the Rebellion, when the "Gaspé" was captured and burnt. But in 1861 the government decided that Newport offered more shelter to the cadets of the United States Naval Academy than its home at Annapolis. The senior classes were graduated and ordered on the different war-vessels, while the younger classes were placed on the "Constitution" and "Santee" to sail for Newport. The former vessel lay in Brenton's Cove all summer, while the officers and midshipmen were quartered in the caissons at Fort Adams. The boys were exercised daily on the old ship or paraded with the troops stationed in the fort. One of the largest hotels in the place was hired by the government and was hastily prepared for the winter quarters of the Academy. But the Atlantic House, that had been built about 1840 for a summer hotel, was ill adapted for the purpose. The windows did not fit the casements, the walls were thin, and even with a large heating apparatus the boys suffered considerably in their quarters. The Atlantic House stood on the crest of Pelham Street, at the corner of Bellevue Avenue, facing the Stone Mill. It was removed many years since, and nothing remains but the memories of its white façade with huge pillars supporting an overhanging roof. Admiral Higginson, Admiral Clark, Admiral Crowninshield, Admiral Sands, and many others will remember

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

their school-days in Newport's old hotel when they were dapper and mischievous little middies.

A well known and experienced yachtsman says of yachting at Newport:

"Newport may be regarded, and justly so, as the Mecca of large yachts, and it may be said that one which has not ridden at anchor in Newport harbor has not been properly presented to nautical society. A fine yacht is inevitably the most obvious insignia of wealth which custom has accorded to man, and the owner of a Newport palace without one is like unto Hamlet left out of the play.

"The geographical position of Newport is such as to prevent her from becoming a commercial mart, which fact no doubt contributes to her being the resort of the leisure classes. But her harbors are ideal for a select and limited number of private boats, and the possibilities in that line are taken advantage of.

"Looking down on the inner harbor from Halidon Hill, at the southern end of the harbor, one of the most impressive sights is to watch large steam-yachts swing around Fort Adams and gradually slow up to the head of Brenton's Cove, drop anchor, and fire their guns, indicating they are moored. Each yacht seems to assume an individuality and dignity of her own as she takes her place among her companions.

"Mr. Gerry's 'Electra,' with her raking masts and stack (or funnel), catches the eye first, glittering with new paint and polished brasswork. Mr. John Jacob Astor's 'Nourmahal,' the queen of the fleet, rides at anchor with a dignity worthy of any owner. Older than most of the yachts around her, she has been altered up to date, and is a magnificent ship, capable of steaming around the world. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's 'Corsair' also takes her place,

THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT

usually near the landing. Mr. Alexander Van Rensselaer's 'May' comes gracefully in beside the 'Nourmahal.' Mr. Randal Morgan's 'Waturus' pays a short summer visit. Mr. P. A. B. Widener's 'Josephine' comes in time for the races. Mr. Thomas Dolan's house-boat also works her way along the shore to be with the anointed. The 'Valiant,' Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's yacht, is too large for the inner harbor, and anchors outside of the torpedo station on Goat Island, among the men-of-war, one or more of which are usually at Newport during the summer. And so we might go on and write a volume on the beautiful costly craft which belong to Newport or are visiting there.

"The social conditions of the place attract many yachtsmen who have no residence there, and use their boats as their homes, giving the same social functions aboard as ashore. The conventionalities of a yacht as a home appeal to one desiring an exclusive existence, as by various signals displayed at the required time, the owner indicates whether he is ashore or aboard, at meals, receiving or not, as it may please him; any transgression of these signals is regarded as bad form, and may be treated accordingly.

"The New York Yacht Club has a wharf and house of its own toward the south end of the harbor, the use of which it accords yachts of other clubs in first-class standing, by courtesy.

"One of the events of the yachting season is the cruise of the New York Yacht Club to Newport. At that time the harbor presents a gay appearance, filled with the finest pleasure craft in the world, say from one hundred and fifty to two hundred boats, with their little launches and row-boats plying from yacht to yacht or to shore, as a reception or dinner-party on some yacht may require. During this visitation an evening is set apart for the illumination of the

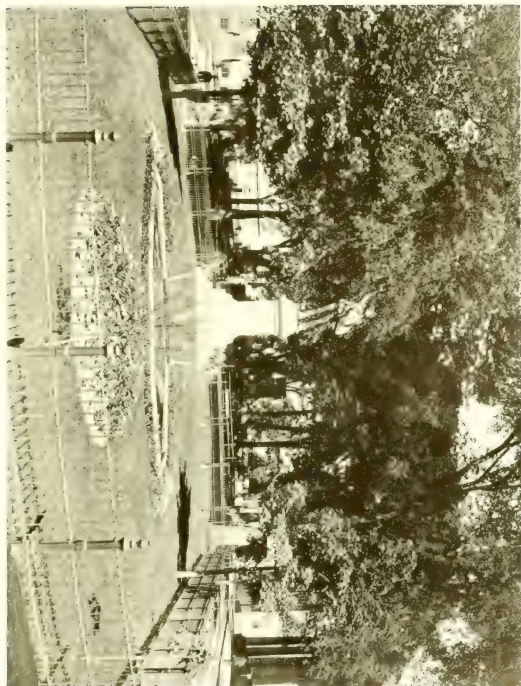
NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

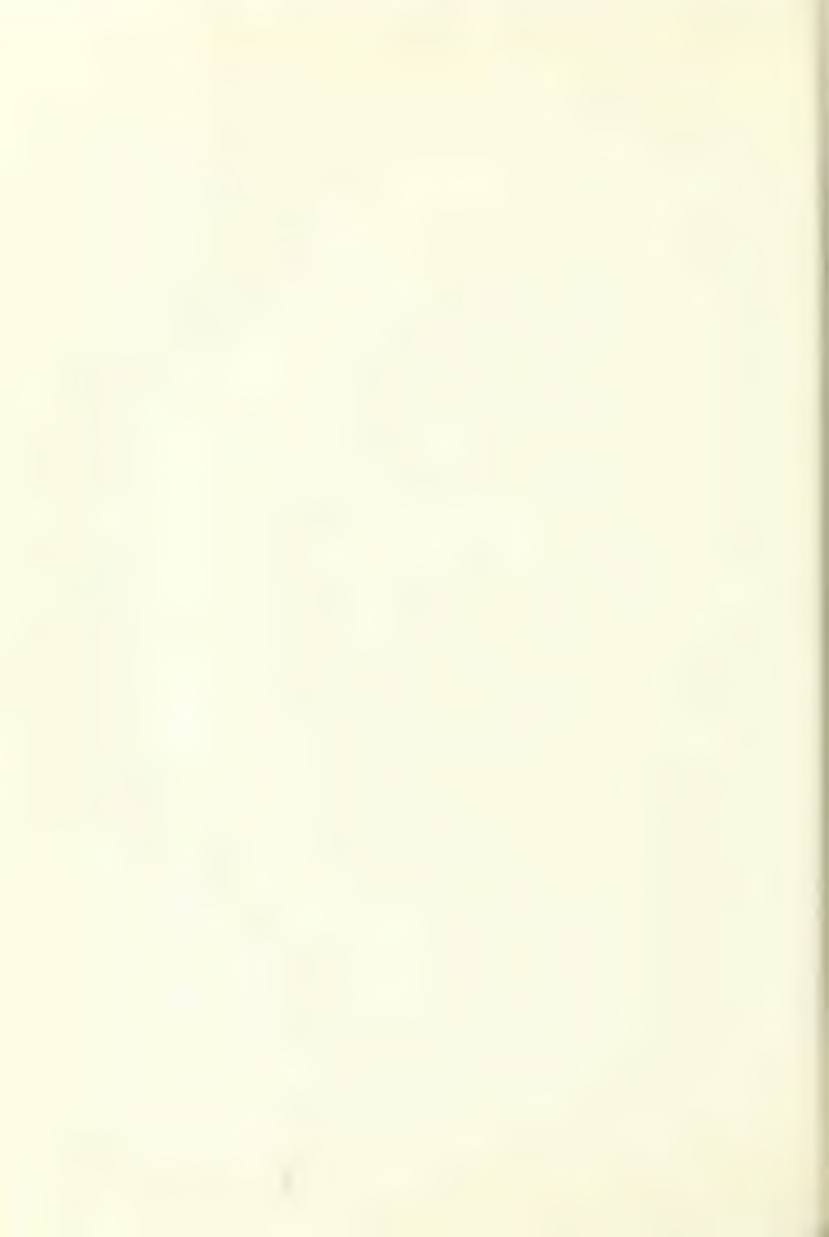
harbor, when each yacht is dressed with flags and hundreds of thousands of electric lights, presenting an effect wonderful to view, and enjoyed by all in sight for miles around. While at Newport the owners of some yachts encourage their crews by having gig and launch races, for the winners of which prizes are given.

“ On account of the residential conveniences of the parties interested, and the social and harbor facilities of Newport, annual races occur during the season which contribute greatly to the popularity of the place. Mr. James Gordon Bennett was the first to establish this custom, and after that Mr. Goelet and Mr. Vanderbilt, and now Mr. John Jacob Astor. The prizes are one thousand dollars for schooners and five hundred dollars for sloops, represented by a cup. The prizes are held by the winners, and do not have to be again competed for. During these periods the harbor is filled to overflowing with yachts of all kinds, whose owners come to view or take part in the races. The harbor is a vast forest of masts and rigging, the larger boats anchoring in the outer harbor west of Goat Island or off Jamestown across the bay.

“ For the past fifteen years, or ever since the boats used for defending the America's cup have been under the management of a syndicate of wealthy men of the New York Yacht Club, Newport harbor has been the home of their wonderful boats. Built at Bristol or elsewhere, they are brought to Newport, which becomes their base. Here the crews practise day after day, week in and week out, ‘ tuning up ’ for the supreme effort off Sandy Hook, when they go to New York for the final touches. In later years it has been customary to have trial races between the boat last built for the purpose and the winner of the previous America's cup race, in order to prove that the last one built

VIEW OF THE GARDENS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, CHICAGO, ILL.





THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT

is superior and faster than the old victor. These magnificent racing-machines, as they practically are, sail out of the harbor several times a week, one after the other, for a spin off Brenton's Reef light-ship, or up the bay, according to the weather. To an observer these boats present a majestic and impressive sight. Being sloops of the largest type, they are recognized at once. Their masts tower higher than any others, their canvas fits perfectly, and as they glide silently and rapidly along, leaning gracefully over from the wind, they seem as visions risen from the sea, too beautiful for man to have made. With their lofty spread of canvas they are long visible on the horizon, until they blend with the hazy distance and disappear into the element from which they seem to have arisen. At the proper time the trial races of these boats occur, and the harbor again becomes a forest of masts. On the days of these races, and, in fact, all of the important races, one of the great sights of Newport is to watch the stream of all kinds of boats pass Castle Hill on the way to the start, which is usually at the light-ship. From the little sixteen-foot cat-boat to the big Sound steamer they all head the same way. The ocean drive is thronged with carriages and people afoot who go to see the start, and afterwards again to see the finish.

“ Too much praise cannot be given to the body of men who form the syndicate to have these yachts built and prepared for the America's cup races. Upward of half a million dollars are required to make these races the success they have been. No effort is spared to have everything as correct as possible. Its effect is to command the respect and admiration of the whole world, not so much in the sporting line as in the idea that what we undertake to do we do right. Its effect on the navy and merchant marine is one to expand ideas and encourage seamen to do their best.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

“Some of the wealthy residents of Newport enjoy less pretentious racing than that of big yachts, and have instituted a series of daily races, regardless of wind or weather, with what are called thirty-footers,—boats with jib and main-sail. These boats are all built from the same model, and can stand severe weather, as, being racing-machines, they have to. Their skippers are scions of wealthy houses, and deserve credit in showing their pluck and zeal in coming up to the line daily, no matter how hard it rains or blows, and sailing their races as they best can. These boats form a little fleet; they start pretty close together, and generally keep so throughout their races. This flotilla when spread out over the bay, suggests the symmetry of a flock of white water-fowls, and the scene presents a combination of boats, water, and background, beautiful to behold. As these boats are all exactly alike, the gain or loss in speed is a matter of handling, depending entirely on the gentleman or lady holding the tiller and managing the sails.”

The numerous defences of Newport harbor attract attention when entering Narragansett Bay. For many years the little oval redoubt at the end of Conanicut Island was a picturesque feature. Its legal name was Fort Brown, but it was better known as Fort Dumpling, on account of the shape of the round rocks on which it was perched. It was built while John Adams was President, but has never been used, and has lately been destroyed by the government, that intends replacing the obsolete redoubt with a strong fortification. Castle Hill, on the opposite side of the strait to Fort Dumpling, is the home of Professor Agassiz, but it was defended by the Indians, who had an earthwork here as well as on Miantonomi Hill. During the war of 1812 the place was provided with a few guns but no recorded attack was made on it at the time. During the Revolution the

THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT

British vessels were fired on from Castle Hill and forced to anchor out of range.

Goat Island was fortified during the reign of William and Mary. At one time the fort was called after Queen Anne. The name was changed in honor of the Hanoverian monarch, and became Fort George. Later it was occupied by the Provincial government, who, however, in 1775, removed the platforms and cannon that had been placed in the intrenchments by their orders; a redoubt was planned by Major L'Enfant that was named Fort Wolcott, but the designs of the government for this historic island were repeatedly altered until the fortifications were abandoned and the torpedo station was finally located on this favorable site.

The massive fort erected by the United States at Brenton's Point was originally the site of a smaller defence that was built by Le Chevalier Louis de Tousard, a capable French engineer officer, who was employed by the Secretary of War under President Washington on August 9, 1798, to construct the coast defences at Newport, and who planned a battery on Brenton's Point and a regular fortification on Miantonomi Hill. He also completed Fort Wolcott, that had been commenced by Major L'Enfant. While superintending this work, Le Chevalier de Tousard and his wife lived in Newport, where they were universal favorites. Keen sympathy was felt for the gallant Frenchman who had come to America a captain of artillery in Comte de Rochambeau's army and lost an arm at the battle of Rhode Island, where his brave conduct caused him to be mentioned in despatches, and Congress made him a lieutenant-colonel in the American army. Marquis de Lafayette also reported him for promotion, and his king sent him the highly prized Order of Chevalier de St. Louis.

While stationed in Newport, on February 19, 1799, Colo-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

nel de Tousard wrote to a friend in Philadelphia, requesting that five hundred poplar trees should be sent to Rhode Island, to be used in decorating the grounds at Brenton's Point. Continuing: "All our ladies are very busy in making great preparations for our commander-in-chief's birthday-night next Friday. As to me, I am busy collecting information for the manner of constructing dry-docks, yards, and making plans to prove the possibility of making one of Goat Island."

By the spring of 1799 the work was so far advanced that Colonel de Tousard reported to the government that it was advisable to give the battery a name, suggesting that of the President, and arranged that it should be formally opened on the Fourth of July. Imposing ceremonies were planned. The militia were called out, and a parade from Newport to the fort took place. Some of the guns had been mounted, and although the gates of the fort were not in place, arches were thrown across the entrance, on which was the inscription—

"Fort Adams,

The rock on which the storm will beat."

As the national flag was unfurled the Chevalier "named the fortress," and a salute was fired by the battery that was answered by the guns on Goat Island. Colonel de Tousard received many honors from his countrymen and government, and was, besides, in 1800, made Inspector of Artillery of the United States, and in 1801 President Adams made him lieutenant-colonel commandant of the Second Regiment of Artillerists and Engineers. He was ordered to West Point, and on September 7, 1801, took command there. On September 27 he wrote to the Secretary of War that on that day the Military Academy there had been

THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR OF NEWPORT

opened. These interesting papers describing the first scenes of the military life of the young country, together with the commissions signed by Louis XV. and Louis XVI., are in possession of descendants, and with his miniature and other portraits are owned by Laurette de Tousard Coxe, Mrs. Frederick Prime, of Philadelphia.

The original defence was found inadequate, and a larger one was planned in 1824, the engineer officer superintending the works being one of the earliest graduates of the Military Academy at West Point,—Major Totten, who with his family were residents of Newport for many years. Fort Adams has been enlarged and strengthened at different times. The road around the outside on the brink of the bay gives an unparalleled view of the shores of Conanicut and Newport Harbor.





HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT



THE name of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations was given to that ragged-edged portion of the continent of North America which surrounds Narragansett Bay and the beautiful islands that dot its surface.

The double title was peculiar as well as misleading, for only a very small portion of the State conforms to the geographical description of an island, which should be "a body of land entirely surrounded by water," since a great part of the colony was on the main-land, while "the Providence Plantations" simply described a small locality situated at the head of the bay. To add to the confusion, when the independent little colony agreed to join the Union, in 1789, it not only jealously retained the hyphenated title, but also two capitals, one of them being Providence, on the main-land in Rhode Island, the other one Newport, on Aquidneck, or Rhode Island.

This cumbersome arrangement was adhered to for over two hundred and fifty years, but was finally changed about the commencement of the twentieth century. When the State-House at Newport was abandoned the fantastic title

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

was curtailed, and Providence became the reigning business capital of the smallest State in the Union, while Newport is self-elected the social capital not only of her own island and miniature State, but also maintains a claim to be that of the whole Union.

The island of Aquidneck which is about thirteen miles long and three wide, was settled by a body of Englishmen, in 1637, who had been driven from the Massachusetts Colony (to which they had first emigrated) by the narrow-minded religious views of the rulers of that community. The leaders were stanch Antinomians, whose tenets clashed with those of the settlers in various other places, so they were forced to wander far from the first settlements in order that they might be perfectly independent and able to worship God after the dictates of their consciences, and not at those of their fellow-citizens. With Dr. John Clark and William Coddington as their leaders, about twenty men signed a compact for mutual protection and self-government on March 7, 1638, that planned for a settlement on the Atlantic coast.

Various locations were discussed, but one after another were abandoned when surveying parties had discovered that the place selected was either inconvenient or chanced to be within the boundaries of the Plymouth Patent. Under these circumstances the leaders of the new colony agreed to be guided by the advice of Roger Williams, and purchase the island of Aquidneck.

Roger Williams was a young preacher who had emigrated to Salem in 1631. He was the first to teach that every man had a right to worship God as he thought fit. The bigoted rulers of the Massachusetts Colony by no means relished such open defiance of their personal prerogatives, and after many discussions and an appeal to the laws which

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

they hastily framed to cover the question, they banished Williams from the settlement and ordered that he should be sent back to England. This was evidently a terrible sentence to the young man, who fled from his stern accusers and judges to seek shelter with the aborigines, who received him kindly and sold him a tract of land on the bay called by the name of his friends,—Narragansett. Here, with five comrades, Roger Williams founded the Providence Plantations. Many friends joined this settlement, attracted by the freedom that was openly accorded to every one to follow their own religious views; but even this liberal arrangement did not work perfectly well, so every facility was given to the friends who wished greater liberty when they proposed to found a second town that should have a bond of interest with the older establishment, but be independent in its local government.

Aquidneck was purchased from the Sachems of the Narragansetts the 24th of March, 1637-38, for twenty-three broadcloth coats, thirteen hoes, and two torkpes. Various deeds exist that show the prices paid at different times for the parcels of land. The price of the whole is included in this sum, that was not given all at once, but little by little. What the cash value or meaning of this mysterious word, torkpe, can be has been much discussed. Many writers declare that forty fathoms of white peage was the price of the whole island and for those adjacent "with the grass on them." Peage appears to be the shell currency of the tribe, which corresponded to the wampum and seawan of the Manhattan and Seawan-ha-ka Indians. For a few coats and a handful of shells Canonicus and Miantonomi disposed of their birthright and agreed to evacuate their ancient stronghold, that was built on that part of the island now called Tomony Hill, on Coddington Point, overlooking

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Narragansett Bay. The men who bought the land made immediate preparations for occupying it, and many of their descendants are to-day honored citizens of Newport. Among them were Philip Sherman, Henry Bull, and William Dyer, while William Coddington, John Coggeshall, William Aspinwall, and others have bestowed their names on well-known localities on the island that promise to preserve their memories for centuries in connection with those of the Indian chieftains Canonieus and Miantonomi, of the Nantygansicks tribe, as they were at first called. But it must be remembered that the land was paid for by a body of independent men who at the time received no protection from England, the government of which gave no aid to the aliens with either money or arms.

As soon as the agreement for the sale of Aquidneck was completed a form of government was arranged and the site of a town was selected. The name of the island was changed to "The Isle of Rhodes," which title was selected, it is said by some authorities, from a fancied resemblance to that of Rhodes, on the coast of Asia Minor. This derivation for the name is disputed by other writers, who believe it to be a variation of the word red, which they declare describes the dominant color of the rocks and soil. The celebrated Dutch explorer, Adrien Block, called the place he discovered and located on the map he sketched of the coast Roodt Eylandt; but the earliest Dutch map bearing this name was not issued, it is said, until fifteen years after the Englishmen on Aquidneck had adopted the name of Rhode Island. Mr. Reichman, in his valuable history of the State and colony, says, "Roger Williams, writing in 1666, remarks, 'Rhode Island, the Isle of Rhodes in the Greek language, is an island of roses,' which may easily have suggested the name, for even to this day, wherever

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

nature is left to herself, the rocks close to the ocean are covered with great fragrant bushes of wild roses, their lovely pink flowers making the scene gay during the month of June, when they seem to clothe the gaunt crags with color, while in winter, when the whole landscape is a harmony of dull browns and grays, the red seed-pods add a glint of color to the low scheme. Of late years the newly imported Japanese roses thrive better in Newport than in any other part of the country. The magnificent hedge that flourishes within twenty feet of the bleakest part of the island testifies to the fact that the home of the roses would be no misnomer for this wind-swept island. The seed-pods and foliage of this quickly acclimated rose are particularly beautiful at Mr. Davis's place at Brenton's Reef, the entrance to Narragansett Bay at the termination of Ocean Avenue.

The first settlers built their log cabins at the Indian village Pocasset, which name was speedily altered to Portsmouth, but Nicholas Easton, with his two sons, Peter and John, determined to take up land nearer the ocean, where the facilities for fishing and clamming were greater than in the upper part of Narragansett Bay. These three men, therefore, sailed down the bay, coasting southward, and on the 1st of May, 1639, landed at a place they named Coasters harbor, where they passed the night. This island, after passing through many hands, was eventually purchased by the United States government, and is now the site of the Naval War College, the Training-School for Naval Apprentices, etc. The following day the three adventurers sailed into what is now called Newport harbor, and landed on a gravelly beach, about where the foot of Pelham Street is at present. They climbed the steep hill that sheltered the land-locked bay and selected the site of the town of Newport.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Quite satisfied that they had discovered what would prove to be a delightful home, the three men built for themselves a small house on what is now Farewell Street. This cabin was accidentally burned down two years afterwards, but not before a number of other houses had surrounded it, and the infant settlement was well rooted.

Easton and his sons, with their fellow-colonists, laid out the boundaries of Newport in September, 1639, as follows: "To begin half a mile beyond the River commonly called Sachuis River, being the River that lies next beyond Mr. Brenton's Land on the South East Side of the Island toward Portsmouth, and so on in a straight line to run toward the nearest point of the Brook to the hunting Wigwam now standing in the highway between the two towns and so by that line to the sea on the North Side of the Island."

At first the colonists of Newport were content with the island of Acquidneck, but soon desired to acquire title to more land, and on April 17, 1657, Dutch and Coasters Islands were purchased from the Indians, and a year afterwards those islands were bought by Benedict Arnold, who also selected the crown of the hill overlooking Newport, on which the old Stone Mill now stands, for his house lot. The notorious traitor is not a descendant of Governor Arnold, who had no sons.

On August 6, 1640, or the year after the first settlers laid out the boundaries of Newport, Mr. Robert Leuthall was invited to take up his abode in the town, to "keep a public school for the learning of youth." This was the first in that part of the country, antedating the schools in Providence by a quarter of a century. Leuthall is described in Lechford's "Plaine Dealing" as a "Minister out of office and employment, and lives poorly," but he was a man of



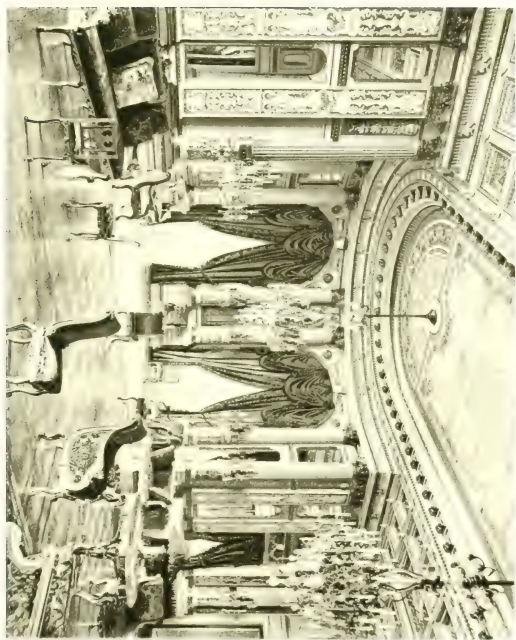
NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

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Easton and his sons, with their fellow-colonists, laid out the boundaries of Newport in September, 1639, as follows: "Three and half a mile beyond the River commonly called Saugus River, being the River that lies next beyond Mr. Bannock's land on the South East Side of the Island toward Portsmouth, and so on in a straight line to run toward the nearest point of the Brook to the hunting Wigwam now standing in the highway between the two towns and so by that line to the sea on the North Side of the Island."

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HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

education, who was well able to give his scholars a good foundation in the necessary branches of knowledge, and this provision for the public education of children by a male teacher was made at a time when in England Dames schools were in vogue, that were conducted on the lines adopted by the celebrated Goody Two-Shoes.

As early as March, 1641, the infant colony adopted what is called in the records "a State seal," this being one of the first of the New England governments to select the designation of "State," and is noteworthy on that account.

The design was a sheaf of arrows which was bound together with a leash, on which was the motto "*Amor Vincit Omnia.*" This motto and heraldic device was selected in remembrance of the challenge that had been sent by the Narragansett Indians to the English, which was symbolically conveyed according to savage custom by a number of arrows tied with the skin of a rattlesnake.

This seal was superseded by a more elaborate design, that was probably cut in England, which bore the figure of an Indian with a bow in his left hand and an arrow in his right, with the motto, "*Sigillum Præsid. Concil. Dom. Reg. in Nov. Anglia*" (The seal of the Presiding Council of our Lord the King in New England). In 1686 a new seal and flag were adopted. The former is described as "Engraven on one side with his Majesty's effigies standing under a canopy, robed in his royal vestments and crowned, with a sceptre in his left hand, the right hand being extended toward an Englishman and an Indian, both kneeling, the one presenting the fruits of the country and the other a scroll with this motto: '*Nunquam libertas gratiot extat,*' with his Majesty's titles around the circumference; there being on the other side the King's arms, with the garter, crown, supporters, and motto, and this inscrip-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

tion round the circumference, 'Sigillum Novæ Angliæ in America.' ”

These last seals and devices were assumed, of course, after Charles II. came to the throne of England, an event of as great importance to the colonies as it was to the British islands.

It was on May 29, 1660, that the king was publicly proclaimed, and as soon as the news reached the colonies there were great rejoicings, for the settlers felt themselves more secure under his government than that of the Lord Protector or the Parliament.

William Brenton had been elected president of the Rhode Island Colony in May, 1660, while the people were still ignorant of affairs abroad, which were, indeed, so turbulent that no man in England felt sure when he laid his head on his pillow at night what ruler might be on the throne the following morning. But when the news that Charles had reached London and was acclaimed king penetrated to America the following October, Brenton's term of office terminated abruptly. Still, to prove his loyalty, the ex-governor determined to celebrate the event on his estate, which was already under cultivation and on which a house was being erected. Brenton had purchased a large tract of land, the exact boundaries of which are only surmised, but it may be vaguely stated that the Hammersmith farm included that portion of Newport that lies to the west of Brenton's road from the bay to the ocean and the point now covered by Fort Adams. Huge bonfires were lighted on the lime rocks where the light-house is now, and the townspeople assembled along the banks bordering Brenton's Cove to admire the illumination. Some mischievous youngsters dressed a figure that they placarded with Cromwell's name. This effigy was carried in procession up and down

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

the shore and through the narrow lanes of the hamlet, followed by a man dressed in black, as Satan, and with a long tail, which was so arranged that with it the devil could prod the Lord Protector from time to time, greatly to the delight of the crowd.

A band accompanied the mummers carrying rude, noisy instruments, such as hand-bells, whistles, fifes, and drums, while some butcher boys made a frantic display with their cleavers and bones.

A wit composed the following lines, that were gravely recited while the crowd prepared a great bonfire, on top of which the effigy of Cromwell was then flung.

“ Old Cromwell! man! your time is come,
We tell it here with fife and drum;
And Satan’s hand is on your head,—
He’s come for you before you’re dead;
And on his spear he’ll throw you in
The very worst place ever seen;
For good King Charles is on his throne,
And Parliament now you’ll let alone.”

The first public entertainment at Newport was a great success, and shows how much lighter-hearted its settlers were than the grave Puritans of the Massachusetts Colony; but the men of Rhode Island had important matters under consideration, for which they were framing wise, far-reaching laws. Some of these provided for religious toleration, others for the protection of fishing rights, so that to-day the owners of the handsome estates on the borders of the ocean cannot prevent free access to the edges of the cliffs, while the education of the children of the colony was undertaken by the town government.

Many families followed those of Easton, Brenton, etc., and a thriving plantation was firmly established on the

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

southwest end of the island overlooking the harbor. It is described as being "on both sides of the spring and by the sea southward." This important little fountain was on the west side of what is called Spring Street, and most of the houses were built conveniently close to the spring. The town was regularly planned by Easton and his fellow-adventurers, four acres being allotted for each house lot. Commons were set apart for flocks and herds close to the first houses, but as soon as Prudence, Rose, and Goat Islands were purchased from the Indians they were rented to different people for pasture-lands under town regulations, and they continued to be used in this way until the British men-of-war began to visit Narragansett Bay, ostensibly for the protection of the colonists, but even before the war of the Revolution these unprotected flocks were carried off and killed to provision the ships. The owners vainly protested and demanded payment for their property, but were finally forced to carry the animals to the main-land, where they could not so easily be captured, or else allow themselves to be robbed, for the only satisfaction they received was that they were acting contrary to the Scriptures, that said, "Lead us not into temptation."

By 1650 the two principal land-owners of Newport, who were William Brenton and William Coddington, had brought many acres under cultivation. The estate of the latter ran from the little neck of land now called Coddington's Point, on the harbor side, to Seaconnet River. There were runs for sheep on the hills, fine meadows for cattle, fish-ponds, or trout streams, making the place a rival to ducal estates in England. William Coddington stocked his farm with the best ewes, cows, and mares he could import, and used all known farming devices to improve his property, selling the surplus stock to his neighbors on the island,

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

or when opportunity offered he despatched vessels to the West Indies loaded with cattle, which were exchanged for sugar, molasses, and rum.

Besides the farm, Coddington had a house in Marlborough Street, that was not removed until 1835. He seems to have been an ambitious man and anxious to become the ruler of Rhode Island. For this purpose he went to England and secured a charter granting him wide privileges over the islands of Aquidneck and Canonicut, which he hoped would result in his being proclaimed king of Lesser Britain. At this time he was already governor of the Province, but on his return in August, 1651, his independent neighbors revolted, which made Coddington take a hurried journey to Boston, with the hope that during his absence his fellow-citizens would forget their grievances. But they wisely took advantage of the absence of their ambitious governor to hold elections and pass resolutions that convinced him his scheme had failed; accordingly he resigned his commission from the English government on March 11, 1656.

Another great estate was that of William Brenton, who was made president of the colony May, 1660. He was an Englishman from Hammersmith, England, who landed in Boston in 1634, with a commission from the government of surveyor-general. In 1638 he arrived in Newport, and bought, as has been already stated, the end of Aquidneck Island, that is bounded by Narragansett Bay on the north and the Atlantic Ocean on the south. Cherry and Price's Neck, Castle Hill, Beacon Hill, and Fort Adams are all included in the original purchase.

In memory of his birthplace, Governor Brenton named his estate Hammersmith, and planned extensive improvements. Large orchards were planted and a beautiful gar-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

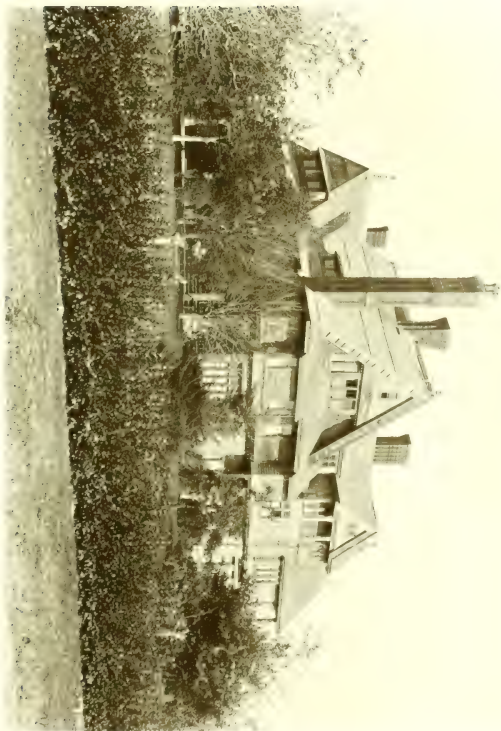
den laid out that speedily bloomed with rare flowers, the seeds of which had been imported. It is perhaps to this garden that we owe the daisies that grow so freely now in the United States, but which were not native flowers. The *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum* is called "day's eye," because it opened at sunrise, following it to catch every ray, and closing at sundown. In some localities it is called Endicott's flower, as it is said Governor Endicott introduced it in his colony.

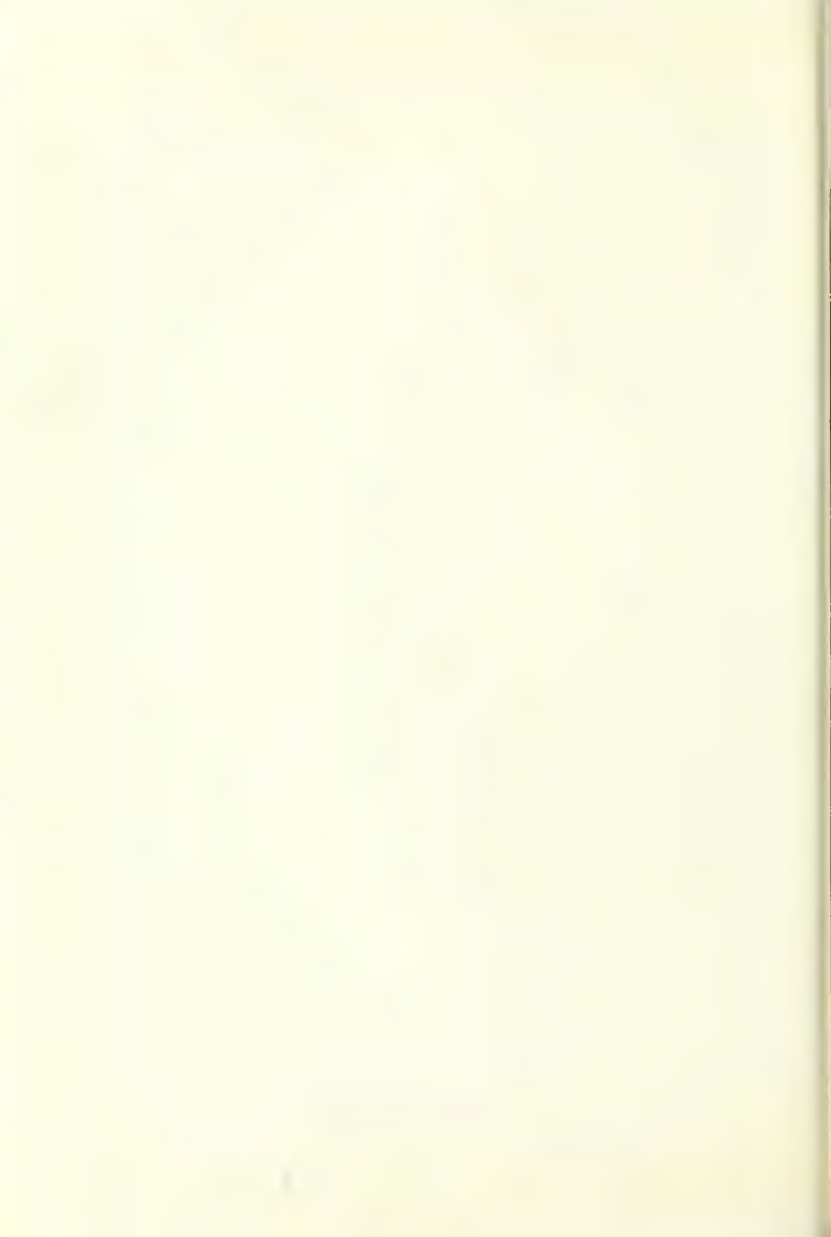
Some authorities state that Brenton's house, called by him Hammersmith, was built of brick he brought from Boston. It had four chimneys, which made the people of Newport nickname it "The Chimneys," by which cognomen it is generally remembered. The date on the chimneys was 1638, but this was the year Newport was settled, as well as that in which Brenton was banished from Massachusetts, when he, with his wife, moved to Rhode Island. It may perhaps have been intended to commemorate the year of their marriage, but has misled many historians. The house was one hundred and fifty feet square. The hall that ran through the centre was sixteen feet wide. A flat roof was surrounded with a balustrade, from which there was a magnificent view. This house was the first of the great mansions that have made Newport famous.

At the outbreak of the Indian war the settlers on the main-land were driven from their homes. William Brenton hospitably invited many of the families from Warwick to take up their residence on his estate. Some were accommodated in the various cottages on the demesne, but the great house itself was crowded with these unfortunates, and it was put into condition to stand a siege in case a raid on Newport was made by the savages.

Brenton's town property rose from the bay to Spring

THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE, THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE





HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

Street as far as Mary Street. As he was a surveyor holding a commission from the king, he was called upon to lay out Newport, and it was he that cut the two streets,—Thames, running along the water's edge, and Spring Street, that is parallel to it, which took its name from the spring found by the first settlers.

The Hammersmith estate was divided into east and west farms. The road now called by Brenton's name was laid out across the rocks from the bay to the ocean. On Price's Neck a farm-house was built to accommodate the family shoemaker, and this cottage is still standing, its venerable appearance offering a strong contrast to the handsome mansions that are close to it.

Jaheel Brenton, the elder son of William, lived at Rocky or East Farm, and houses for herdsmen or farmers were scattered over the six or eight divisions of the property, that were laid out as fields, meadows, or pasture-lands, on which browsed eleven thousand sheep, thirty head of cattle, seventy horses, besides hogs, chickens, etc. There is not a trace of the orchards planted on the ocean edge by Jaheel Brenton, although trees were once so plentiful that one point was called Cherry Neck, from the trees that covered it. This son abandoned the Rocky Farm house after the death of his father, and lived at the Chimneys until he moved to Boston, where he died in 1732, but he was buried near the site of Fort Adams.

His nephew, Jaheel Brenton, lived in Thames Street, and also owned a house on Mary Street, now occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association. He married, May 30, 1715, Frances Oranston, and had by her fifteen children. After her death he married Mary, widow of George Scott, and had seven more children. Many of their descendants still live in Newport.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

When Governor John Winthrop, of Connecticut, sailed for England on the 21st of July, 1661, he carried with him a long letter to the government from some of the puritanical offshoots of the Plymouth Colony, who, living close to the borders of the Rhode Island settlement, wished to conduct their government after fashions of their own. In order to prejudice the home officials against the peaceful residents of Providence Plantations and Newport, these neighbors wrote a long and by no means complimentary letter to the Lords of Trade, saying,—

“Roade Island is (pardon necessity’s word of truth) a rodde to those that love to live in order, a road, refuge, asylum to evil livers. What lives thrive amongst themselves may be judged from what flows from others with ready entertainment. Each nature covets seeks delights in the Congregation of that which is homogenial to it. The public record what malefactors, what capital offenders have found it their unhallowed sanctuary. . . . They make religion the Indians scorn by working and drinking on the Lord’s Days; on which they made some of them a great canoe; and called it Sunday by the name of the day on which they made it. The Indians say ‘Either they are not English or other English lie in saying there is a Sunday.’”

This curious letter does not appear to have produced the hoped-for effect in England, for the charter of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations was not revoked, and in 1663 the colony was especially honored by receiving from the mother country a flag for its particular use. At that time Benedict Arnold (the elder) was governor of the Providence Plantations, and by his orders the handsome piece of bunting was hoisted over the State-House in Newport, where, as it fluttered in the breeze, it might well be seen by the envious on the main-land who had wished to wrest the power from the colonists who had braved dangers and hardships to live in peace and charity with all men.

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

This flag was treasured for one hundred and thirteen years; it was used on all state occasions from the time of the adoption of the charter, Wednesday, November 24, 1663, until the Declaration of Independence in July, 1776.

During the time the British occupied Newport the Collector of Customs in the Colony, John Wanton, concealed the flag in the garret of his house behind a chimney, where he contrived a brick recess, in which he built some of the family silver, jewelry, and other relies, that were only recovered accidentally after lying hidden and forgotten nearly one hundred years.

Many of the Indians who had sold their ownership of the island of Aquidneck did not desert the soil, but remained and pursued their ordinary life of hunting and fishing. The white people were friendly, and glad to avail themselves of the knowledge of the natives, who understood the use of herbs in sickness and had many cunning arts to ensnare the wild beasts, birds, and fish. There was plenty of hard work to be done in the way of clearing brush, preparing the ground for tillage, besides housework, and there were few hands to do it before the first cargo of negroes came from Africa. At first the Indians were rewarded for driving the wolves from the limits of the little town; then they were employed to clear out the swamps, that were tangled with grape-vines, cat-brier, and whortleberry bushes, for the new-comers found it impossible to cut a path through them. One story is told of a clever red man who agreed to get rid of the tanglewood within twenty-four hours for a uniform coat gayly bedecked with brass buttons. The bargain was made, and the white man was surprised when, instead of clipping and cutting the brushwood, the Indian quietly set it on fire and sat down to watch it burn to ashes. The gaudy coat was reluctantly given to him, and

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

was immediately torn into strips to make a gay fringe for a breech-clout, while the buttons were strung on horsehair for a necklace.

The Newport houses were at first but rough shanties, but as the inhabitants grew wealthy they imported bricks from the Dutch or Puritan colonies for their chimneys. The mills soon turned out fine oak planks for boards, while the smiths made rude but serviceable iron nails. Specimens of these heavy oak beams with the marks of the axe still on them are to be found in the old Newport houses, and probably the one at Price's Neck is one of the oldest and most typical that remains.

The aborigines found on Aquidneck by Brenton, Easton, and their comrades were part of the powerful tribe of the Narragansett Indians who occupied the shores of the bay now bearing their name, together with all the large or small islands in it. There were many subdivisions or families which were part of the tribe, but they were scattered too far apart to meet more than once a year for a grand pow-wow. Each family had its own head man, chief, or sachem, and many of these companies had names of their own that are puzzling to the student, but all owed allegiance to one king, and at his command would band together for purposes of war.

At the time of the arrival of the white man the great chief Canonicus was as fierce and warlike as any of the savages over whom he ruled. Still, he was intelligent and capable of appreciating the superior education of the white men who sought his protection from the despots of their own nation, who had so cruelly thrust out Roger Williams and his friends from their community.

But a short time before the whites wandered to the shores of Narragansett Bay a fierce battle had been fought

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

among the nations, that resulted in unprecedented slaughter, and some epidemic had broken out in the tribe, both of which circumstances had contributed to lessen their numbers and strength. One great struggle had taken place on Aquidneck that had decided the supremacy of Canonicus's tribe and established his power over the scattered companies on the neighboring main-land. Traces of this battle were for many years found on Miantonomi Hill, that was the site of the Indian encampment. But after the struggle was over and the enemy driven from the island the Narragansetts were easily held in check by their chieftains, and devoted themselves to sport, the country being stocked with wild animals that afforded the red men an easy livelihood. So by the time Roger Williams began his settlement at Providence they were eager to acquire civilized arts and live at peace with their fellow-men, whether their complexions were white or red.

The Narragansetts were skilled in various crafts, such as basket-making or converting the sea-shells cast on the shore into the money that they could readily circulate among the inland tribes. With Canonicus and his nephew, Miantonomi, Williams became most friendly, and by treating them as his equals he gained and retained their esteem. He taught them many simple arts, while learning from them the use of herbs or plants that were useful in times of sickness, besides which Williams was always willing to give a fair equivalent when transacting any business with them, and by so doing strengthened the bond between them.

Before the advent of the Europeans the natives had been satisfied with rude weapons, such as flint-tipped arrows or wedge-shaped stone hatchets. Copper from the New Jersey mines was highly prized among them, as it was one of the few metals they were able to make use of, for from this

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

copper they could make pipes and other useful articles. Some of the tribe were skilful workmen, who could fashion earthen vessels, carve stone bracelets, or pierce the eye of the quahaug so that it could be strung on hair and pass for money.

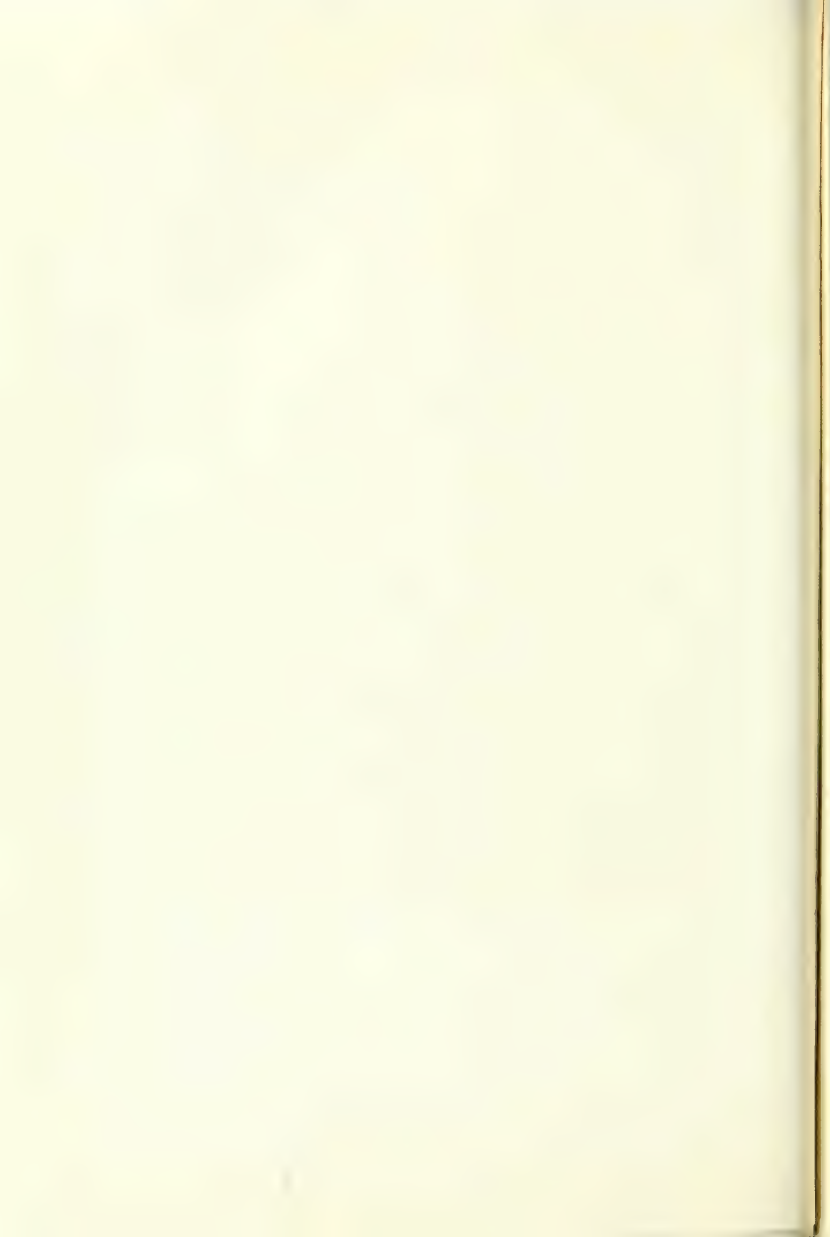
This tribe were great gamblers, and their favorite game was played with a species of dice made out of plum-stones. Neighboring tribes frequently challenged the islanders to take part in competitive games, when great gatherings would take place, and at these festivities numerous sports were indulged in, such as wrestling, shooting at a mark, or foot-ball.

The wigwams were deftly made of birch-bark, that was stretched over long poles set in a circle. The bark was dressed by the squaws, who also decorated their homes with richly embroidered deer-, beaver-, and other skins, or with rush mats made from the reeds that grew plentifully in the marshes, which were woven on primitive looms.

The thrift and enterprise of the first settlers were richly rewarded. Besides the wealthy men who erected handsome houses and created beautiful estates, there were merchants whose ships brought rare cargoes to Newport, there were manufacturers whose factories produced staple articles of great value, there were shopkeepers whose goods came from far and near. The schools of the place were famous, and children were sent to the shores of Newport not only to get instruction, but health. There were flourishing churches of many denominations, and no better satisfied townspeople than those on Narragansett Bay could be found in any part of North America in the middle of the eighteenth century.

About 1769 the town numbered at least eleven thousand souls. Many of the best houses were built along Thames





HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

and Spring Streets, while comfortable homesteads fronted the bay on what is now Washington Street, and a few were dotted on Broad, which is now called Broadway. The State-House, overlooking the Mall, was flanked to the right and left by commodious and historic houses, while quiet little Mary and Clarke Streets held their own in the way of comfortable mansions.

The sugar-refineries for the cane that was shipped in bulk from the West Indies were built close to the wharves. There were no less than seventeen factories for sperm oil and candles that were owned by the Portuguese Jews, who had imported the secrets for refining this article and kept the manufacture of it in their own hands. Ship-chandlers flourished, for the harbor was filled with brigs, barks, brigantines, and other sailing-vessels. There were five ropewalks, one of them stretching down Kay Street from what is now Brinley Street, which takes its name from the owner. There was a regular line of packet-ships running between Newport and London, while the citizens of Aquidneck owned over five hundred vessels that were employed in foreign and domestic commerce.

This thriving community made its own laws, and was entirely self-supporting. The goods imported from foreign countries were luxuries of which they had no absolute need. The spinning-wheels, looms, and knitting-needles of the women supplied clothes, both cotton and woollen; the gardens and farms produced all necessary food; game and fish were abundant, so the colonists were absolutely independent not only in the way of supplies, but also for more material help. They cared little about England, for she was hardly a mother-country to them, even in name. The men with original religious doctrines had been harshly driven from her doors, and the descendants of these outcasts were

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

thriving both bodily and spiritually without her aid. The unhappy Jews who had been received and sheltered in Newport owed no allegiance to Great Britain, who would not have adopted them even had they sought shelter within her gates, so the people of Newport were no more willing to bow their necks to the British yoke than those of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or the other American colonies. The Newport traders resisted manfully the attempt of the English government to interfere with their trade, and refused to pay a tax that was levied unjustly.

During the French and Indian War Newport had been loyal to the cause, and had equipped vessels or supplied troops for the siege of Louisburg, but the fate of the unfortunate inhabitants of Cape Breton was always before them as a warning of what might happen should England turn against the American colonies. Of course, each locality had its private grievance against the English government, and for years the jealousy between the colonies prevented anything like concerted action among them. As time went on, however, it became clear to them that if any good were to be accomplished, they must stand by each other or else consent to accept uncomplainingly the tyranny of the local officials, who were upheld by the home government.

Newport had been settled for over one hundred years, and her prosperity particularly excited the cupidity of the men in power. Countless petty acts of annoyance were condoned in silence by the inhabitants simply because they felt they were too weak to stand alone and resent their injuries. Whenever a British man-of-war entered the harbor, flocks and herds were carried off without the owners being paid for them, and other aggressive deeds were wantonly committed, for which no redress could be obtained either from the officers in command or other authorities. Since

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

insolence was repaid by submission, the English became more intolerant in their demands on the colonists, who finally determined to redress their own wrongs, as the English government so contemptuously dismissed their complaints without attempting to help the innocent parties. The archives are interesting to those students who care to follow step by step the causes that led to the revolt of the American colonies. Among the many incidents that occurred was one that took place in 1765, when the frigates "Squirrel" and "Maidstone," with the schooner "St. John," were stationed in Newport harbor. The people, after repeated annoyances that were silently borne, suddenly turned on their tormentors and burned some of their boats, after there had been a street fight between the mob and the sailors. This proved to the British officers that the temper of the people, once roused, was fierce and revengeful, so the sailors were sent to their ships and some courtesies shown to the authorities, although no punishment of the offenders was attempted on either side and hostilities were for a time suspended.

On May 3, 1768, some of the officers of a British man-of-war lying in Newport harbor behaved with unusual arrogance to the citizens, who had by no means forgotten the lesson they had taught the sailors of the British fleet three years previously, and the Newport people again openly rebelled. The result was a street fight, during which a native by the name of Henry Sparkler was killed by a midshipman named Thomas Careless. This goaded the inhabitants to decisive action, and they called on the Assembly for a special trial, after the coroner's inquest had returned a verdict of wilful murder. But the court weakly acquitted the prisoner, so the only result was that General Gage sent a regiment from New York to Boston that should be on hand in

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

case open rebellion broke out. The general also requested the Admiralty to send a strong naval force, that should be stationed in the North Atlantic, in order to intimidate the inhabitants of the sea-board colonies. Had General Gage ordered a court-martial and inquired into the actions of the English officers and men, much trouble might have been averted; but although he had married Miss Kemble, a descendant of one of the early settlers of New Jersey, where the family owned large tracts of land near Morristown, he was not influenced by his American wife, and showed little sympathy for the colonists in their troubles.

As a result of the one-sided advice received by the Admiralty, within a few months after the despatches had reached England a dozen men-of-war with their tenders filled the harbor of New York, crowded into Gardiner's Bay at the end of Long Island, patrolled Narragansett Bay with vigilance, and sailed menacingly into Boston harbor. In particuilar an armed sloop named "Liberty," commanded by Captain William Reid, annoyed all the craft that were unlucky enough to fall in with her. Her commander made what report he pleased of his actions, and the remonstrances of the colonists fell on unheeding ears. In July, 1769, the "Liberty" boarded two Connecticut vessels and carried them into Newport harbor. The men were accused of smuggling, although there was no proof of this. By no means daunted by the show of armed authority, and anxious to avenge the death of Henry Sparkler, the Newport men picked a quarrel with Captain Reid and seized his vessel, which they grounded and scuttled at the Point. It is claimed that this was the first absolute act of rebellion against British authority, and Newport declares that it was on her shores in 1769 that the shot rang out that first proclaimed freedom to the world.

RESIDENCE OF MR. RICHARD CAMPBELL, BELLEVUE AVENUE,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.



NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

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HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

The authorities offered large rewards for the apprehension and conviction of the Newport men concerned in this enterprise, but although they were well known they were never arrested or convicted.

The English vessels that entered Narragansett Bay this year were the frigate "Arethusa," sloops "Lizard," "Rose," "Mercury," "Swan," "Hind," "Viper," and "Kingfisher," with the schooners "Gaspé," "Beaver," and "Vesper." It is interesting to remember the names of these vessels that did so much toward intimidating our ancestors during the great struggle for freedom. Their commanders were constantly on the alert and always ready to assert their own right to board all craft entering the harbor, although England was at peace with her colonies and there were no aggressions on the water to repress. Resistance on the part of the colonists was futile, and this surveillance fell heavily on the innocent coasters or fishermen, so one by one these pursuits were relinquished and the men turned to farming in inland places where they were unlikely to be pursued by their tormentors. This was a great loss to trade, the merchants grumbled that it was impossible to get boats for local freight, while the housewives complained that few fish were brought to the market.

Although the English government was fully aware of the disaffection of the colonists, it was nevertheless eager to enroll the stalwart young men of Newport on the lists of its army and navy. The situation of the town on the beautiful land-locked sheet of water made it but natural that boys and men should be early acquainted with the management of boats, so it followed that they were well qualified by their youthful pursuits to become able seamen and most desirable for recruits in the English navy. The farmers' boys were also stalwart, hardy youngsters, so it was determined to

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

entice as many as possible to enter one branch or other of the service. For this purpose the Twenty-ninth Regiment was stationed at Fort George, in Newport harbor, which was used as a recruiting station, for this regiment had a particularly showy uniform that it was thought would attract Yankee Doodle. But notwithstanding the glittering buttons and gay hues of the king's livery, very few men were induced to join. Tempting offers were held out, bribes and even threats resorted to, but in vain, until the British officers became alive to the fact thrust home to them in this and other ways, that disaffection to the government was prevalent in every rank of society, and that they were personally disliked and distrusted. The local opposition to authority was growing in every colony, and little Rhode Island was particularly defiant and independent. The Assemblies were generally loyal, but this was owing to the fact that a strong hand was kept on them by the colonial governors, who were in most cases Englishmen who, having no personal interest in the welfare of the communities they had been despatched to govern, turned a deaf ear to the wishes of the people.

Rhode Island did not tamely submit to oppression, and since the representatives of the people cringed to the demands of the governor, the merchants took the matter in hand, fearing that unless some strong action was taken their trade would be ruined by heavy taxes and unjust imposts; so they entered into the noted non-importation agreement, which was boldly signed by men of mark in all of the principal cities connected with foreign traffic. It is true that many men who publicly signed this agreement broke it in secret whenever they could do so with impunity, but their fellow-signers took measures for reprisal as soon as their renegade acts were discovered.

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

In 1772 David Hill, of Rhode Island, was detected selling goods that were prohibited by this non-importation agreement, upon which an armed mob broke into his warehouse and destroyed all his property. Hill appealed to the law for protection and redress, and while the trial was in progress the Admiral of the fleet sent his Majesty's sloop of war "Beaver" and the "Gaspé," a tender of eight guns, to patrol Narragansett Bay. The colonists knew quite well that these vessels had been stationed near the harbor to intimidate them under the pretence of enforcing the revenue laws, although almost all foreign or intercolonial commerce had been driven from Providence and Newport. But now the peaceful farmers on the shore and the few fishermen and oystermen quietly following their work in the harbor were subjected to daily annoyances.

In particular the commander of the "Gaspé," Lieutenant William Duddingston, exercised every molestation he could invent. He was a petty tyrant who took pleasure in using his power to disquiet his helpless victims. Day after day the boats of the fishermen were stopped and searched, although they contained no freight more menacing to the British flag than an active lobster or a snapping turtle, and it was impossible for the boats to have held communication with even the opposite shore without permission of Lieutenant Duddingston, whose vessel was always prowling about the harbor. The fields and orchards of the farmers were openly robbed and their stockyards and poultry-pens made to contribute to the larder of the English commander, who was supposed by the government to be protecting the rights of an infant colony dependent on a mother-country. But Duddingston was rapacious and seized everything within his grasp. From time to time he sent to Boston any freight he had captured that was too bulky or inconvenient

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

for him to dispose of to his own advantage. This was contrary to an act of Parliament, that required confiscated goods to be exhibited before the government of the State in which the seizure was made. But compliance with the law would not have suited the commander, who boasted that the rulers in Boston would not examine too closely into the quality or quantity of the goods turned over to them, whereas the local government would have been easily reached by the owners, who could have proved, first, that the goods had been unjustly seized, and secondly, that but a small portion had been turned into the public stores while the greater part of it had been appropriated for private uses. Enough, however, was sent by Duddingston to Boston to make the authorities there repose confidence in their active representative, although they were well aware that he was acting contrary to law by sending them the goods instead of sending them to the authorities of the colony of Rhode Island.

It is hardly singular under these circumstances that complaints were unheeded and no steps taken to protect the defenceless colonists, whose anger smouldered for many months until the Newport and Providence people became so exasperated by these arbitrary acts, that had so seriously interfered with their commerce for over a year, that they roused Governor Wanton to take their part. On March 21, 1772, the high sheriff was sent on board of the "Gaspé" with a letter from the governor of Rhode Island to Lieutenant Duddingston, requiring him to produce his authority for the repeated acts of violence with which he was charged, proofs of which had been laid before the colonial government.

The British officer returned an insulting reply to Governor Wanton by a junior officer, while at the same time he

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

enclosed the correspondence to Admiral Montagu at Boston, quite sure of being supported in his actions by that officer, who at once took sides with his subordinate against the colonial government, and threatened that, in case Lieutenant Duddingston met with any resistance when boarding a suspected vessel, the crew should be hanged from the yard-arm without further trial.

A spirited paper fight now began between the king's admiral stationed in America and the governor of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. Both parties forwarded the correspondence to the home government, and pending its decision the war of words went on merrily between the two officials, while Duddingston continued to molest the peaceful fishermen of Narragansett Bay, who were slowly and deliberately rousing themselves to take active reprisals, dangerous as it was to revenge themselves on the representatives of King George, even when they were acting contrary to law and on their own responsibility, but the natives had at last gained the sympathy of the local authorities.

Encouraged by the letter of the admiral, Duddingston continued to board all the vessels in the bay, secure in the belief that annoyance and even violence would be sanctioned, while he calmly wrote to Admiral Montagu acknowledging that he was knowingly violating the law when he despatched a captured schooner under guard to Boston and not to Newport, as should have been done. Duddingston wrote, excusing his action on the ground that the authorities in the former place would sustain his action, while those in Newport would have wrested the prize from him as being illegally detained. While this correspondence was being exchanged between Lieutenant Duddingston and his commanding officer the former continued active hostilities.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Duddingston was a bully who took every advantage of his position to annoy those who could not defend themselves, but it is said that on more than one occasion he met with determined resistance when he boarded vessels, and he was forced to sheer off without accomplishing his purpose, and that these repulses were not acknowledged to his superiors.

On June 8, 1772, a vessel from New York reported at the Newport custom-house, receiving her papers from the king's representative and sailing for Providence the following day, where she arrived early in the evening; but she had narrowly escaped capture by the "Gaspé," whose commander had determined on showing his authority and taking the "Hannah" as a prize, entirely ignoring the fact that she was protected by papers from legal authorities.

The "Hannah" was commanded by Captain Linzee, or Lindsay, a sailor who was well acquainted with the bay of Narragansett, and who, when ordered by Duddingston to heave to and be examined, crowded on all sail and, winding through some narrow passages too intricate for the "Gaspé" to follow, except with a competent pilot, made her escape. Lieutenant Duddingston chased the "Hannah" blindly, since he was overconfident of his own knowledge of the shoals and rocks in the bay, and when on the point, as he thought, of overhauling the American schooner he ran the "Gaspé" aground near Pawtuxet, on a spot then called Nanicut, but which has been renamed Gaspé Point, in commemoration of the destruction of the British vessel.

The tide was falling, and Duddingston saw no prospect of getting off the rocks for many hours. The vessel lay easy, and was uninjured, so that the next high tide would float her. The lieutenant was exasperated at having his prey slip through his fingers, but never considered the help-

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

less and critical condition he was in, for he could not imagine that the colonists would dare revenge themselves on one of his Majesty's officers or injure a sloop of war. After a hearty supper the commander and crew calmly went to bed to wait until a favorable tide in the morning should float them off, leaving but one man on watch.

The helpless crew and vessel offered an unparalleled opportunity to the enraged Americans that was too favorable and tempting to be neglected. On reaching port the captain of the "Hannah" reported the plight of the "Gaspé," when a well-known citizen mounted the portico over his door and addressed a mob, who had been summoned by fife-and-drum call to meet by moonlight. Greatly excited, between thirty and forty determined men gathered after the speech that urged "all stout hearts to assemble on a wharf near the town," where plans were rapidly matured and details quickly arranged; so by ten o'clock that evening eight long boats were filled with sixty-four stalwart men commanded by Abraham Whipple.

Very few weapons were taken, for the colonists had no regular arms. Some of them had rusty guns loaded with bird-shot, but the boats were loaded with round stones hastily gathered from the beach, and with this armament against the guns and practised crew of a British war-vessel the boats shoved from the shore.

After a steady pull with muffled oars of more than two hours, they reached the stranded "Gaspé," and early in the morning of June 10, 1772, the Americans began an attack that is memorable for all time as the first resistance to the British navy in the North American Colonies. Inferior in number and almost without arms, these hardy fishermen intrepidly attacked the English vessel. As the boats pulled alongside they were hailed by the watch on deck. He was

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

greeted with a volley of stones that drove him below, while the fishermen boarded the sloop. Roused from sleep and undressed, Lieutenant Duddingston rushed on deck, but was instantly fired at and severely wounded. The American party then overcame the crew and drove them as prisoners into the boats. The "Gaspé" was set on fire, the flames of which were seen at Pomfret, on the northern borders of Connecticut, and as far south as Newport, proclaiming that liberty had lighted a torch, the flame of which should never be extinguished.

Fenimore Cooper, in his naval history, says, "Although this affair led to no immediate results, it doubtless had its influence in widening the breach between the opposing parties, and it is worthy of remark that it was the first blood that flowed in a struggle for American independence; the whole transaction being as direct a resistance to oppression as the subsequent and better-known fight at Lexington."

The British officer and crew having been captured by these citizens and overcome by a handful of stones, were carried to the main-land, to offer what excuses they could to their superior officers. But such an open act of rebellion could not be overlooked by the authorities, so Governor Wanton offered one hundred pounds for the capture or conviction of the law-breakers. Not a man had been disguised, and they were generally known to be among the prominent men of Bristol and Providence, but they were not betrayed to justice.

During this time Duddingston was being served with writs on account of the many illegal seizures he had made of goods and vessels while he commanded the "Gaspé" in Narragansett Bay, for the owners hoped that the law-courts of their own colony could protect them even in defiance of

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

the oppressive naval officers who were acting by might but not by right. This appeal to the legal authorities increased the breach between the colonists and the navy, with the result that many petty annoyances ensued.

The home government took up the question, but their point of view was the destruction of their vessel, and not the aggressive acts of its commander. Duddingston was ordered to report in England, where he was court-martialled and—would it be credited—honorably acquitted, although he had run his own boat ashore in broad daylight in the well-charted harbor of Narragansett Bay, and had afterwards surrendered to some undisciplined men armed with no more mischievous weapons than cobble-stones.

The grievances of the colonists and the circumstances that had led to the burning of the “Gaspé” were treated as matters of no consequence and ignored by the home office, beyond a commission that was issued to several officials stationed in America in different colonies, who were commanded to meet at Newport to investigate the affair, but with few powers. These gentlemen assembled in January, 1773, and, as a preliminary movement, summoned Admiral Montagu to appear before them. This he would not condescend to do, hampering the investigation in every possible way, by preventing the men under his command from testifying.

The court had nothing to do but adjourn for four months, but proceedings were resumed in June. By this time the admiral had reported to his superiors in England, when the Admiralty excused him and his subordinates from appearing before the commissioners appointed by their sister, the Home Office stating that although the commissioners had been authorized to hold the investigation by the Lords of Trade, the latter had no authority to call an

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

admiral in his Majesty's service to appear before them as a witness. Relieved of responsibility in this way, Admiral Montagu deputed one of his captains, named Keeler, to represent him. This naval gentleman had a writ out against him, therefore he was afraid to venture into Newport, where he would have been arrested, so in consequence he ordered a junior officer to appear in his place. During part of the investigation it was proved that a negro by the name of Aaron, who was the only person who offered to testify against the Americans, had been carried to a lonely place by some English sailors and tortured into making a confession, and it was also proved that he was absent on the night that the "Gaspé" was burned; therefore he had no personal knowledge of the men engaged in the expedition. So as this testimony was worthless, and none other forthcoming with respect to the culprits, but a great deal against Lieutenant Duddingston, the commissioners, after sitting three weeks in Newport weighing both sides of the case, prepared a statement which was forwarded to the Lords of Trade, in which Duddingston's arbitrary and tyrannical conduct was rehearsed, while the wrongs of the colonists were clearly set forth.

Besides this, Chief Justice Horsmanden wrote a personal letter to the Earl of Dartmouth, a copy of which is among the colonial documents of New York. It was dated February 20, 1773, and says, "Captain Duddingston had been plying upon his business in the Narragansett River for some time. He had not communicated his commission to the governor on his arrival, as Mr. Wanton informed us; Mr. Duddingston has made several seizures of prohibited goods on that station, and, on seizing their traffic, might probably have treated the boatmen with severity, roughness, and scurrillous language, by which the people of that place

HISTORY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

might be provoked to this daring insult and resentment; and not knowing Duddingston bore the king's commission of what he had done, they, as they gave out, looked upon him as a pirate and treated him as such. For, as the governor informed us, upon complaint of his abuses, as they pretended, he expostulated with Mr. Duddingston and demanded he would satisfy him as to the commission upon which he acted, which at length he did. My sentiments upon the whole 'Gaspé' affair are that this daring insult was committed by a number of bold, daring, rash, enterprising sailors collected suddenly from the neighborhood, who banded themselves together upon this bold enterprise, but by whom stimulated for the purpose I cannot conjecture. They cunningly calculated the attack at a time of night under the 'Gaspé's' disadvantage, aground, when it was probable the crew would be below deck and asleep, as was the case, only one sentry on deck, and thus by surprise easily boarded and plundered her."

Notwithstanding these representations, no steps toward redressing the wrongs of the colonists were taken. John Wesley preached a sermon about this time, in which he said the American rebellion must in a great part be traced to the Puritanical origin of the New England States. He might better have said, to the tyrannical conduct of English officials.

Had this courageous enterprise taken place in another locality, it would probably have been sung in verse, song, and history, but it is not too late to mark it and commemorate it, so that it shall be forever remembered as one of the first blows struck for freedom in America.

The conflict thus begun continued quietly, but with spirit. Little Rhode Island made arrangements to join a federacy with Virginia and Massachusetts, a government movement

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

that was the outcome of concerted action by the inhabitants, who had discovered the power of confederation. Other colonies became interested in the movement, since all had wrongs of their own to redress.

It was about this time that Admiral Montagu complained to his superiors that his flag was not properly saluted when he visited Newport, whose citizens were so enraged at his contemptuous treatment of the court of inquiry that had been held there that they refused to notice the admiral's signal. Besides this grievance against the admiral, the citizens were indignant with nearly every one of the officers of the fleet, who had got into trouble with the fishermen and farmers by their tyrannical treatment of them, while the tradesmen had taken legal steps to get their bills paid. In particular, Captain Keeler, of the "Mercury," the next in command to Admiral Montagu, was practically a prisoner on his own vessel, since he did not dare land in Newport on account of the writs that were out against him.

But Captain Keeler soon revenged himself by seizing in Newport harbor, March, 1773, an American vessel called the "Spywood," from the West Indies on her way north in Narragansett Bay. The cargo of this ship had been formally entered at the custom-house in Newport, and she had been permitted by the authorities to sail for Providence. When this vessel was seized the indignation of the people was roused, but they submitted quietly, and only nursed their wrath.



H. G. C. del.
"His Excellency's Office"
H. D. Am. sculp.

ON THE VERGE OF THE REVOLUTION



MATTERS moved rapidly after the burning of the "Gaspé," for repeated annoyances and tyrannical actions on the part of the British officers forced citizens of Newport to hold frequent meetings to determine what steps to take to protect their own interests. The increased taxes

also fell heavily on the people, who, when they could not refuse to pay the impost on imported articles, quietly determined not to indulge in them. For this reason paper (which was highly taxed) became scarce and little used, and the first meeting to resent the introduction of tea into the Rhode Island Colony was held at Newport in the court-house on January, 1774. What is known as the Boston tea-party, when a cargo of tea was thrown into the harbor, took place on the 16th of December, 1773, only a few weeks previously. The citizens of New York had ordered the ships having cargoes of tea out of the harbor as early as April 18, 1764, when the "Nancy," Captain Lockyer, reached the port,

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

and on the 22d of April, 1764, a number of men boarded the "London," Captain Chambers, forced open the hatches, hoisted eighteen chests of tea on deck, broke open the lids, and emptied the contents into the river. The cargo of the "Peggy Stewart," at Baltimore, was treated the same way at about this date, showing the determined spirit of the men of the other colonies, that was imitated ten years afterwards by Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

As early as the 12th of June, 1769, twenty-nine young ladies of Providence met under the sycamores at the Roger Williams spring, and there resolved not to drink any more tea. They then adjourned to the house of Miss Coddington, the daughter of Governor William Coddington, one of the founders of Newport, where they partook of a frugal repast, "composed in part of the delicious Hyperion," a tea of domestic manufacture.

A letter from Newport, published in a New York paper, January, 1768, says that "Hyperion" was the dried leaves of the raspberry, and was extensively used throughout the colonies in place of the Chinese herb. Although the women were doing their utmost to help their husbands, fathers, and brothers to resist the tyrannical oppression of England, it was soon apparent that concerted action among the colonies must be agreed upon if any permanent redress was to be obtained.

At first the local assemblies passed resolutions or laws, that were promptly vetoed by the governors of the colonies who had been appointed by the king, such as Virginia, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and New York. Connecticut's governor had been elected by the people, and was Thomas Fitch, the father of the famous Thomas who was the original Yankee Doodle. Rhode Island was the proud possessor of a charter under which she appointed her own

ON THE VERGE OF THE REVOLUTION

governor, but he was strongly suspected of having Tory sentiments.

Still, the Assembly was sufficiently strong to take active measures in Rhode Island, and ordered Fort George, in Newport harbor, to be hastily repaired. The platforms for guns were replaced, the stores examined and renewed, while the local militiamen were drilled in military duties.

The Newport Light Infantry was granted a charter by the General Assembly on October 26, 1774, rather to the disgust of the military men and naval officers who were stationed in the vicinity, for they had been unable to recruit one man for his Majesty's service, and although scornful of the clumsy tactics of the native train-band, the British officers could not but be dismayed at the warlike attitude of Rhode Island, and Newport in particular, for it pointed to an armed resistance to their authority that Englishmen always deplore.

Of course, the fortification of Fort George and the arming of a trained body of men by a local authority could not be lightly passed over. Accordingly another British war-vessel was sent to the harbor of Newport in November, 1774. She was the "Rose," Captain Sir James Wallace, an officer who proved to be as aggressive toward the local sailors as Duddingston had been when he patrolled Narragansett Bay in the "Gaspé." Private stores and provisions were seized as contraband goods, although they should have been protected by the papers carried by the captains of the ships, which, however, were wantonly disregarded. Pleasure-craft or fishermen's boats were overhauled and their innocent owners subjected to inconvenience, if not to indignity. Annoyances were heaped on inoffensive people that were futilely resented at the time, but they added to the long list of injuries laid against the arrogant English officials, and

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

helped to sap the already weakened foundations of the bridge of unity between England and the American colonies.

Lossing, in his "Pictorial Field-Book," declares that "Wallace was a commissioned pirate in Narragansett Bay, and for a month revelled in the wanton destruction of property. Every American vessel that entered Newport harbor was captured and sent to Boston. He burned and plundered the dwellings and desolated the farms. It was the same Wallace who afterwards destroyed Esopus on the Hudson River, October 13, 1777." This was a strange policy to pursue, for the British fleet was ostensibly sent to America to protect the colonies from foreign invasion, and they were taxed heavily to support a fleet and army that was only used to rob and insult the populace that supported them.

In fact, Rhode Island owed nothing to Great Britain or her rulers. The first settlers had not been despatched to colonize a new country under the protection of the English flag and create an offshoot of that country in the new world. They had abandoned their native shores to make for themselves independent new homes under better and more liberal conditions. From private funds they had honestly purchased the land from the Indians, and had formed a wise protective government for their colony. The men of Rhode Island had no debts to pay to Great Britain, but its rulers ignored this fact and continued to oppress the colonists, while condemning them for disloyalty to a government in which they had no part and from which they had received no bounty.

The British rulers blindly blundered on, ignoring the fact that the tie binding all the colonies to them was but a slender one. Were the Dutch of New York, who were still smarting over the change in their name, likely to forget that



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ON THE VERGE OF THE REVOLUTION

their populous settlement had been stolen to gratify the rapacity of the Duke of York, who, as Lord High Admiral of England, ordered a fleet to capture the colony? New Amsterdam had welcomed men of every country and diverse creeds. There were not only Dutchmen in the colony, but Huguenots from France, Scotchmen who believed that the Stuarts were the rightful claimants to the throne of England, and would gladly have seen the house of Hanover driven from it, and men from Germany, Spain, or other countries, while there were not half a dozen influential men of English birth in the colony. Was it then probable that New York would tamely submit to oppression any more than rebellious Connecticut, independent New Jersey and Pennsylvania, harassed Virginia, and the other more English colonies?

It seems incredible that the men in the English government should have pushed their country so blindly to its fate. The documents filed in the Colonial Office and still preserved show that complaints were properly forwarded to the home office, and their contents must have been known to some of those in power. It was not Rhode Island alone that was calling out for justice, but at the time a little leniency, a few concessions, a wise adjustment of harsh measures, or a just government at the crucial moment, and the United States of America would never have existed, and we should be loyal subjects of Edward VII. at this day. But—

“ See the justice of Heaven, America cries,
George loses his senses, North loses his eyes,
But, before they attacked her 'twas easy to find
That the Monarch was mad and the Minister blind.”

It is well known that when the Stamp Act was being discussed in Parliament Pitt opposed it. Charles Town-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

send, the cousin of Horace Walpole, had much at stake, and vehemently upheld the measure in a violent speech, saying, "These Americans are our own children, planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence. Will they now turn their backs upon us and grudge to contribute their mite to relieve us from the heavy load which overwhelms us?"

To this Colonel Barré replied, "Planted by your care? No! Your oppression planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny into a then uncultivated land, where they were exposed to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable; . . . and yet actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all these hardships with pleasure compared with those they suffered in their own country from the hands of those who should have been their friends."

The night after the Stamp Act passed, Benjamin Franklin, who was then in London, wrote to Charles Thompson, afterwards the secretary of the Continental Congress, saying, "The sun of liberty is set; the Americans must light the lamps of industry and economy." To which Thompson quickly replied, "Be assured we shall light torches quite of another sort."

In December, 1774, Newport became alarmed for the safety of its military stores at Fort George, that was the property of the colony and not of the British government. There were too many of his Majesty's ships hovering about the harbor, and it was feared that by their aggressions they might force the colony into open rebellion by seizing the cannon, ammunition, and stores of the Provincial government, so this body resolved to remove it to Providence and place it there in charge of Colonel Nightingale, one of their own officers.

ON THE VERGE OF THE REVOLUTION

The English officers demanded an explanation for this movement, but were bluntly told by Governor Wanton that it was done to prevent the property from falling into their hands, and that the guns thus removed would be used promptly against any enemy of the colony. If this was not rank rebellion, what was? Newport was in truth one of the cradles of liberty, and her action in defiantly dismantling Fort George was rapidly communicated to the rebellious subjects of England in other parts of America, giving them fresh courage and inciting them to take similar steps on their own behalf.

On the evening of December 14, 1774, a mob collected in Newport, and there was a conflict between it and the officers of the custom-house, which, however, was soon quelled by the town authorities; but one defeat did not prevent frequent minor frays between the representatives of the English government and the men who were so oppressed by the new and severe custom-house regulations.

The mob also decided that tea must be neither publicly nor privately sold, so when a few venturesome tradesmen displayed signs advertising the forbidden article, these were carried off by the mob and burned as soon as they were displayed.

The news of the fight at Lexington on April 19, 1775, reached Newport with incredible rapidity, and "an army of observation" was raised at once in spite of the remonstrance of the governor, who was seriously alarmed at such an open act of rebellion in his little colony. Joseph Wanton had been re-elected governor for the seventh time, but the Legislature now suspended him and empowered Henry Ward to sign all commissions, and deputed the lieutenant-governor to convene the Assembly.

The brigade of Rhode Island and Providence Planta-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

tions was placed under the command of Nathaniel Greene, of Warwick,—

“ . . . that Quaker brave
His anvil unto freedom gave,
And made that anvil loudly ring
With giant blows and stalwart swing;
And every time he struck his forge,
Vowed vengeance to the tyrant George.
What did his patriot mother say,
When from his home he turned away?
' Nat, if thou tak'st the battle's track,
Let not a shot assail thy back! ' ”

One regiment of the Rhode Island brigade was composed entirely of Newport men, with Thomas Church as colonel. From that moment the Rhode Island men were active in the field, and could always be relied on in action. Some of them assisted in the masterly retreat after the battle of Long Island, when many oarsmen were required to ferry General Washington's army rapidly across the strong current of the East River to New York. It was a Rhode Island man who so nearly captured the “ Vulture ” in the Hudson River after the battle of Harlem Heights. Men from this little State rowed the commander-in-chief across the Delaware that icy December night when the Hessian regiments were caught carousing and soundly beaten at Trenton.

General Washington once complained that the Rhode Island line gave him more trouble than any men in his army, to which Colonel Olney made the laconic but characteristic reply, “ That is precisely what the enemy say. ”

The regiments from this State figured in nearly every important battle during the Revolution. Over four thousand of Newport's youngest men took service in the American navy as soon as the Continental Congress formed one,

ON THE VERGE OF THE REVOLUTION

Newport alone contributing more men than any other port on the continent except Boston, while twenty of these picked men were promoted to be captains in the infant fleet.

On June 14, 1775, the deputy-governor wrote to Captain Sir James Wallace, who was then stationed in Narragansett Bay, demanding why he annoyed the peaceful ships sailing to and fro, and why a particular sloop—naming it—had been seized by the commander of the “Rose”? This led to a sharp correspondence between the governor and Sir James, and a still more celebrated exchange of letters between the English captain and the American, who was Abraham Whipple, the gallant seaman who was known to have led the attack on the “Gaspé,” although no legal evidence could be obtained against him. This fact had provoked the British officer, who was keen to seize an opportunity of avenging the insult to the flag, so he wrote,—

“ You Abraham Whipple, on the 10th day of June, 1772, burned his Majesty’s vessel the ‘Gaspé,’ and I will hang you at the yard-arm.

“ JAMES WALLACE.”

The answer was short but pointed, and was as follows:

“ TO SIR JAMES WALLACE:

“ SIR,—Always catch a man before you hang him.

“ ABM. WHIPPLE.”

The English perverted this answer, declaring that a well-known proverb, “ First catch your hare,” was found in Mrs. Glasser’s cooking-book. Truth to tell, no such expression is in the book, but the original was the defiant words of Abraham Whipple. This was bad enough, and the blunt humor was not appreciated by Sir James, and matters were made worse a few days after these letters were exchanged, when Whipple chased the tender of the “ Rose,” forcing her to run ashore on the rocks at Conanicut Island.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

where she was easily captured by the Americans. Mr. Samuel Greene Arnold, in his "History of Rhode Island," claims for "Abraham Whipple the honor of firing the first gun of the Revolution upon the water when the 'Gaspé' was captured, June 10, 1772," and declares that the conflict of June 15, 1775, "settled the ability of provincial cruisers to cope with those of the crown," and was the "initial effort of what is now the navy of the United States." Newport therefore has the proud distinction of having witnessed the first fight in American waters between the British and colonial ships.

From this date Captain Sir James Wallace was active in harassing every vessel that sought entry into Narragansett Bay. He soon captured five ships, which he escorted into Newport harbor, greatly to the wrath of the townspeople, who watched eagerly for an opportunity of avenging themselves. Unluckily for the British captain, he was lured into chasing a smart coaster that was openly running the blockade. The "Rose," commanded by Wallace, and the "Swan," her tender, at once pursued the fugitive, that sped before the wind with all sails set. Here was the long-sought chance. The enemy were absent, so the citizens of Newport quietly boarded the five captive vessels that Sir James had, as he supposed, left safely guarded and carried them off. They were quickly repainted and altered in such a way that they were not easily identified, so when the "Rose" returned to Newport her wrathful commander tried vainly to discover his prizes, but was forced to content himself with fierce threats against the people of Newport.

The battle of Bunker Hill, on June 17, 1775, the very day before the release of the captured ships in Newport harbor, roused all of the colonies into active rebellion. By this time each separate province had fully realized that

VIEW OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON FROM THE DECK OF THE U.S.S. ALBATROSS



ON THE VERGE OF THE REVOLUTION

their strength lay in casting aside local differences of race and religion, to band together against the common enemy, so troops were rapidly despatched to the aid of Boston from all the principal colonies, and none went more quickly to the front than those of Rhode Island.

It was futile to think of defending the scattered farm-houses that lay in such exposed situations as did those on Narragansett Bay, while as for Newport, it lay so directly under the guns of the British men-of-war that were patrolling the waters that the women and children took refuge in inland towns, while the sons of Aquidneck abandoned their homes and marched cheerfully to join the Continental army, hoping that by throwing in their fortunes with the rest that this concerted action would bring independence to all.

A large number of Rhode Island men were Friends, or Quakers, whose tenets forbade them to carry arms, but these aided their countrymen by turning teamsters and carting provisions or assisting in other ways that did not entail actual combat; but the story is told of one Friend in Newport who, when he heard the news of the battle of Lexington, threw off his drab coat, saying, "Friend, lie there," turned up his broad-brimmed hat with a cockade, seized a musket, and marched off with his fellow-townsmen.

Owing to its exposed situation, Fort George was abandoned, but while the citizens ostensibly left their harbor unprotected, they privately established signal-stations at Tower Hill and many other points of vantage, where a patrol was kept always on watch, so it might warn the inhabitants of the approach of a great naval force or any threatening attempt on the part of the enemy, in order that the people of Newport could prepare for defence or flight as they felt inclined. Women, young boys, and Quakers were employed in this service.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

The beacons set up by the colonists became the means of communication all over the country. They were not only useful on the seaboard, but served to give notice of many a sortie of the enemy, since the movements of an armed force could be signalled by the fires that blazed from a hill-top, to be answered far and near. There was a regular net-work of these beacons, with sentinels to watch and fire them, who became expert in flashing their news from one to the other.

The pile of brushwood that was burnt on top of Beacon Hill on the old Hammersmith farm overlooking the ocean entrance and harbor of Newport, or at Tomony Hill, was answered at Providence. These lights could be seen as far inland as Pomfret, Connecticut, from which place the bon-fires were visible either to the east, on Dorchester Heights, or west at Danbury, Connecticut. The beacon at the latter place communicated with stations on Long Island Sound, and circled back to Montauk Point, as Whittier says,—

“ Leagues North, as fly the gull and auk,
Point Judith watches with eye of hawk.
Leagues South thy beacon flames Montauk.”

The light on Beacon Hill was only one of the chain that extended as far as the Berkshire Hills, and from there to the Hudson River.

Back of the Catskill Mountains can still be traced the Indian trail to the Delaware River, and sentinels were stationed on many of the hills along this route. The Berkshire Hills communicated with the Shawmut Mountains north of West Point, from which the fiery signals could be sent to Crow's Nest in the Highlands, where one of the principal beacons was placed. This light could be seen on the Palisades to the south, and was from there flashed to New York,

ON THE VERGE OF THE REVOLUTION

as well as far into New Jersey, where at Summit began another line of beacons.

This great chain of fire once systematized and the signals agreed upon, they proved to be of the greatest service to the country people and also to the Colonial troops, for warnings could be sent from Philadelphia to Boston *via* New Jersey, New York, and Connecticut, with incredible rapidity, or duplicated along Long Island, through Montauk, Point Judith, and Newport, and they proved to be a valuable if crude means of rapid communication; therefore from the beginning of the Revolution to the end of the war they were in constant use.

The inhabitants of Newport were now few in number. The merchants had fled to other ports, some non-combatants, like the Quakers or Tories, remained with a handful of women, who bravely determined to protect their homes if possible, but there were still some patriots left who refused submission to the naval officers in the harbor, and were as rebellious as they dared to be with the armed vessels of the enemy always before their doors ready to destroy the town with or without a pretext. On July 20, 1775, Sir James Wallace concluded to frighten them into submission, as they had again defied his authority by concealing some deserters. For this purpose the guns of the fleet were trained on Newport, while the women and children were ordered to leave the town. Every preparation was ostensibly made for firing the place unless the culprits were handed over to the enemy, when it was discovered that one or two of the women of the town had been the people who had sheltered and aided the escaping sailors, and these females openly defied Sir James to do his worst, saying they "despised his threats." Since it had become a war with Amazons, Sir James blustered for a couple of days,

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

and then, thinking the inhabitants were sufficiently cowed by the fright he had given them, he ordered his fleet off on a cruise.

By this time the farmers on the shores of Narragansett Bay had realized there was no safety for their herds or flocks if close enough to the water to be captured by the fleet of the enemy, so all the live-stock belonging to the Newport people was conveyed from Prudence, Goat, Rose, and other islands near the harbor to secret places until it could be driven to the army, for the Americans preferred to feed their own troops to providing food for the enemy.

Active measures began also to be taken by the local government, so one of the first acts of the Assembly, which convened the end of August, was to arrange for the manufacture of saltpetre and the casting of eight field-pieces. It was also enacted that pilots should be forbidden to convey the ships of the enemy into Narragansett Bay. Two gun-boats, named the "Washington" and the "Spitfire," were armed and commissioned. Rhode Island was the first to demand a national navy, although it was not the only port in which spirited conflicts had taken place with the enemy.

The people of Newport had too hastily congratulated themselves on the departure of Sir James Wallace, and their consternation was great when he returned and demanded supplies for his fleet. But the islands had been cleared of the stock and there was but little provision left in the town, so early in October he again threatened to burn Newport if the townspeople did not comply with his demands.

The alarm was great, the beacon fires were lighted, and messengers sent to all the neighboring towns for help. Six hundred men from Providence marched at once to defend the hapless town, while the greater part of the inhabitants

ON THE VERGE OF THE REVOLUTION

who had ventured to linger now fled, many of them never to return to their homes.

It was at the time of the autumn storms that always sweep across Newport with great violence, and one of these hurricanes burst over the heads of the fugitives as they hurried toward Tiverton for shelter. Many of the carts that were loaded with furniture and valuables, or with helpless invalids, women, and children, were overturned and their contents strewn by the roadside, to be soaked by the rain which fell in torrents. The elements seemed to persecute the unfortunate people of Newport, leaving them not even a reminiscence of their once prosperous, happy homes.

This was a crucial moment for Newport, deserted as it was by its hapless people and abandoned to the enemy, who suddenly realized that his rapacious demands had only served to depopulate the town, while, by driving away the people who had formerly satisfied his wants, he had done himself nothing but injury. Under these circumstances Sir James became alarmed in his turn, for Newport had been a fruitful base of supplies, and, realizing that it was unwise to destroy the place, he tried to allay the fright he had caused by telling those people who were left that if they would send him the provisions required for the fleet he would not burn the town.

But the promises made by the British officer were made in vain. Too well the unfortunate townsmen knew that they were "written in water," so, heedless of his protestations, his demands, or his baits, the exodus continued until all the principal persons had deserted their homes, and none but those too poor or improvident to leave now remained in the place.

Finding that Newport was deserted, Wallace abandoned his designs upon it and sailed for Bristol, which he harried

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

in its turn, provisioned his fleet, and returned to the harbor of Newport. Since the farmers and tradespeople of Aquidneck had for so long a time been robbed by the British fleet, there was naturally great distress among them, so much so that the assembly was forced to appropriate two hundred pounds to relieve the immediate want of the refugees who had flocked to Providence and other more inland towns for protection, and where they found themselves completely destitute. November 9, 1775, saw another naval action off Newport between some Providence blockade-runners and the British war-vessels that had been left on guard. After a sharp encounter the latter returned to the harbor without gaining a victory, while the American ships escaped to sea.

A couple of months after this encounter the seamen from the fleet were landed at Conanicut, where they burned many of the buildings of the hapless people and carried off the live-stock. This attack on the farmers again alarmed the destitute people in Newport. There were two hundred poor helpless creatures stranded in the town, with no means of support and no way of escape. Providence County now came forward and liberally offered to harbor them, so they were thankfully despatched by the authorities. Now the factories of Newport were silent, the great warehouses empty, all commerce had ceased, and the town seemed about to be abandoned forever to the gulls, the fish-hawks, and the cormorant of the sea, as Sir James Wallace was called.



NEWPORT DURING THE WAR



SINCE the British fleet had abandoned Newport and her inhabitants, whose trade had been driven away, it looked as if finis was written against the history of the town, but a reincarnation was now to take place. The colonial government had

no intention of deserting such an important situation, so as soon as the British left, General Lee, with a strong force, marched into the town, on Christmas-day, 1775, which he at once began to fortify. Nor were the British idle when they learned through their spies that the inhabitants had fled and an armed force had taken their place. The fleet suddenly returned, and a sharp conflict took place on Prudence Island, January 12, 1776, between the Americans and the British sailors, when the enemy were driven to their ships with a loss of fourteen killed, while only four men were killed on the colonial side and one taken prisoner.

Within the month another descent was made on Prudence Island, which after that was entirely abandoned by the inhabitants, who were as thoroughly intimidated and defenceless as their neighbors in Newport had been.

On April 6, 1776, the British fleet anchored a mile above Newport, close to the shore, where there was a good spring

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

of water, intending to fill the tanks of the ships, but a handful of Americans, led by Colonel Babcock, planted some guns on a little hill in open view of the enemy and without any works to protect them, and prevented the British from landing, while Colonel Elliot, assisted by Colonel Grimes, commanding two row-gallies, forced Sir James Wallace to drop down the bay.

In March, 1776, the British evacuated Boston, embarking the troops on the large fleet that had been concentrated there for the purpose. Their departure was signalled by the beacons, that flashed a warning from Boston as far as Philadelphia.

It was feared that the enemy would touch at Newport, so rapid preparations were made for a strong defence; but after several days of anxiety the sentinels on Beacon Hill reported that they had seen the fleet apparently sailing to New York. So danger was for the present averted, as the attention of the enemy was now concentrated on the capture of that place, and the Eastern States were for the time being abandoned.

In the year 1775 Congress ordered a number of ships built for the American navy, and the keels of two of these vessels were laid in Rhode Island. They were named the "Warren," after the hero who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill, and the "Congress." The fleet was to consist of thirteen new vessels large enough to resist the smaller cruisers of the crown, and were well adapted to capture transports or store-ships and annoy the enemy in various ways.

On the 22d of December, 1775, Congress passed resolutions making Esek Hopkins, Esq., commander-in-chief of the newly created American navy, with a salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. He was immediately put in command of a fleet consisting of one sloop, one

NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

schooner, two brigs, and four small vessels, and with this fleet he was expected to cope with the large, well-equipped squadron of the British navy.

Small as it was, the little fleet performed its duty, while its sailors executed incredible deeds of valor. So between the date of its going into commission and the end of 1776 it had captured many small ships, protected commerce as far as it was able, and had caused the English naval officers to be constantly on the alert against surprise. In fact, it acted the part of a mosquito, causing much annoyance to the enemy, drawing blood, and leaving a sting without taking life.

The infant navy began active operations under Commodore Hopkins as soon as he hoisted his flag. Two vessels were captured off Point Judith, and on April 6 the frigate "Glasgow," of twenty-four guns, Captain Snow, and her tender were forced to run into Narragansett Bay for shelter after a short action of three hours. Great was the consternation of the British sailors who were snugly lying in Newport harbor, for they never expected an attack on the sea, but the squadron was fitted out hurriedly to set sail in pursuit of the audacious Yankee.

As soon as the ships left the harbor Colonel Richmond ordered several pieces of ordnance to be planted on a battery on Brenton's Point, where a slight breastwork was thrown up during the night. On the 7th several men-of-war slipped past it into the harbor with their prizes, but the same night they were attacked by the Americans, when the British hastily cut cables and put to sea, and the prizes were recaptured. A few days after, the British ship-of-war "Scarborough," twenty guns and two hundred and fifty-five men, with the "Scymitar," of eighteen guns and one hundred and forty men, came to anchor south of Rose

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Island, where a sharp conflict took place that forced the British to move toward Conanicut. There they were fired on and beat a retreat, receiving fire from Castle Hill as they passed. During this week of almost incessant fighting the Americans had only one man wounded. This gallant defence forced the British to put to sea, when for the first time in many years Narragansett Bay was free from vessels bearing the king's flag. The troops stationed in Newport were not idle. New earth-works were hastily constructed, particularly at the Point, at Fort George, and at what is now the site of Fort Adams, on Brenton's Point. A breastwork was thrown up at the north end of Washington Street, and Battery Street recalls the exact spot where the intrenchments were made. The small semicircular brick wall has been nearly destroyed and is generally covered with water. It was named Fort Greene, and in its day did good service.

But a final engagement took place off Montauk Point, Long Island, that ended the short career of the fleet. Most of the American ships were captured, and Captain Hopkins carried the remainder to Newport harbor, where he was a by no means welcome visitor, for smallpox had broken out and there were several cases on each ship, so that with an invalid crew the vessels were practically of no value.

It is now acknowledged that Commodore Hopkins did all that was possible with the means at his command, but at the time public feeling strongly condemned him, and on the 2d of January, 1777, Congress formally dismissed him from the service. Preceding this action the remnant of the American navy with its crippled crew lay for some time in Newport harbor, expecting the return of the enemy's fleet and without a commanding officer. Many of the seamen had entered only for the cruise that had



NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

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NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

disastrously finished, and it was most difficult to get men to fill their places, but on June 13, 1776, John Paul Jones, who had been commissioned a lieutenant on December 22, 1775, was ordered to man as many of the ships as possible to sail from Newport with a convoy loaded with military stores. This expedition was attended with considerable risk, but the cruisers of the enemy were skilfully evaded and the much-needed stores reached their destination in Long Island Sound. At the same time Lieutenant Jones covered the escape of a brig from St. Domingo, laden also with military stores, bound for New York. This brig was soon after brought into the service and named the "Hampton." Jones now went on a cruise to the eastward, during which he took sixteen prizes, some of which were very valuable and which he carried into Newport, and on the 10th of October, 1776, he was commissioned captain in the navy, ranking as number eighteen, with James Nicholson as senior captain.

James Fenimore Cooper, in his *Naval History*, states that when Captain Jones reached Newport after his cruise in the "Providence," he had three vessels put under his command. They were the "Alfred," the "Hampden," and the "Providence." It was impossible to recruit in Newport, so Jones was forced to leave the last in the harbor, and to sail with the "Alfred" and the "Hampden," but while clearing the port the latter ran on a ledge of rocks and was so badly damaged that the crew returned and fitted out and manned the "Providence," which sailed for the north in the month of November. Both vessels were lucky enough to fall in with and capture several valuable ships, that were carried to Boston, but none of the vessels of the American navy returned to Newport.

With great difficulty, in 1775, Newport raised three com-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

panies of sixty men each, for the farmer lads who had ventured home, although patriotic, were unwilling to leave their fields untilled, while those of the townspeople who had returned under the protection of the American troops dreaded abandoning their goods and shops, but still the men marched off cheerfully enough to join the army. In July, 1776, the legal title of State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations was adopted by the General Assembly. Patriotic measures were voted by this body that embraced the defence of Newport, raising of troops, etc. In particular, although the men were needed at home, the Assembly voted to send some to aid New York in defending herself.

When the Declaration of Independence was publicly signed in Philadelphia, on July 4, 1776, the news of the determined action on the part of the State delegates was rapidly sent to the capital of each of the thirteen States. The glad tidings reached Newport on the 20th of July.

The citizens who remained in the place were few in number, but they were summoned by beat of drum, while broadsides were scattered freely through the town as well as the neighboring country that set forth fully the text of the document that had been drawn up by Thomas Jefferson, the opening sentence of which, it is said, follows closely that of a much older declaration, that was originally used by the inhabitants of the Netherlands against their oppressors. A large crowd of both Tories and Federals assembled in front of the court-house to listen to Major John Handy, of Newport, read the Declaration of Independence from the steps of the old colonial building. There were grave, there were terrified, and exultant faces assembled that hot summer morning to assist at the creation of a new nation. All realized that a crucial moment had been

NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

reached, and many staggered back with dismay at the prospect of the strife before them. Freedom was proclaimed, but Newport was to suffer for many years before she could profit by the release from thralldom. Well might one of the Tories exclaim,—

“ For freedom, indeed, we supposed we were fighting.

But this sort of freedom’s not very inviting.”

All the able-bodied men of the place being absent, Newport was practically defenceless when, on December 1, 1776, an English fleet arrived in Newport, commanded by Sir Peter Parker. On these vessels was part of the army sent out to subdue the colonies. There were ten thousand men under General Clinton, while the fleet was ordered to report to Lord Percy. On the 8th of December some of the regiments disembarked at Long Wharf and took possession of Newport. The main body landed at Coddington’s Cove and marched to Gould’s and Weaver’s hills, where they encamped for one night, but after despoiling all the farms on the route they marched into the town on the 9th. From ten to forty-five men were quartered in each house, where they remained until May, 1777, when the inhabitants were relieved by having the army move into camp. But all the meeting-houses or churches had been occupied as barracks, with the exception of Trinity Church, which, with the royal crown of England glittering on its spire and the arms of royalty erected in its choir, was spared desecration, and retained for the English services read by the chaplains of the fleet or army.

The army consisted of the Twenty-second Regiment, commanded by Colonel Campbell; the Forty-third Regiment, Colonel Marsh; the Fifty-fourth Regiment, Colonel Bruce; the Sixty-third Regiment, Major Tell; artillery.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Colonel Ennis; the Light-Horse, Colonel Fanning. Besides these, were four regiments from Hesse-Darmstadt, each called by the name of their respective commanders,—Heno, Beno, Dedford, and Landschaft. While in the bay the frigates “Lark,” “Diamond,” and “Juno,” with tenders, transports, sloops-of-war, etc., lay with their guns on the town.

The fortifications thrown up by the Americans, and abandoned when this large armed force appeared, were taken possession of by the enemy and greatly strengthened, while redoubts or breastworks were planned by the skilled engineers at various points on the island.

To keep the men amused, a newspaper was started called the *Newport Gazette*, that was printed with the type of the *Newport Mercury*, that had been concealed when the editor hastily left the town, but which was betrayed to the enemy. Constant foraging parties of Hessians were employed to scour the island and bring forage, fuel, and provisions to the army. All the wooden fences were carried away, which afterwards caused much confusion among the owners, as by this means they lost their landmarks.

On February 21, 1777, a smart action took place on the upper part of the island, when several Americans were wounded and one man killed. In the spring General Clinton sailed with Lord Percy for New York, leaving General Prescott in command at Newport. This haughty, tyrannical officer treated the people with disdain and cruelty. Innocent citizens were put into jail without any charges having been preferred against them or any reason assigned for their imprisonment.

Among them was William Tripp, a most reputable man, who was entirely innocent of any action against the invading army. He was so closely confined that his wife was

NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

not even allowed to see him, and could only communicate with him by enclosing letters in loaves of bread that she was permitted to send him. Tripp was finally released when a young lady went to General Prescott, who was always placable after dinner, and begged for her friend's enlargement. To this Prescott consented, but only after he had been bribed by a kiss. Prescott's head-quarters are still standing on the corner of Pelham and Spring Streets. The house was owned by Mr. John Bannister, a wealthy Newport citizen, whose portrait, painted by Gilbert Stuart when about fifteen years of age, is now in the Redwood Library. General Prescott's daily walk of inspection along Spring Street toward the State-House was rough and unpaved, so he ordered his men to seize all the door-steps in front of the neighboring houses and place them so as to give him a clean and smooth pavement. This was done, forcing the owners of the houses to spring from their doors into the street. It is said that when the enemy left the town there was a droll scene as the different owners claimed these stones and carried them back to place them in their original positions before each household's door.

Prescott was a petty tyrant, like Duddingston, Wallace, and many another who had been intrusted by the British government with positions requiring tact and judgment, that they were unable to exercise, but antagonized every one with whom they came in contact who were not their equals in power. Prescott was totally unfitted for his command in many other ways, which was proved in moments of emergency, in his disposition of the men under his command, etc. One imperious habit of his is part of the history of Newport. During his daily walks, if he saw half a dozen people standing together chatting and laughing, he would shake his cane at them, crying out,

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

“Disperse, ye rebels!” Every woman was compelled to courtesy low and every man to remove his hat entirely from his head when he met the general, and to stand bareheaded as long as that officer remained in sight. As the people who remained in Newport were, for the most part, Quakers, this was particularly offensive to them, but any failure to comply with this unwritten law was instantly punished by the irascible officer, who would strike the offender or poke him with a stick. It is related that one evening General Prescott was riding on the West Road, when he met a Quaker who did not doff his hat. The officer dashed up to him and pushed the astonished man violently against a stone wall, knocked his hat over it into the field beyond, and commanded the orderly in attendance to put the culprit into prison, where he remained for some time.

During the summer Prescott left Newport to take up his quarters five miles out of town on the West Road, in the house of a Quaker by the name of Overton, with only a corporal’s guard within hail. On July 9, 1777, a daring feat was planned by a Yankee named William Barton, who was stationed at Tiverton. He started with a party of forty men embarked in whale-boats, which were clumsy craft that could be either rowed or sailed, and so broad in the beam that many persons could be accommodated on board.

The party landed about a mile from the house, having barely escaped the enemy’s ships that lay off Prudence Island. The Americans landed in a little cove and marched silently toward the house. As they approached the gate a sentinel hailed them twice and then demanded the countersign. “We have none to give,” said Barton, quickly. “Have you seen any deserters about?” This threw the man off his guard, who lowered his musket, when a cloak



HON. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, RESIDENCE, 1012 N. 10TH ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.



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NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

was thrown over his head and he was dragged off and gagged. The house was quickly surrounded and three gallant men entered by as many different doors. Mr. Overton, the owner of the house, was reading in a lower room, and, when Barton asked for General Prescott, he silently pointed upward. Barton and his men rushed up the stairs, surprising the general in bed. The door was broken open by Cudjo Sisson, a powerful negro, who used his head as a battering-ram. Major William Barrington, the aide-de-camp, courageously stepped out of the window to the roof of the porch, clad only in his night-shirt, and slipped to the ground, where he was captured before he could escape or give an alarm. Both the general and his aide were bound, and their heads were wrapped in cloaks so they could neither cry out nor struggle, after which they were rapidly marched to the shore, where the whole party embarked and silently, with muffled oars, passed the hostile fleet.

Colonel Barton and his captives reached Warwick Neck on the morning of the 10th of July. Colonel Elliot received them there, and, taking charge of the prisoners, conveyed them to General Spencer's head-quarters, from which place Prescott was sent as rapidly as possible first to Providence and then to Lebanon for safe-keeping. For this gallant deed Colonel Barton was thanked by Congress and promoted, while he and his party were voted eleven hundred and twenty dollars by the Assembly of Rhode Island. Prescott was exchanged for Charles Lee the following April.

Various sorties were made by the British from Newport during the summer, and slight frays frequently occurred in the bay. On August 5 Captain Dyer was wounded while defending some fishing-boats that had been attacked

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

by the enemy, and succeeded in driving them off. But the next venture was not so successful, when an American privateer attempted to run the blockade, but was chased ashore at Seaconnet and burnt by the enemy.

Many of the best plans of the enemy were defeated by being betrayed to the Americans, who were always on watch. One of the most alert spies in the service was a young German girl, who acted as bar-maid in John Fry's tavern, the Marquis of Granby, near the Court-House. She had emigrated when very young, but habitually spoke her native tongue to her parents, while using English without an accent. Gertrude was in the habit of waiting on Captain Klingender, of the Fusileers, Captain Maltzbury, and other Hessian officers, and listening to their plans. These she would communicate to an old negro, or to some of the Quakers who dropped into Newport for news, which information they quickly sent to their friends. Judge William Taggart was the most active in this business, for he would frequently stop at the Marquis of Granby to hear the talk of the town, and for some reason was not suspected for a long time. If Taggart was prevented from going to the inn, he sent his slave Cudjo, to whom Gertrude would communicate everything of importance. Taggart lived four miles from Newport on the West Road.

On the East River there was an easily maintained traffic with friends on the main-land, who could row across the water for the mail at given signals, which was sometimes placed in a vault near the shore that was covered with a flat stone, or in the hollow branch of a tree. An open window in Peleg Peckham's barn was the signal that the enemy was not on hand. The bars of the fence were let down if there was danger. A towel from a closed shutter told that the mail was prepared and in place. So

NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

with these and other notices frequent communication was kept up.

The policy of the Americans was to harass and annoy the enemy as much as possible without coming into actual conflict with them. The capture of Prescott had encouraged them so much that another attempt was determined on, and Colonel Cornell endeavored to emulate Colonel Barton by capturing some British officers. The fleet was in the habit of sending to the different islands in the bay for water, and on the night of September 3 Colonel Cornell arranged an ambuscade, under cover of which he seized an officer and fifteen men who had landed on Prudence Island. The same night another officer with two men were made captives near Newport. All of them were despatched to Providence as prisoners of war.

By this time nearly four thousand men were stationed on Aquidneck, two regiments of English and two of Hessians were on Windmill Hill, a corps of Grenadiers and light infantry at Fogland Ferry, one regiment on Butts Hill on the extreme northern end of the island, while two regiments were stationed in Newport. From these points they made constant sorties, finding little resistance from the helpless women and children who were the only occupants of the scattered farm-houses. These women were roughly if not scandalously treated. The soldiers robbed them of everything, even their shoe-buckles, wedding-rings and the few valuables they possessed, while poultry-yards and pig-pens were requisitioned and all the stock driven off. Churches, mills, barns, dwelling-houses were burned. But a raid on Tiverton was successfully resisted by twenty-five persons, some of them boys and women, who stationed themselves at the bridge, and when the Hessian officer saw that a spirited action would take place, he ordered his

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

troop to wheel and canter back to their camp. It was no part of their policy to fight determined people.

It seemed an almost hopeless undertaking to try to dislodge this strong force, when the flower of the native young men were with their regiments, either in New York State or with the commander-in-chief. Still the Assembly seriously considered the possibility of a spirited attack by the few troops stationed in Rhode Island. The battle of Saratoga and surrender of General Burgoyne on October 13 had inspirited all the colonists as much as it had dismayed the British. It was therefore determined that some attempt to dislodge the army in Newport must be made, and for this purpose a large force of Americans under Major Nathan Munro gathered at Tiverton.

But exactly at this time a three-days' storm, that had been threatening for some time, set in with great violence, which delayed the attack planned for the morning of October 16. The stores of the Americans were seriously damaged, their ammunition was wet, and the roads so washed by the heavy rains as to be almost impassable. Under these circumstances the attack was postponed, but now other delays occurred that made a successful attempt impracticable. A council of officers which was hastily summoned for the purpose strongly recommended that the engagement be abandoned as inexpedient. On learning of this decision, many of the volunteers who had taken up arms without regularly enlisting now returned to their farms, which so greatly weakened the American forces that the whole campaign was abandoned.

For a month hostilities between the Americans and the enemy were suspended, but the former were always on the alert to take advantage of any mishap. So when on the 6th of November another gale drove the British ship

REAR VIEW OF MAJOR JOSEPH HASTINGS' HOME
1880



NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

"Lynn" ashore at Point Judith, her crew of one hundred and sixty-six officers and men were captured. One of the few American frigates, named the "Columbus," was chased ashore the following March on the same spot, where it was burnt and the crew made prisoners by the British.

In the mean time the crestfallen General Burgoyne arrived in Newport on parole. He had obtained leave from Congress to return to England, since he could no longer serve in America, so after spending a few days with his comrades he embarked, on April 15, in one of the vessels that carried the tidings of his defeat and surrender, while the men and officers of his army were sent to Vermont. Burgoyne sailed just in time to escape the rejoicings which followed on the reception of the news of the treaty of Paris, that reached Boston and was speedily communicated to the patriots in Newport. There was no demonstration of joy possible at Newport, but the people of Providence fired a national salute, the report of which echoed on Aquidneck.

Although the English government had at last been awakened to the serious condition of affairs in America, they were not prepared to take measures to relieve the distresses or redress the wrongs of the colonists, but having failed to intimidate the rebels by a show of arms or conquer them at once, they resolved to make a half-hearted attempt to stop the war by making concessions that could easily be repealed as soon as the rebels were disarmed and again at their mercy. Lord Carlisle and another commissioner were sent to Philadelphia with the bills passed by Parliament, which planned for the submission of the colonists but held out no prospect for representative government, the reduction of taxes, or the repeal of laws that had caused the rebellion. Indeed, the government had never

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

investigated the reason of the revolt. So, greatly to its surprise, the proposals haughtily extended were indignantly spurned by Congress, and Lord Carlisle clearly indicated in his private letters to his friends that he expected no other termination to his thankless mission after he had realized the condition of affairs, which was only after his arrival in America.

Since the negotiations for the submission of the colonies had failed, it was determined to subdue the rebels by sending a strong force to the country, so July 15, 1778, saw a large British army landing in Newport harbor, and now seven thousand men occupied the island. The arrival of the fleet was signalled from Beacon Hill, and from there flashed to different parts of the country, according to the arrangements made by the spies in service of the Americans. It was presumed that an attack would be made on Providence, but, whatever the intentions of the British general, they were not carried into effect, for on July 29 a French fleet, commanded by Count d'Estaing, of twelve ships of the line escorted by four frigates, arrived off Newport and anchored within Brenton's Reef.

Three English frigates lay on the east side of Prudence, but a few mornings after the arrival of the French fleet the British vessels weighed anchor and tried to get under the protection of the battery at Coddington's Point. The French cut them off, forcing the British to run ashore, where they set fire to the vessels, while the men took to their boats. There were also a number of British ships lying in Coddington's Cove under the battery, and these also were set on fire as soon as the men realized that the war-ships were abandoned. The transport "Grand Duke" was burnt at Long Wharf, the frigate "Flora" was sunk at what is now the torpedo station, the "Falcon" was scut-

NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

ttled in the channel, and the man-of-war "Kingfisher" was burnt in Seacommet River. The British destroyed their own boats in a panic that was ludicrous and inglorious. A year after the British evacuated the island the Yankees floated the "Flora," fitted her for sea, and sent her to France.

The French fleet ran up the middle passage to anchor near Gould Island. They received and returned the fire from the shore batteries, silencing some of them, but without landing. As soon as the French approached, the British began to burn all the houses two miles north of Newport on the East and West roads. Every cart-wheel, wagon, grindstone, seythe, axe, hatchet, etc., was destroyed. They filled up the wells, and the same night withdrew the troops stationed at Butts Hill, who fell back to the line of intrenchments that had been thrown up from the battery at Coddington's Cove to Seacommet. There was another line that ran nearer the town, so both of these were strengthened and fully defended.

The garrison on Conanicut had been called into Newport as soon as the French fleet appeared, which concentrated a large force in the place. There were a number of transports with the French fleet, on board of which was an army of six thousand men, commanded by the Comte de Rochambeau. This gallant officer made a lasting impression on the people of Newport, not for his courage, but because he used a muff, which was considered most effeminate and unworthy an officer. Fortunately, de Rochambeau left convincing proofs that he was a man of bravery and ability.

The British army was now in a trap of their own making. Retreat by land through a hostile country to New York was not to be thought of, and their only hope was an attack on the French by the British fleet. The colonists

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

now took heart, as they realized that the treaty of Paris was no empty promise, and that the French had really come to their assistance. They fortunately did not know that the jealousy of the French officers would make their help more of a show than a reality, so they warmly welcomed the foreigners, and old men, youngsters, Friends, and Jews, who had been non-combatants up to this time, now flocked to the standard of the American army in Rhode Island, and Providence was filled with recruits, who, under General Sullivan, marched to Tiverton, hoping that by this co-operation with the French the British army in Newport could either be captured or driven from its stronghold.

On August 9, 1778, the transports that had accompanied Admiral d'Estaing's fleet landed their troops on Conanicut, while the Americans under General Sullivan crossed from Tiverton to the northern end of Aquidneck, where they took possession of the forts abandoned by the enemy. But at this moment General Lord Howe, with a large fleet, rounded Point Judith, changing the condition of affairs completely.

D'Estaing cared little for co-operating with the American volunteers on land; he was eager to have his fleet distinguished by a combat with the powerful one of the British. So he hurried the troops on board the transports, regardless of the remonstrance of his allies, and put to sea.

The French thus lost an unequalled opportunity of capturing the garrison at Newport. But General Sullivan was by no means disheartened, and pushed a strong detachment of light troops to within a mile and a half of the British lines. A council of war decided that an attack should be made on the morning of August 12, and all arrangements were hastily but thoroughly made. But, unluckily for the

NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

American cause (and for the second time on Rhode Island), the strong arm of nature was stretched forth to protect the British, as a great storm suddenly rose and swept the country. Trees, fences, and barns were levelled by the wind. Hail and rain fell in torrents; a fierce gale lashed the waves on the coast, beating on the rocks, and actually sweeping the water over the lower part of the town. The English fleet put to sea and the French fleet sailed in pursuit, but there were three days of peril, and during the hurricane each ship was forced to think of its own safety, with the result that all were scattered. Two of the French vessels were dismantled, but the remainder gathered together as the fury of the gale abated, and when chance threw two of the British vessels in their way a fight ensued that ended in the capture of the "Senegal" and "Careaes." Although this success of the French resulted in driving the enemy's fleet from Newport harbor, the Americans were not benefited. The havoc on shore was frightful. The wind swept over the island and seemed to blow from every quarter at once. Cattle, horses, and men perished in numbers, for the Americans had only temporary shelters that were destroyed by the tempest, making the night of August 12 a memorable one to all on or near Aquidneck.

At daybreak on August 15 General Sullivan ordered his army to march on Newport. The enemy occupied their outside line of intrenchments, where they quietly awaited the attack, and that night both armies lay in full sight of each other. By a clever movement the Americans gained control of Honyman's Hill, that commanded the Bliss Hill breastworks.

Both sides began a heavy cannonade, that was kept up until the 20th, and even while under fire intrenchments

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

were hastily thrown up by both British and Americans. Notwithstanding their superior strength, the British were dislodged and forced to abandon some of their outworks and fall back on Miantonomi Hill, where there was a strong redoubt well supplied with sweet water from a spring within its enclosures. It overlooked the bay and Coddington's Cove, and was protected by the guns of the fleet.

The advantage gained by the Americans was steadily pushed by General Sullivan until, by August 27, the enemy had only one of their original outworks in their own possession. But the Americans were raw and undisciplined. Each man thought and acted for himself, and when tired of fighting simply walked off toward home, and, to his dismay, General Sullivan saw that his small army was melting away, sickened by the sight of blood, tired of camp life, their patriotic ardor having oozed away when tested. Provisions were scarce, while the pay was poor and uncertain. At this crucial moment General Sullivan, who had been counting on aid from the French fleet, found himself abandoned by friends on both land and water just as victory seemed within his grasp.

The Rhode Island Assembly had confidently counted on capturing the whole British force in Newport, when it learned that the fleet had been dispersed and that the French had returned to the mouth of the harbor; but at this time, when co-operation was so essential to the success of the American arms, Admiral d'Estaing quietly sailed for Boston, declaring as a reason that his vessels must be refitted, since they had suffered from the storm and also from the encounters with the enemy.

To the dismay of Sullivan, he discovered that desertions increased, so that by the 28th of August nearly three thousand of his men had left him.



NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

Colonel Trumbull gives a spirited account of the battle of Rhode Island and a singular illustration of the common saying among soldiers, "Every bullet has its billet." Trumbull, who was a very young fellow, was acting as volunteer aide to General Sullivan, and wrote:

"As I rode back to the main body on Bull's Hill, I fell in with a party of soldiers bearing a wounded officer on a litter, whom I found to be my friend H. Sherburne, brother of Mrs. John Langdon, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a fellow-volunteer. They were carrying him to a surgeon in the rear to have his leg amputated. He had just been wounded by a random ball while sitting at breakfast. This was a source of lasting mortification, as he told me afterwards, 'If this had happened to me on the field, in active duty, the loss of a leg might have been borne, but to be condemned through all my future life to say I lost my leg under a breakfast table is too bad.' Mr. Rufus King was acting that day as volunteer aide-de-camp to General Glover, whose head-quarters were in the Dudley house at the foot and east of Quaker Hill, distant from the contested position of the rear-guard a long mile. The general and the officers who composed his family were seated at breakfast, their horses standing saddled at the door. The firing on the heights of the hill became heavy and incessant, when the general directed Mr. King (a young lawyer of twenty-three) to mount and see what and where the firing was. He quitted the table. Poor Sherburne took his chair, and was hardly seated when a spent cannon-ball from the scene of operations bounded in at the open window, fell upon the floor, and, rolling to its destination,—Sherburne's ankle,—crushed all the bones of his foot. Surely there is a Providence which controls the events of human life and which withdrew Mr. King from this misfortune.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

“ In after life King frequently met Sherburne on his wooden leg, when the former would say, ‘ Poor Sherburne, that peg should hang from me and not from you.’ ”

It was lucky that the career of the young lawyer had not been hampered in this way, for he was called on to fill many important positions under the government of the United States. He was sent twice by President Washington to the court of St. James to represent his country, and this was, we believe, the only instance when a minister to that country succeeded himself.

GENERAL SULLIVAN'S REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS AND PROCEEDINGS THEREON

“ HEAD-QUARTERS, TIVERTON, August 31st, 1778.

“ ESTEEMED SIR,—Upon the Count D’Estaing finding himself under a necessity of going to Boston to repair the loss he sustained in the late gale of wind, I thought it best to carry on my approaches with as much vigor as possible against Newport, that no time might be lost in making the attack upon the return of his fleet, or any part of it, to co-operate with us. I had sent expresses to the Count to hasten his return, which, I had no doubt, would at least bring part of his fleet to us in a few days.

“ Our batteries played upon the enemy’s works for several days with apparent good success, as the enemy’s fire from the outworks visibly grew weaker, and they began to abandon some of those next us, and, on the 27th, we found they had removed their cannon from all the outworks except one.

“ The town of Newport is defended by two lines, supported by several redoubts connected with the lines.

“ The first of these lines extends from a large pond

NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

called Easton's Pond, near to Tomony Hill, and then turns off to the water on the north of Windmill Hill.

“ This line was defended by five redoubts in front.

“ The second line is more than a quarter of a mile within this, and extends from the sea to the north side of the island, terminating at the north battery.

“ On the South, at the entrance of Easton's Beach, where this line terminates, is a redoubt that commands the pass, and has another redoubt about twenty rods to the north.

“ There are a number of small works interspersed between the lines, which render an attack extremely hazardous on the land side without a naval force to co-operate with it.

“ I however should have attempted carrying the works by storm, as soon as I found they had withdrawn their cannon from their outworks, had I not found to my great surprise that the volunteers which composed a great part of my army, had returned and reduced my numbers to a little more than that of the enemy.

“ Between two and three thousand returned in the course of twenty-four hours, and others were still going off, upon a supposition that nothing could be done before the return of the French fleet.

“ Under these circumstances and the apprehension of the arrival of an English fleet with a re-enforcement to relieve the garrison, I sent away all the heavy articles that could be spared from the army in the main; also a large party was detached to get the works in repair on the north end of the island, to throw up additional ones, and put in good repair the batteries at Tiverton and Bristol, to secure a retreat in case of necessity.

“ On the 28th a council was called in which it was unani-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

mously determined to remove to the north end of the island, fortify our camp, secure our communication with the main, and hold our ground on the island till we could know whether the French fleet would soon return to our assistance.

“ On the evening of the 28th we moved with our stores and baggage, which had not been previously sent forward, and about two in the morning encamped on Butts Hill, with our right extending to the westward and left on the East road, the flanking and covering parties still toward the water on the right and left.

“ One regiment was posted in a redoubt advanced of the right of the first line.

“ Col. Henry B. Livingston, with a light corps, consisting of Col. Jackson's detachments and a detachment from the army, was stationed in the East Road.

“ Another light corp under command of Col. Laurens, Col. Fleury, and Major Talbot, was posted in the West road.

“ These corps were posted near three miles in front.

“ In the rear of these were the piquet of the army, commanded by Col. Wade.

“ The enemy having received intelligence of our movement came out early in the morning with nearly their whole force in two columns advanced on the two roads and attacked our light corps. They made a brave resistance and were supported for some time by the piquet. I ordered a regiment to support Col. Livingston and another to Col. Laurens, and at the same time sent them orders to retire to the main army in the best order they could. They kept up a retreating fire upon the enemy and retired in excellent order to the main army. The enemy advanced on our left very near but were repulsed by Gen. Glover, they then re-



NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

tired to Quaker Hill. The Hessian column formed on a chain of hills running northward from Quaker Hill.

“Our army was drawn up, the first line in front of the works on Butts Hill, the second in the rear of the hill and the reserve near a creek and near half a mile in the rear of the first line. The distance between these hills is about one mile. The ground between these hills is meadow-land, interspersed with trees and small copse of wood.

“The enemy began a cannonade upon us about nine in the morning which was returned with double force. Skirmishing continued between the advanced parties till near ten o'clock when the enemy's two ships of war and some small armed vessels having gained our right flank and began a fire, the enemy lent their whole force that way and endeavored to turn our right under cover of the ships' fire and to take the advanced redoubt on the right. They were twice driven back in great confusion but a third trial was made with greater numbers and with more resolution, which had it not been for the timely aid sent forward would have succeeded.

“A sharp conflict of near an hour ensued in which the cannon of both armies placed on the hills played briskly in support of their own party. The enemy were at length routed, and fled in great confusion to the hill where they first formed and where they had artillery and some works to cover them, leaving their dead and wounded in considerable numbers behind them. It was impossible to learn the number of dead on the field as it could not be approached by either side without being exposed to the cannon of the other party. Our party recovered about twenty of their wounded and took near sixty prisoners according to the best accounts I have been able to collect. Amongst the prisoners is a lieutenant of Grenadiers.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

“ The number of their dead I have not been able to ascertain but know them to be very considerable. An officer informs me that in one place he counted sixty of their dead

“ Col. Campbell came out the next day to gain permission to view the field of action to search for his nephew who was killed by his side whose body he could not get off as they were closely pursued

“ The firing of artillery continued all day and the musketry with intermission six hours.

“ The heat of the action continued near an hour which must have ended in the ruin of the British army had not their redoubts on the hill covered them from further pursuit.

“ We were about to attack them in their lines but the men's having had no rest the night before and nothing to eat either that night nor the day of the action and having been in constant action through most of the day, it was not thought advisable especially as their position was exceedingly strong and their numbers fully equal if not superior to ours. Not more than fifteen hundred of my troops had been in action before. I should before have taken possession of the hill they occupied and fortified it but it is no defense against an enemy coming from the south part of the island though exceedingly good against an enemy coming from the north end toward the town and had been fortified by the enemy for that purpose.

“ I have the pleasure to inform Congress that no troops could possibly show more spirit than those of ours which were engaged.

“ Col. Livingston and all the officers of the light troops behaved with remarkable spirit, Colonels Laurens, Fleury,

NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

and Major Talbot, with the officers of that corps behaved with great gallantry.

“ The brigades of the first line Varnums, Glovers, Cornells, and Greenes, behaved with great firmness.

“ Major General Greene who commanded in the attack on the right did himself the highest honor by the judgment and bravery exhibited in the action. One brigade only of the second line was brought to action commanded by Major General Lovell he and his brigade of militia behaved with great resolution, Col. Crane and the officers of the artillery deserve the highest praise.

“ I enclose Congress a return of the killed, wounded, and missing on our side and beg leave to assure them that from my own observation the enemy's loss must be much greater. Our army retired to camp after the action the enemy employed themselves in fortifying their camp through the night.

“ In the morning of the 30th I received a letter from his excellency General Washington giving me notice that Lord Howe had again sailed with his fleet and receiving intelligence at the same time that the fleet was off Block Island and also a letter from Boston informing me that the Count D'Estaing could not come round so soon as I expected a council was called and as we could have no prospect of operating against Newport with success without the assistance of a fleet it was unanimously agreed to quit the island until the return of the French squadron.

“ To make a retreat in face of an enemy equal if not superior in number and cross a river without loss I knew was an arduous task and seldom accomplished if attempted as our centries were within two hundred yards of each other I knew it would require the greatest care and attention. To cover my design from the enemy I ordered a number

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

of tents to be brought forward and pitched in sight of the enemy and almost the whole army to employ themselves in fortifying the camp. The heavy baggage and stores were falling back and crossing during the day at dark the tents were struck the light baggage and troops passed down and before twelve o'clock the main army had crossed with the stores and baggage.

“The Marquis de La Fayette arrived about eleven in the evening from Boston where he had been by request of the General Officers to solicit the speedy return of the fleet.

“He was sensibly mortified that he was out of action and that he might not be out of the way in case of action he had rode from hence to Boston in seven hours and returned in six and a half the distance nearly seventy miles. He returned time enough to bring off the pickets and other parties that covered the retreat of the army which he did in excellent order not a man was left behind nor the smallest article lost.

“I hope my conduct through this expedition may merit the approbation of Congress. Major Morris one of my aids will have the honor of delivering this to your excellency. I must beg leave to recommend him to Congress as an officer who in the last as well as several other actions has behaved with great spirit and good conduct and doubt not Congress will take such notice of him as his long service and spirited conduct deserves.

“I have the honor to be dear Sir with much esteem,
Your excellency's most obedient and very humble servant

“JOHN SULLIVAN.

“P. S.

“The event has proved how timely my retreat took place as one hundred sail of the enemy's ships arrived in the harbor the morning after the retreat

NEWPORT DURING THE WAR

“ I should do the highest injustice if I neglected to mention that Brigadier General Cornell’s indefatigable industry in preparing for the expedition and his good conduct through the whole merits particular notice. Major Talbot who assisted in preparing the boats and afterwards served in Col. Laurens corps deserves great praise.”



BRITISH AND FRENCH OCCUPATION OF NEWPORT



LETTERS from General Washington now reached General Sullivan informing the latter that Lord Howe had sailed from New York, conveying a number of transports loaded with four thousand men in-

tended to relieve Newport. So, although the advantage had been decidedly on the American side, on August 30 a council of officers was called, when it was decided to evacuate the island.

The Marquis of Lafayette had been stationed with a considerable force of men on the main-land, and he also reported that the French fleet could not leave Boston for several weeks, or while the vessels were under repair. So on the evening of August 30, less than a month after Sullivan had marched to Aquidneck, the memorable retreat began.

The elements had proved to be as formidable as the enemy, but the brave-hearted colonists had fought valiantly for sixteen days, making the campaign of Rhode Island one of the most gallant of the Revolution.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

The retreat was well timed, for as General Sullivan crossed in one of the last boats from Aquidneck to Tiverton, General Sir Henry Clinton with his heavy reinforcements sailed into Newport harbor, and on September 17, 1778, Admiral Byron joined the fleet with a new squadron. Various changes now took place among the officers of the army and navy. Burgoyne had already sailed, although uncrowned with the laurels he had boasted he would win in America. Lord Howe was heartily sick of the campaign, and gladly returned to England with Sir Robert Pigot, who had so skilfully defended Newport. The command of the army was once more in the hands of General Prescott, who took up his head-quarters in the town, while the fleet occupied the harbor.

The Storm-King had his grasp on Newport during the year 1778, for another terrible gale visited the town on the 12th of December. This time sleet, snow, and ice locked the rocky coast in a frigid clutch, the wind was so severe that houses were blown down, and the thermometer fell so low that sentinels were frozen at their posts. The hated troops from Hesse Darmstadt found their fanciful uniform but ill suited to the intense cold. Their officers had not provided proper quarters for them, and in consequence so many died during the storm that the Newport people recalled it in after years by the name of the Hessian storm. Every fence-rail and many of the trees on the island were ruthlessly burned to keep the troops from being frozen, so even after the lapse of a century and a quarter Newport is denuded of forests, the gaunt rocks showing through the soil over acres of land.

After the retreat of General Sullivan the spies in Newport were actively engaged reporting the movements of the enemy. Gertrude, the bar-maid, could always be de-

BRITISH AND FRENCH OCCUPATION

pended upon for news that she gathered from the German officers who so carelessly spoke their own language before her. There was another woman, who wrote down all she could learn of importance; this was given to a Friend who lived near Woods Castle on the East passage, who concealed it in a hole under a great rock close to the shore. Poles for drying clothes, and other signals, were displayed, when Lieutenant Seth Chapin would row across Seaconnet from Little Compton, get the packet, and forward it to General Gates. Lieutenant Chapin and his aides were rewarded by the government for their timely assistance.

Newport harbor was not the only scene of naval engagements. Seaconnet River had also its share of exciting and hair-breadth escapes on the part of the American coasters who tried to run the blockade up the east passage, the arm of Narragansett Bay that connects Mount Hope Bay with the Atlantic Ocean.

The admiral of the British fleet was far too sharp to leave this convenient back door open, and there was always one or more of his Majesty's ships stationed off Seaconnet Point, so between that and Sachuest Point as far north as Fogland Ferry the eastern passage was actively patrolled. But notwithstanding the vigilance of the enemy, the Americans could always cross the passage by means of their cunningly contrived signals between the farmers' wives on Baker's Hill and Little Compton. By their means the movements of the enemy were so rapidly communicated that forays were often diverted, while safe communication was kept up with the main-land.

The most noteworthy scene that happened in Seaconnet Bay was in 1778, while the British occupied Newport and all the southern portion of the island.

It was, of course, a great object with the enemy to cut

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

off all communication by sea from the inland parts of the Rhode Island colony. To insure this the harbor was well guarded, and a galley named the "Pigot," heavily armed and manned by a crew of forty-five men, commanded by Lieutenant Dudley, patrolled the bay and east passage and effectually blocked the entrance to the coastwise vessels that tried to slip past.

The Americans under Major Talbot determined on capturing the "Pigot," and for this purpose they equipped a small sloop called the "Hawk," placing on her seventy-five picked men. The "Hawk" dropped down the bay from Providence, passing the fort at Bristol Ferry without injury, and, rounding Commonsense Point, the extreme northern cape of Aquidneck, anchored close to the shore in a sheltered little bay. Here the commander, Major Talbot, landed. He collected information from the women in the neighborhood regarding the movements of the "Pigot," the number of her men, etc., but was warned that the vessel was protected by a strong boarding-netting.

Nothing daunted, Talbot regained his vessel, where he made his plans to attack the "Pigot" November 4, 1778. The late Henry Tuckerman, in his life of Talbot, says, "As the sloop dropped silently down the river they lashed a kedge anchor to the jib-boom to tear and at the same time grapple with the nettings of the 'Pigot.' They drifted by Fogland Ferry under bare poles without being discovered, although they saw the sentinel each time he passed the barrack light. This was a most auspicious circumstance, for one shot would have given an alarm to the galley.

"All hands being ready for action, they again hoisted sail, but, fearing they should run astray of their object in the darkness, soon cast anchor once more, lowered a boat, and went in search of her with muffled oars. They had

BRITISH AND FRENCH OCCUPATION

proceeded but a few rods when her sombre form was seen rising in the gloom; they noted how she rode with the wind and tide, returned to the 'Hawk,' and directed her course accordingly. They were hailed, but made no answer. When nearly alongside a volley of musketry was discharged at them, but before the 'Pigot' could fire one gun the jib-boom of the 'Hawk' had torn through the nettings and grappled the fore-shrouds, while their salute had been amply returned and Lieutenant Helm, followed by his detachment, mounted the deck sword in hand. With shouts the crew of the 'Hawk' drove every man into the hold of the galley except the commander, who fought desperately in his shirt and drawers until convinced that resistance was useless. When informed, however, that he was vanquished by a little sloop, he wept over his inevitable disgrace."

This valiant enterprise was accomplished without loss of life on either side. The crew with their hysterical commander were made prisoners, and one more laurel-leaf was added to the wreath the Rhode Island sailor-boys plucked from the brows of their tormentors, who should have been their guardians but not their foes, the heroes who could fight and cry at the same time.

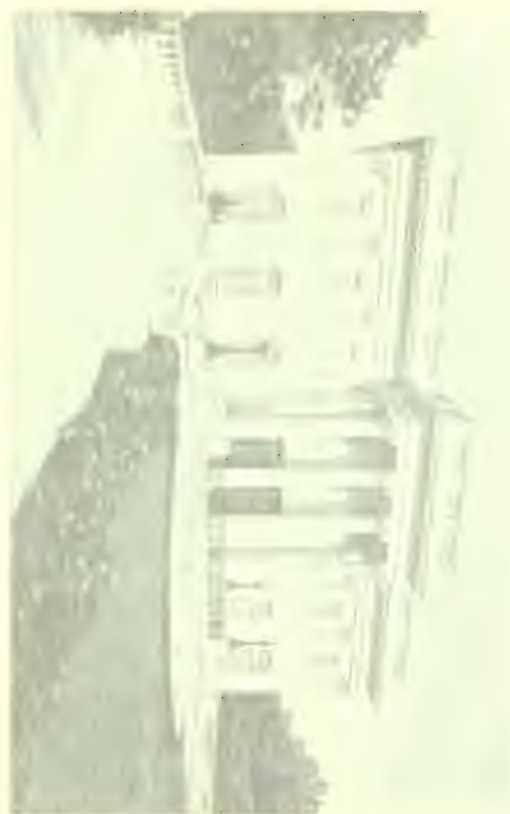
The year 1779 opened sadly for the Americans on the shores of Narragansett Bay. One or two sharp conflicts took place between their vessels and the British men-of-war. Raids were made by the enemy on Point Judith and Conanicut, so that even the capture of a brig bound for New York by the Yankees during the last days of 1778 did not recompense them for the losses sustained during the previous campaign.

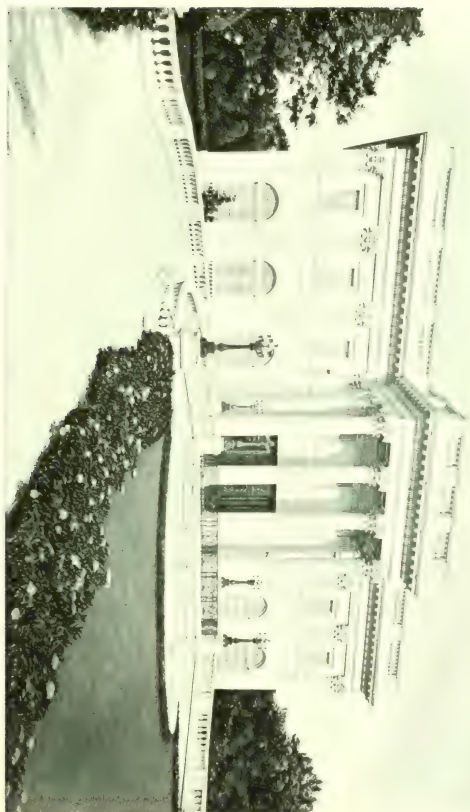
Forays by the enemy were made on New Bedford and Nantucket from Newport, while at the same time the vil-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

lages of Norwalk, Stamford, and Fairfield, on the shores of Connecticut, were ravaged by the troops from New York, who descended on these unprotected places. Every house in Norwalk and Fairfield was burnt to the ground, the inhabitants barely saving their lives, while the towns were pillaged by the troops. The name of Governor Tryon is still execrated at those places, where the only thing left to the unfortunate people is still shown, and these sorrowful memories recalled through it. It is a large arm-chair, which was selected by Governor Tryon for his own use and carried by his orders to a neighboring hill for him to sit in to watch the conflagration of the villages. When Governor Tryon's grandson, the late Admiral Tryon, perished with all his officers in the "Victoria" a few years since, the catastrophe did not pass unnoticed by the descendants of the injured inhabitants of Norwalk.

In July, 1779, a party of Tories seized Major William Taggart, with some of his neighbors, on his farm at Little Compton, and carried them to Newport, where they were put in jail. Their subsequent escape is one of the romantic histories of the war. Since there was no American army on the island, the war on Aquidneck was confined to foraging expeditions by the enemy. The harassed women and children were impoverished; they were at the mercy of their foes, for the men were all absent. Fortunately for them, Sir Henry Clinton turned his attention to the south, and despatched transports to Newport the beginning of October, 1779, with orders to embark the troops. Stores, ammunition, etc., were rapidly placed on shipboard, and the vessels as they were loaded dropped down to Brenton's Point and lay in the cove close to where Fort Adams now stands. On the 25th of October the British troops evacuated Newport, marching down to what is now called







BRITISH AND FRENCH OCCUPATION

"Chastellux's Landing," on Wellington Avenue, where the great whale-boats waited to convey them to the ships. One by one the redcoats disappeared over the sides of their vessels, anxiously watched by a few citizens who gathered on Beacon Hill, eager to see the last of the hated enemy and desirous of being able to flash the news of their departure to every beacon station in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia.

Havoc and desolation were the portion of the ill-happed town. More than five hundred houses had been destroyed. All the farm-houses, barns, windmills, etc., within five miles of Newport had been burned, farm implements had been ruined, the wells choked, the forests cut down, the barracks burned, almost every church had been desecrated, the light-house at Beaver Tail overthrown into the water, and kegs of powder exploded in the "Stone Tower" on the hill with the hope of destroying one of the few ancient relics found in America; and on the meadows or hills on which the cattle and sheep had once browsed so peacefully there were earthworks and redoubts that showed where the battles had raged.

The fortifications thrown up by the British left the most lasting impression of their occupation, for the landscape was grimly pierced by these redoubts that can still be traced in the line once drawn across the island from Coddington's Point to Seaconnet River. The former is the best preserved, for the outlines of the fort can be clearly traced. No trouble has been taken to level the breastworks, and the hill looks to-day very much as it must have done when the British evacuated the island, for there is hardly a tree even to shadow the embankments.

On October 26 General Stark took possession of the island, and the Americans were once more masters of

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Newport. Less than two hundred men occupied the garrison, but they had all they could do to keep themselves alive during the bitter winter that followed. Provisions were dear, wood was scarce, and the troops had little shelter, few clothes, and less comforts. But the enemy had departed, so a hopeful tone began to be assumed. The principal merchants had fled, the slave-ships had disappeared, the factories were closed, but a few of the citizens ventured to their homes to see if there was any hope of making them habitable once more.

The *Gazette* issued by the enemy was no longer printed, but an enterprising editor returned from his three years' exile to revive the *Newport Mercury*, and so little by little the townspeople returned to gather up the remnants left by the British and start their lives once more under untoward circumstances but with undaunted calmness and resignation.

One of the first enterprising steps was to raise the British war-vessel, the "Flora," that had been sunk in the harbor in 1778, while all the men who could be mustered enlisted in the new regiments Rhode Island was raising.

The State government tried to raise money to equip the men as well as to assist the impoverished farmers, when, to the universal consternation of the citizens, a hostile fleet suddenly entered Narragansett Bay. Troops were hurriedly summoned from Massachusetts and other places, but after four days of excitement and gloom the fleet sailed without injuring anything. It did not quit the neighboring waters, but hovered between Montauk and Point Judith, keeping Newport in a state of anxiety and terror.

The French fleet had completely refitted and returned to Newport only to be blockaded in the harbor, but it was decided to disembark the army so they might occupy the

BRITISH AND FRENCH OCCUPATION

lately built English barracks at Brenton's Point and garrison the forts at Butts Hill and other redoubts north of the town.

Jean Baptiste de Vincent Comte de Rochambeau, Marshal of France, was in command of the army. He was a fine-looking man, in his sixty-fifth year, eager to win laurels for himself and those under his command. He and his staff arrived on the ship "*Hermione*." They landed at Long Wharf, where they were received with as much enthusiasm and parade as was possible in the dismantled condition of the town. A troop of school-boys were hastily drilled, who with William Ellery Channing at their head, received the Frenchmen, to whom young Channing made his maiden speech with great *éclat*. The officers were escorted to the quarters prepared for them, de Rochambeau's being on the corner of Mary and Clarke Street, the others in the houses hard by.

As Newport now held out a prospect of being well defended, the householders hastened to return in order to welcome the French as their guests, but these gentlemen scrupulously paid for everything they required, so that the little town rapidly assumed an air of brightness and prosperity to which it had long been a stranger.

Indeed, Newport went through one of its quick transformation acts, for which it has always been famous. The British and Hessians, with their tyrannical and gloomy manners, had given way to friends who had gay, joyous dispositions. The streets echoed to the sound of horns, drums, and military music, and were crowded with a new set of gayly uniformed men. Quiet priests in their strange garb awed the inhabitants, who respected the livery of the Quakers, but half dreaded that of Rome. The best part of the scene were the women, whose beauty delighted the for-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

eigners, commanding respectful attentions from them to which they had long been strangers.

The light-hearted Frenchmen, ignoring the threatening movements of the British fleet, determined to enjoy themselves, so issued invitations for a grand review, to be held on the 25th of August, the fête-day of St. Louis, and that of their monarch, Louis XVI. Invitations to this were scattered far and near. The town was not only crowded by all the belles of the neighboring towns, but nineteen Oneida Indians arrived to pay their respects. These savages were received most politely by General Heath, who commanded the American troops, and were introduced by him to the French officers, who regarded the braves with intense curiosity. Presents were exchanged, after which the Indians returned to their reservation, greatly impressed with all they had seen, but not before they had gravely inspected the ships, listened to the thunder of the saluting guns, and smoked the pipe of peace with their hosts.

The fête commenced with a grand review of the troops and a salute fired from Fort George as well as from all the batteries on the island. There was a glittering array of uniformed officers, who reviewed the army, among them Major-General Heath, Comte de Rochambeau, Prince de Broglie, Comte de Segur, the Chevalier de Tiernay, M. de Tousard, and others. This great fête led the van of Newport's festivities. From that era a new life opened for the social capital of America.

The French officers, who had been so long at sea, were glad to abandon their close little cabins for the large rooms of the Newport houses, albeit destitute of the tapestries and meubles of their own châteaux. M. Duval moved into the tavern called Pitt's Head. The quartermaster-general lived in what had been Moses Levy's house, but since it

BRITISH AND FRENCH OCCUPATION

had been abandoned by its owner, M. de Béville took possession of it with a number of his subordinates. This house on the Mall was afterwards occupied by Commodore Oliver H. Perry, who purchased it after 1812.

There still remains facing the Parade a good specimen of a colonial house, variously called the Mumford or the Hazard House. A large number of officers were quartered here, while the Chevalier de Tiernay occupied a house on the Point built by Deputy-Governor Jonathan Nichols, son of the Jonathan Nichols who had been deputy-governor of Rhode Island in 1754.

The Point was a favorite residence for officers of the fleet, for from the windows of the houses in which they lived they could overlook the ships lying in the harbor, while the gigs or launches could touch at the little piers that jutted out into the water in front of the houses in that situation. The Chevalier de Lombard stayed with Christopher and John Townsend, on the corner of School and Mary Streets, now used as a Home for Destitute Children, while Major Martin, whose house was at the bridge, received Comte de Charles and his aides.

As soon as the festivities were concluded the French devoted themselves to strengthening the defences of Newport. The earthworks and forts were repaired, the lights of the harbor rekindled, the wells redug, and the troops distributed to the best advantage.

On December 7 Admiral de Tiernay died suddenly, so Newport was treated to a scene that its Quaker simplicity had never dreamed of. The room in which the admiral died, in the old Nichols house, was converted into a chapel. The body was surrounded with lighted candles and praying priests, following the usual custom of the Roman church. The funeral cortege was the most imposing pro-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

cession ever seen in the colony. Eight sailors carried the coffin, that was concealed beneath a magnificently embroidered velvet pall. All the officers of the fleet and army followed on foot, and as the cortege wound through the streets headed by nine priests chanting a dirge, the scene was as impressive as novel. It marched from the Point down Thames Street, then turned up the hill to old Trinity, where the body was lowered into a grave close to the church. A monument of Egyptian marble with an inscription in gold was sent out by the French government to commemorate the name and deeds of the gallant sailor. This was defaced by the elements, but a cenotaph was placed during the nineteenth century in the church to his memory.

Admiral de Barras succeeded him in command and M. d'Estouches afterwards took the command of the fleet in 1781, but the greater part of it remained in the harbor during the winter, although some of the vessels were despatched on various errands.

The officers of both army and navy were planning with General Washington for an active campaign, which made frequent interviews necessary. In order to welcome the allies formally, the commander-in-chief resolved to visit them in Newport as soon as his duties permitted him to leave his own field of operations.

It was a loyal little place that gladly prepared to receive Washington with due honors. The Tories had fled when the town was evacuated by the British. Many of the old citizens had returned and taken possession of their homes. Furniture was brought from its hiding places; Mirrors damp with moisture, with their frames tarnished by soil, were hastily hung on the walls; silver was dug up from the roots of the apple-trees in the orchards, to be



LEADING TEAM IN HANDS OF THE HORN
LEADING TEAM IN HANDS OF THE HORN

BRITISH AND FRENCH OCCUPATION

rubbed into pristine brightness; matrons and maidens decked themselves in their gayest colors, while they exerted themselves to prepare suitable lodgings for the national hero.

Among the beautiful women of the place was John Wanton's daughter. He was the son of Governor Gideon Wanton, and had married Mary, daughter of Henry Bull. Miss Coddington was a handsome girl who attracted much attention. The Comte de Viomesnil has recorded his impressions of her charms. Miss Coddington had been the first of her sex in Newport to refuse to drink the taxed tea, and, as has been mentioned, gave a party to introduce dried raspberry-leaves as a substitute. Miss Peggy Champlin and Miss Polly Lawton were famous belles, while Mrs. Hunter, with her beautiful daughters, captivated all hearts.

General Washington, attended by a brilliant suite, reached Newport March 6, 1781. They had ridden to Kingston and crossed to Conanicut, where a barge manned by local fishermen in white dresses met the commander-in-chief, who landed at Barney's Ferry on the corner of Long Wharf, where General Washington was received with due honors.

As his boat passed through the French fleet the yards were manned and a salute fired. The army was drawn up in order for his reception, forming in two lines from the wharf to the Parade, while from Clarke to Mary Street, to William Vernon's house, which was Comte de Rochambeau's head-quarters, the streets were lined with the officers of the navy and army and distinguished citizens. General Washington, with the foreigners, marched between the troops, and as he reached the house he stood for a few moments to thank the people for his reception. One little urchin called out, "Why, father, General Washington is

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

only a man," overhearing which, the commander-in-chief replied, "Yes, only a man."

That evening the French had a grand torch-light procession, and the town was brilliantly illuminated. The procession was headed by thirty boys bearing candles fixed on staffs, followed by General Washington, Comte de Rochambeau, the officers, and citizens. The night was clear and the brilliant cortege marched through the principal streets. As the inhabitants were so impoverished, candles were freely supplied by the municipal authorities to all who asked for them. Next morning was devoted to anxious consultations regarding the condition of the country, and plans for a brilliant campaign were mapped out by the generals of the two countries. But by four o'clock business was dismissed and the party assembled for dinner. This surpassed anything ever before seen in Newport. The windows of the square dining-room in which Washington was entertained still look out on Mary Street, while the room itself is much the same as it was one hundred and twenty-five years ago, although minus the gay French flags, military trophies, and magnificent silver camp equipage with which the aides-de-camp, assisted by the French servants, adorned the room. These aides were MM. de Lamath, Lauzan, de Closen, and de La Touche. All the senior officers of the fleet and army were with the Americans seated at the table in the dining-room, while others were in the different parlors, etc., of the house.

A grand ball was given by the French officers that evening in Mrs. Cowley's assembly-rooms on Church Street, three doors from Thames on the south side of the way. The chief officers on the Committee of Arrangements were the Prince de Broglie, Comte de Segur, and Comte de Vaughan. The room was beautifully ornamented, the deco-

BRITISH AND FRENCH OCCUPATION

rations doing credit to the taste of M. Foteux, one of the aides of the Baron de Viomesnil.

Mr. Mason, in his "Reminiscences of Newport," says, "To Washington the honor of opening the ball was given, and when he led out the beautiful Miss Champlin, Rochambeau and his suite took the instruments from the hands of the musicians and played the air, 'A Successful Campaign.' How brilliant the scene must have been! The commanding form of Washington in his Continental uniform, at his side the lovely girl whose beauty was noted by de Segur; Rochambeau, wearing the *Grand Croix de l'Ordre Royal*, with Chastellux, the historian, and many others, Des-touches and the notable men of the French army and navy, who found it hard to leave their partners when the hour of parting came."

The dance of "The Successful Campaign" is described as follows: "Lead down two on the outside and up the middle, two couple do the same, turn contrary partners, cast off, right hand and left." This is what in England to-day would be called a Sir Roger de Coverley and Americans name a Virginia reel.

Since the English when occupying the town had published their own newspaper, that they called the *Newport Gazette*, which was printed with the type and fonts of the American *Mercury*, the French were bound to emulate them, therefore in 1780 they issued a most comprehensive and valuable almanac, containing the names of all the foreign officers, with those of their vessels.

On the 5th of January, 1781, the old *Newport Mercury* reappeared. It had originally been printed by Franklin, who was succeeded by Solomon Southwick, whose printing-house was on Queen Street, but he fled on the arrival of the enemy, deserting what was a flourishing and enterprising

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

journal for the day. It had borne the motto, "Whenever our country calls, friends, sons, and sires should yield their business up, nor own a sense beyond the public safety."

Before Southwick had left he had buried his press and type in the garden behind a house in Broadway. The English employed all their spare moments digging in orchards, gardens, and cellars, finding much buried treasure by so doing. The whereabouts of the printing-press was betrayed to them, so they put it to public use, while more valuable articles were privately confiscated.

As soon as the conference was ended Washington returned as he came, while the French admiral embarked part of the army on the transports, which, escorted by the fleet, sailed on March 8, 1781, for Virginia, where it had been arranged that the French should co-operate with the American army.

The commander of the British fleet, which had been lurking in Gardiner's Bay behind Montauk Point, was soon apprised by his spies that the fleet had sailed, upon which he immediately started in pursuit. An engagement took place off Capes Charles and Henry, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, with the result that the French were forced to return to Newport without co-operating with their allies.

The seat of war was now at Yorktown, where the brilliant capture of Lord Cornwallis's army is a matter of history. The French had returned unmolested, and aided materially, so by the end of October, 1781, the inhabitants of Newport began to hope that the war was nearly over, and to draw a long breath of relief in the firm persuasion that it was indeed the breath of freedom.

But a time of anxiety and interstate trouble followed the evacuation of New York, November 25, 1783, when the remnants of the British army left the country. The forma-

BRITISH AND FRENCH OCCUPATION

tion of the new government called out all the vanities and jealousies between the States that had been only dormant when they were united for mutual protection. Still Rhode Island showed herself as progressive and far-seeing at this time as she had done during her whole existence, by acknowledging that an independent government was unwise, and therefore loyally joined the federation of the United States of America. In Newport the citizens turned their attention to improving the condition of their town, and incorporated it as a city on June 4, 1784. It was divided into four wards, with a regular corporation of six councilmen, four aldermen, and a clerk. George Hazard was chosen the first mayor. This office has been filled by many efficient men during its life of over one hundred years, so it may be invidious to name any who have been elected during the time. Certainly the present Mayor Boyle must be acceptable to the people, since he has been re-elected so many times. Daniel B. Fearing and Frederick Garretson are among the men of Newport's smart set who have sacrificed their private feelings to undertake the thankless task of being its mayor, as well as Robert S. Franklin, who also has occupied the mayor's chair, besides being a prominent Mason and president of Newport's Historical Society.

After the Revolution Newport resigned herself to her ruined condition, and began feebly to struggle into a new life. The Newport Artillery, that had been incorporated February 1, 1741, was languidly revived, for most of its active members had died bravely defending their country; but the second war with England, in 1812, called the corps into active service. Fort Greene was hastily repaired and garrisoned. Although no attack was made on it, the troops were well disciplined and ready to defend their native city. This company of artillery is one of the oldest in the coun-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

try, and it is always ready to go to the front. It was in the field during the Dorr rebellion, joined the Union army in 1861, and was present at the battle of Bull Run. When the Spanish-American War broke out the Newport Artillery was the first to offer its services, so that the loyal corps ranks foremost among the militia of the country.

On the 6th of December, 1812, the American frigate "United States," Commodore Decatur, brought the British frigate "Macedonian" as a prize into Newport harbor. The wounded were landed at Coasters Island to receive careful attention in the city hospital there. Stephen Decatur's father had been a native of Newport, so the citizens welcomed the commodore with doubled enthusiasm. But they became alarmed at the reports of a hostile fleet hovering near the coast, so, fearing an attack, sent the town records to South Kingston, while the banks removed their specie to the same place.

On October 4, 1813, the revenue cutter "Vigilant," Captain John Cahoon, was manned with volunteers from Newport and pursued a small British privateer called "Dart," that had hovered about the harbor capturing the coasters that sailed between New York and Boston. The "Dart" was carried after a sharp hand to hand fight, during which her first lieutenant was killed. She was brought into Newport, where the citizens received her with rejoicings.

On May 30, 1814, a British brig-of-war chased a blockade-runner on shore and fired "about two hundred cannon balls at her," says Mr. Ross, in his account of Newport, "one of which killed Mr. John Smith, of Middletown, and took off the leg of Isaac Bassett."

Since that date there has been no naval or land conflict on Aquidneck.



Right Rev. Henry C. Potter

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS



Gateway
Hobbes Street, New York

“**Y**OU are harboring Quakers here. I am amazed!” said the men of Boston to those of Newport who, with liberal minds, had made wise laws protecting people of all religions, sheltering Jew and Gentile alike, believing that they could even be “entertaining angels unaware, angels in broad-brimmed hats and russet cloaks.” So, en-

couraged by the protection offered in Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations, the Friends flocked to the shores of Narragansett Bay, many of them settling in the town of Newport, where they held their meetings publicly and unmolested.

The original records of these meetings, with the names of the members of the congregation, were accidentally burned, so the first authentic document bears the date of 1676. The Society had been organized before then, for there

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

is proof that John Burnyeat visited Newport in 1666, as in his journal of 1671 the preacher mentions that he "again attended a meeting of Friends in Newport." His able exposition of the tenets of the community created a deep impression among the people, who besought him to live with them, and with the greatest reluctance they saw him depart for Providence, where he found himself called to attend an important meeting.

But in 1672 he returned to the Friends in Newport for the May meeting, where he organized the congregation, aided by George Fox, William Edmondson, and John Stubbs. They met in Governor William Coddington's house, that was then the largest and most suitable for the purpose, but frequent gatherings were held in the open air, for no one building in the town could contain the crowd that flocked to hear these fluent and convincing preachers. The ardent revivalists prayed "that all things might be kept clean, sweet, and well," drawing many to their simple faith by their lucid explanation of the Scriptures, that were a sealed book to members of the community who had not learned to read.

This revival attracted so many people to Newport that the members of the Friends' Society became influential in the councils of the colony, for by the time the eighteenth century dawned one-half the population were of that sect, who were in the zenith of their power and prosperity in the community. Tradition declares that the first meeting-house built by the Quakers was placed on the east side of Farewell Street, opposite the old Coddington burial-ground, but this house was torn down in 1705, and, says Mr. Bull, "some of the materials were worked into that which is now the north room of the present meeting-house, which extends thirty feet north of the main building."

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

That the Quakers were influential in the government of the colony is shown by the men of that belief who from time to time held the important position of governor. Among them were William Coddington, Nicholas Easton, John Easton, Walter Clarke, Henry Bull, John Wanton, and Gideon Wanton. These names are still familiar to the ears of modern Newporters.

Easton's Point was once the property of the Society of Friends. It had belonged to Governor Nicholas Easton, who gave it as a marriage portion to his wife, Ann Clayton. She married, after Easton's death, Governor Henry Bull, whom she also survived.

This property of sixty-five acres was sold by Mrs. Bull, in 1698, to the Society of Friends, by which it was divided into parcels that were sold at different times, so to trace the title of the old farm is now a troublesome matter.

Rhode Island from the time of its first settlement was inhabited by members of many and diverse creeds or sects. For the most part they lived harmoniously, taking little heed of the manner in which others worshipped. Occasionally there would be meetings when discussions took place that were heated and obstinate. In some of these the celebrated Roger Williams took part. He was quite as positive in his beliefs as the members of the other creeds were in theirs, and all relished splitting hairs in company. There was a remarkable difference, however, between the attitude assumed by the colonists of Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations from that of the Massachusetts settlement. The former was liberal to a degree, permitting each person to please himself in all matters, while the fierce narrow-mindedness of the Puritan settlement stands out in strong contrast, particularly in regard to the Quakers who were so cruelly persecuted.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Henry W. Longfellow dramatically presents the scene of one barbarous murder:

“ William and Marmaduke, our martyred brothers,
Sleep in untimely graves . . .
When they tried to speak
Their voices by the roll of drums were drowned;
When they were dead they still looked fresh and fair,
The terror of death was not upon their faces.”

The Quakers in Rhode Island had the same freedom that was extended to them in the New York and Pennsylvania colonies, but the sect is no longer prominent.

Roger Williams never lived permanently in Newport, but he was a frequent visitor and deeply interested in the prosperity of the town, and it may be interesting to note here a strange account given in the second volume of Riechman's History, page 278, who mentions that the grave of Roger Williams was opened March 22, 1860, just one hundred and eighty-seven years after it had been closed. Nothing of the remains of the celebrated man was found, but, strange to say, the roots of an old apple-tree that had once marked the spot where Williams was buried were “ well preserved, and most curiously marked the outlines of the body.” The penetrating roots had evidently pierced the head of the coffin, then followed the spinal column, branching to twine around the bones of each leg to the ankle, when the wood had twined upward, embracing the feet. This was a novel and gruesome relic of the founder of Rhode Island, but it was carefully removed from the grave to be placed in a case in the Historical Society in Providence, where it is labelled with an appropriate inscription, like any other curiosity.

One of England's naval commanders was Admiral Wager. During his youth he had been apprenticed to a



“INDIAN SPRING” RESIDENCE OF MRS. J. R. BUSH, OF SAN ANTONIO.

From a photograph by T. Hall.

OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

... fellow dramatically presents the scene
... brother:

... and African, and other, red brothers,
... up in untimely graves . . .

When they tried to speak
Their voices by the roll of drums were drowned;
When they were dead they still looked fresh and fair,
The terror of death was not upon their faces."

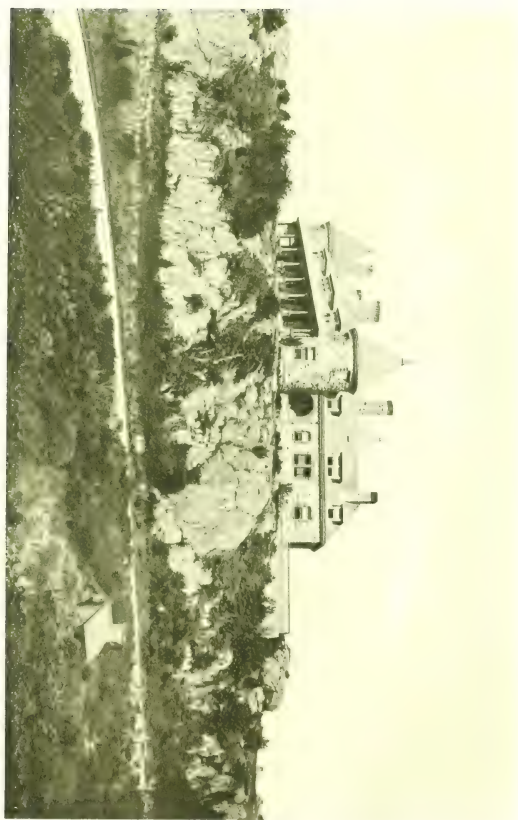
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"INDIAN BROTHER",
RESIDENCE OF MRS. T. R. BIRK, OCEAN VIEW

From a photograph by C. P. H.



RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

Newport Quaker by the name of John Hull, who sailed a packet between Newport and London on the regular line connecting the two ports before the outbreak of the war. When nearing the port a privateersman attempted to board Hull's vessel. The religious scruples of the captain prevented an armed resistance, but he loudly declared what he would do if not hampered by his conscience, and then went below, leaving Wager in command of the boat, which crowded all sail and steered directly for the small schooner, that had tried to hold them at bay. The good Quaker peeped from the companion-way, and finally roared out, "Charles, if thee intends to run over that schooner, thou must put thy helm a little more to star-board." The command was obeyed, the enemy was sunk with every soul on board, and the notoriety gained by the young apprentice placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder that led to his being an admiral in his Majesty's service.

Newport and Providence both claim to be the birth-place of the sect called the Baptists. It certainly was founded in 1638 by "many of Boston and others," says Governor Winthrop in his diary, "who were of Mrs. Hutchinson's judgment and party removed to the isle of Aquiday." Another author says, "At the island of Aqueday are about two hundred families. There was a church where one Master Clarke was elder. The place where the church was is called Newport, but that church I heare is now dissolved."

It is probable that many changes took place, and that the first congregation was reorganized before the tenets of the faith were fully settled, the data for which either does not exist or is so confused that early writers could not disentangle the web. But there is one established fact, which

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

is that in 1644 there was a Baptist church in Newport that grew, flourished, and threw out branches that have expanded over all parts of the country from this parent stock, and it makes little difference if the roots were planted in Providence or in the sister city of Newport.

The principal doctrine of the sect was adult baptism, and one of the interesting ceremonies of the congregation is the public confirmation that introduces members into full communion with the church.

This often takes place during the winter, and it is no uncommon sight in Newport, even when the thermometer drops to zero and the waters of the bay are frozen, to see men and women plunge into it with their pastor. The persons to receive the rite are appropriately dressed, so after the dedicatory ceremonies in the meeting-house, a procession is formed, when the whole congregation march in pairs from the church to that part of the shore called the "Blue Rocks." This spot has been used by the Baptists since the organization of the congregation, being hallowed to them by lifelong association. One of the principal Baptist churches has an entirely colored membership, who are enthusiastic believers in the rite, so much so that one old colored woman has received it repeatedly, having evaded the laws as she rejoiced in the excitement and consequent exaltation.

The people of Newport have a strange custom, which seems to be peculiar to the locality, and to have been imported by the first settlers, to be handed down traditionally from generation to generation. Every Easter morning a large crowd assembles on Easton's beach before dawn to watch for the sun to rise "out of the ocean," as they express it. It is declared that if it "dances," the year will be a lucky one to those who watch for it. If the sky is

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

cloudy so the sunrise cannot be seen, the superstitious people are downcast and unhappy.

Easton's beach is always crowded with people Easter morning, who sing the doxology as the sun rises, clapping their hands and receiving it with great rejoicings, but this remarkable sight is seldom witnessed by strangers, to whom the ceremony of the sun-worship is not confided. The people themselves seem to regard it as a most ordinary and commonplace performance, which is done for their own pleasure and is hardly worth mentioning, having no idea that they are performers in one of the most ancient of ceremonies; but it seems strange that it should be religiously observed year after year in worldly minded Newport, and has been unchronicled by any of the writers on the subject of mystic rites. The observance must have been brought by the first settlers from England, where it was customary during the sixteenth century, when these persons were living in their native land, "to watch for the rising of the Easter sun," when it was greeted with ceremonies that varied in different localities. Sir John Suckling says,—

"But oh, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight."

Sun-worship, with its various ceremonies and superstitions, can be traced to the earliest days, and it is interesting to find it observed even in the twentieth century by people who have no idea of its significance or origin.

The first elder of the Baptist church was Dr. John Clarke, a remarkable man in many ways. He obtained a charter for the congregation from Charles II., and under the protection of royalty the church flourished. A small meeting-house was erected soon after the organization of

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

the society at "Green End," says Dr. Ross, where Dr. Clarke served as religious teacher until his death, in 1676, at the age of sixty-six.

The old church was furnished with unpainted benches and a small platform for the preacher to stand on. It was unheated, so the congregation suffered intensely from the cold during the long prayers and exhortations. The older members contrived to keep themselves from freezing by heating stones in their own fireplaces and carrying them to "Meetin'" concealed under their ample cloaks; but the younger members were not allowed this luxury, and their blood congealed with the cold. The church was lighted by two very small chandeliers hanging from the ceiling by a rope that had been painted blue and dabbed with spots of gold. The chandeliers were simply round blocks of wood, on which branches were nailed to hold dip candles, the long wicks of which would droop over the wax, making "winding sheets" that dropped on the congregation below, and these rough lights were the only decorations of the unpainted meeting-house.

Dr. Clarke was not content with his flourishing congregation in Newport, but was foolhardy enough to go to the other colonies with two of his friends, hoping to proselyte in different places. They visited Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1631, when they were invited to preach, but while doing so they were arrested, carried to Boston, and imprisoned. Clarke was fined twenty pounds or be whipped. He paid the fine, but Holmes, his companion, received thirty stripes, and then the justices ordered the Baptists to be banished from Massachusetts, to which they were commanded not to return under very heavy penalties.

Dr. Clarke first married the daughter of John Harges, of Bedfordshire, England, who died without children. His

THE GREAT RACE OF THE YEAR
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RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

second wife was Mary Fletcher, who also died childless. His third wife was the widow Davis, who survived him. John Clarke was an eminent physician, as well as a fluent, persuasive preacher. He left a large sum of money for the education of children.

This congregation of Baptists had several succeeding pastors, and among the most noteworthy was its sixth, the Reverend John Callender, a Bostonian and graduate of Harvard College, who entered on his duties July 4, 1731, continuing to serve the church faithfully for seventeen years. He died on the 26th of January, 1748, in the forty-second year of his age. He was a contemporary of the Rev. Nathaniel Clapp, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Newport, and was requested to preach a funeral oration on the death of that worthy pastor, which was so much liked that it was published. It was printed on the old press that had been set up in Newport by the brother of Benjamin Franklin, which is still preserved.

During the occupation of Newport by the British, in 1778, the meeting-house of the first Baptist congregation was used as a barracks for "the troops of his sacred Majesty King George." Its pastor, Erasmus, fled to Warren, but the enemy raided that little town shortly after his removal, when they burnt the house he occupied and dragged from it his furniture and books to place them on a large bonfire, that could be seen for many miles by the terrified neighbors, each one of whom thought their turn would come next. The First Baptist Church stands on Spring Street behind the State-House, between Baring and Sherman Streets.

The Second Baptist congregation was organized in 1656 by twenty-one members of the original church, who objected "to the use of psalmody, the restraints upon the

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

liberty of prophecy, etc.," and they withdrew from the parent organization to form their own, to which they called the Rev. William Vaughan, who remained their pastor until his death in 1677. Their meeting-house stands on Farewell Street. The pond called by Vaughan's name is marked on the early maps, but has been filled in. There was at one time a mill on it, erected eight years after the settlement, when what is now Marlborough Street was a swamp.

The Central Baptist Society has its church in Clarke Street. It was established in 1847, when it purchased the building that had been erected for the Second Congregational Church. Of course, many alterations were necessary, for the place had been partly ruined by the British soldiers, who delighted in desecrating the homes of "the dissenters." The pews had been used for firewood, and a chimney had been run through the centre of the building, but it stands on hallowed ground, and it is interesting not only for its historic associations, but as one of the original buildings that adopted the first lightning-rod. Before it had been protected in this way it had been struck by one of Jove's thunder-bolts in 1764, after which the progressive pastor persuaded his people to protect themselves by adopting the new invention, and Dr. Styles records in his diary, under the date of August 20, 1766:

"Dr. Franklin's electrical points were erected a top my steeple. From the iron spindle there descended two lines of iron rod or wire, adown the North East and South East corners of the steeple to the ground. The points were of large brass wire, extending about a foot above the vane. They are the first and only electrical rods erected in the colony of Rhode Island upon any Meeting-house or any public building, and I think there is but one private house guarded by them. In Boston, Cambridge, and a few other places in New England points have lately been erected upon a few Meeting-houses and the Colleges."

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

After the evacuation of the British the house was repaired, but in 1820 the society joined the Congregational Church in Spring Street, when the old building was bought by the Baptists, who altered it both inside and out. The venerable Parson Bliss, who lived in "Green End," was the minister of the Sabbatarian or Seventh Day Baptist Church, that was organized in 1671, and William Bliss was its seventh pastor. This worthy pastor was once baptizing some converts at Gravelly Point on Long Wharf, when he accidentally fell into deep water, dragging with him his catechumen. The pair floundered helplessly about, for no aid was extended to them by the onlookers, who thought their total immersion and disappearance was part of the ceremony. In consequence good Doctor Bliss was nearly drowned before help was given to him, and he was dragged sputtering and half conscious from the water. The congregation meanwhile got into a state of hysterics that was half amusement and half fright.

A story related in a speech by J. Stanton Gould at the Reunion of the Sons and Daughters of Newport, August, 1859, shows the harmonious feeling that existed in Newport prior to the war of the Revolution among the ministers of all the sects.

Nathaniel Greene was the father of the celebrated Major-General Greene, and was an approved minister of the Society of Friends, whose voice was often heard at meeting. Mr. Greene arranged to be present at the Friends' meeting house in Newport on a certain Sunday in September. He was to be received as a guest in the home of Stephen Wanton, in the old house still standing on Broadway that was built by John Wanton, the son of Governor Gideon Wanton. The arrival of Friend Greene was soon known in the little town, upon which numbers of persons hastened

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

to present their respects. First among them were the two Baptist ministers, then the Jewish rabbi, Dr. Touro, "Parson Clapp and Mr. Honyman, of Trinity Church, until at length," says Mr. Gould, "every clergyman in the town was present. The party was completed by Dr. Robert Rodman, the most celebrated punch-maker in the colony, when in the united opinion of the clergy there was a clear indication that the finger of Providence pointed directly to a bowl of punch."

The meeting became so convivial that it is historic, but the evidence of good-fellowship was so well established that "the next morning," to quote from the same authority, "all the ministers informed their congregations that they should omit their usual afternoon service and attend the Friends' meeting, recommending them to do likewise. The old meeting-house was accordingly filled to repletion at the appointed hour, and a solemn silence soon settled on the assembled multitude.

At length Nathaniel Greene arose. Standing silently for a moment, his eyes passed slowly around the gathering, taking in each individual countenance in his survey; then, raising his voice, tremulous with emotion, he told them he had delivered his message to his own brethren in the morning, and now his concern was for them all. His text was, "Be ye temperate in all things." He spoke of temperance in the indulgence of the table, in the pursuit of wealth and of ambition, in amusements, and, finally, in the use of strong drinks; telling them how sinful it was to abuse so great a blessing, and that while its moderate use was to be received with thanksgiving, yet to abuse it until one *could neither stand nor go* was a greivous sin, disgraceful both to the Christian and the gentleman."

As many of the audience had partaken of the contents

“SANDWICH” HOTEL, SEASHORE OF MICH., BY THE LITTLE ROCKS, IN 1900.



RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

of Mrs. Stephen Wanton's punch-bowl the previous day, and as the story had leaked out of how much the jovial crowd of ministers had been affected by it, a suppressed laugh ran through the meeting-house over this sermon from Friend Greene, and one of the female members, whose husband had partaken too freely of Dr. Rodman's brew, and given her much trouble all night, was heard to whisper that she thought she should be "moved to speak in meetin'," when she would take for her text, "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite."

The Fourth Baptist Church in Newport was organized June 23, 1783, by nine members of the Second Baptist Church, who seceded from that congregation. They drew up no definite creed, but desired liberty to worship God in their own way, and on November 30, 1783, declared, "We agree that we could not receive any into our fellowship that hold their fellow-creatures in slavery during life." Their meeting-house was in Division Street, but the congregation took possession of the Clarke Street meeting-house August 30, 1835.

THE JEWS

It is claimed that Yeshuat Israel, or Salvation of Israel, is the oldest Jewish congregation in America, and the synagogue on Touro Street in Newport antedates that of any on the North American Continent. It was organized in 1680. In Newport there was always religious tolerance that was remarkable in the seventeenth century. Here both Jew and Gentile have ever enjoyed the freedom of conscience in worshipping God. A thread of romance is woven through the web of history that pictures the building of this old

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

house of prayer, which is interesting not only on account of the personality of the founders of the congregation, but of the impress they left on the town they helped to build.

The first Jews who made their homes in Newport were men of cultivation, enlightenment, and unwonted generosity, whose names remain in the annals of the place for all time. Much was due to them, but more to the liberal sentiments prevailing among their fellow-townpeople who first permitted the Jews to take refuge among them and then encouraged them to openly worship God after their ancient ritual, instead of driving them to do it in secret places in terror of their lives. So by 1769, out of the eleven thousand inhabitants of Newport, three hundred of them were Jews.

Rhode Island set the example of liberality when her neighbor the Massachusetts Colony was persecuting Jews and Gentiles alike who did not conform to their puritanical laws.

The exact date of the arrival of the Jews in Newport is still a matter of debate, although it seems of minor consequence whether it was in 1658 or the previous year. However, it is almost certain that in the first named year fifteen Hebrew families captained by Mordecai Campannall and Moses Packeckoe (whose descendants became known by the name of Mendez), settled there secure of religious toleration, since there was no law in the colony "preventing any one declaring by words, etc., their minds and understanding concerning the things and ways of God." This, liberally interpreted, extended a shield over Quaker, Jew, Baptist, and other sects. The erection of the synagogue was due to the spirit and view of this handful of emigrants, who thus laid the foundation of a mighty race in the new world.

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

As late as the end of the seventeenth century the intolerant Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia," described Newport "as the common receptacle of the convicts of Jerusalem and the outcasts of the land." How far this was from being a true statement slight backward glances over the history of the town will show.

The first band of Hebrews was augmented in numbers in August 24, 1694, when several Jewish families of wealth and respectability arrived from Curaçoa or one of the adjacent islands in the West Indies. These people had been encouraged to emigrate, for about the year 1684 the General Assembly of Rhode Island had voted in favor of allowing Jews to settle in their colony. The new-comers were men of good business habits and liberal education, and once settled in their new homes they conducted a thriving trade, making capital citizens. They subscribed liberally to all educational enterprises, and made themselves respected by their quiet but earnest devotion to their ancient laws and ritual. These men brought with them trade secrets of great value, one of them being a process of soap-making, another the rendering of spermaceti by a new method, as well as the proper tempering of brass and other metals, so by their exertions several factories were soon erected that speedily attracted commerce to Newport.

Whale-ships from Nantucket, Providence, or New Bedford brought the results of their captures in the Arctic seas to Long Wharf, where Lopez, the Jew, afterwards had his store-houses. Ship-owners from other places were pleased to have such a good home market for their malodorous freight. The harbor of Newport became crowded with shipping, and its prosperity increased in proportion.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Before that time the colonists had depended for their lights on candles that were made at home from the wax of the bay-berries, that grew plentifully on the island. These were melted and run into moulds by the careful housewives, but after spermaceti was converted into a convenient substitute for the native vegetable product it was readily adopted by the citizens of Newport, and through their means introduced into other colonies, and this was one of the first of many instances when the inhabitants of this progressive place proved they were "men of light and leading," and for this they are indebted to the Jews.

There are no records to prove that a congregation was formed on the arrival of the first Jews in Aquidneck, but doubtless one existed in secret. Meetings were held in private houses, where instruction was given by the head of each of the families, so the ancient lore and customs was neither unobserved nor forgotten; but all was done as quietly as possible, in order not to provoke hostility, for the poor wanderers had had many a bitter lesson and had too often experienced persecution not to be chary of laying themselves open to it again, even among their liberal-minded hosts. Therefore their services in no way called for criticism.

But about 1755, nearly seventy-five years after the first Jews settled in Rhode Island, a large accession was received in the community by the exodus of several families from Portugal, who were driven away by the frightful earthquake at Lisbon. At the same time the Lopez family fled to America to escape the Inquisition, while the Rivas came from Spain for the same reason. Both families had been "Marranos," or Jews in secret, while pretending to profess Christianity, in order to escape persecution. Still these people had preserved some ancient scrolls, as well as

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

many of the utensils used in their religious observances, that they smuggled out of Europe to be brought to the colony.

Among other notable men who helped form the congregation were Haym Isaac Karigel and the Rev. Isaac Touro, who encouraged their co-religionists to perform their ancient rites fearlessly and publicly, and for this purpose they organized the sixty Jewish families who were residing in Newport into a congregation, raising a considerable sum of money for the purpose of erecting a synagogue. The foundations were laid on the 1st of August, 1759, and on December 2, 1763, the building was dedicated with considerable ceremony "to the Glory of God."

The Rev. Isaac Touro was the first minister to officiate in this edifice, where Haym Karigel was chazan (or cantor, the one who recites prayers). The architect was Peter Harrison, who carefully conformed to the rules for erecting such sacred houses by consulting the laws followed by European communities of Jews.

The synagogue was placed on a commanding site, purchased for the purpose. It is half-way up the hill overlooking the harbor of Newport, according to the ancient teachings that prescribed an elevated situation. It faces due south, regardless of the line of the adjoining street, to which it still stands in an oblique position.

The auditorium is so placed that the worshippers face the east when praying, the ark being erected against the eastern wall. This is according to an old custom, although not the oldest known, for the position of the ark was changed at different periods. While the Temple existed the Jews turned to the west when at prayer. This seems to have been done to mark the difference between the Jews and the Sun Worshippers, or Parsees, and as a mute protest

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

against these people, who were both powerful and aggressive.

The Parsees conformed to the ritual that taught them to face to the east where their divinity appeared on rising. After the dispersion of the Israelites those who fled to the east of Jerusalem turned about and prayed with their faces toward their beloved city, while those who lived to the west of it placed their ark at the eastern end of their synagogues, to pray with their faces turned toward that point of the compass. The entrance to the building is through a simple gateway, erected many years afterwards by a descendant of the first rabbi, the two pillars of which represent those of Solomon's Temple, Boaz and Jachin, denoting strength and establishment, alluding to a passage in Scripture,—“In strength shall this house be established.”

The square unpretentious synagogue with its simple porch, gained by five steps, is lighted by windows opening both on the main floor and the women's galleries. These are supported by twelve graceful columns, “that represent the twelve tribes of Israel, which are the parent and from whom all Israelites spring.” There were no pews or seats in the building, for the men moved restlessly about wearing their hats during the entire ceremony, and this custom was observed in Newport, following that of the European or Asiatic countries, long after the Jews in other parts of America seated themselves in their synagogues.

It is more than probable that the corner-stone of the synagogue was laid with Masonic rites, according to the occult instruction imported by members of the Fraternity, and that a little search would discover the marks of the mysterious script, the squares and angles, that reveal their meaning to the initiated. These signs were origi-

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

nally adopted by Freemasons when building the churches in Europe in the eleventh century, for at that time the brotherhood were *Masons* indeed, and wandered from one place to another plying their craft without other reward than the hope of salvation. But when Spaniards, Frenchmen, Germans, and men of other nations worked side by side it was necessary to have a common language in which they might communicate their ideas to each other, and this was supplied by the Masonic alphabet and signs. In the old State-House of Newport, erected in 1739, that superseded an earlier structure, Mr. Mason, in his "Reminiscences of Newport," mentions that "there are initials and other marks cut upon the stone-work, left there intentionally by the men who wrought the stones into shape. At this late date we have no key by which to decipher them." Probably the members of the Fraternity could have enlightened Mr. Mason as to the meaning of the "marks," had they felt so inclined.

The interior of the synagogue was appropriately but not expensively decorated, and remains unchanged to the present day. The communal spirit of a Jewish congregation was quaintly expressed, as the building was provided with an oven, in which all the unleavened bread necessary for its use could be baked. But, of course, there were no pictures of men or beasts on the walls, that being forbidden by Mosaic law, but it is said that the parocheth, or curtain for the ark, was covered with unusually magnificent embroidery, while the other appointments were of handsomely wrought gold and silver.

The scrolls of the law were deposited in the ark that had so carefully been brought from Europe. One of them now in the synagogue is nearly four hundred years old. It was imported by the Jews who reached the island in 1658. These scrolls contain the five books of Moses written in

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Hebrew characters, and are called Sefet-torah, "the book of the law." This Torah, that was rescued from the Inquisitors, is beautifully inscribed on parchment and is mounted on rollers. It is kept in an ancient wrapper of historic value.

For many years the synagogue was closed, but now that its doors are open, the scroll is once more taken from its hiding-place to be read at the "Shacharith," or early service. Its removal from the ark before reading and the ceremony of returning the scroll to its sacred resting-place is a solemn and impressive function.

The founders of the congregation of Yeshuat Israel were rich and generous men, who delighted in adorning the temple of God, but before lavishing money or ornaments on it they carefully paid for every expense incurred when erecting their synagogue, and the last debt was discharged August 25, 1760, or three years before the building was dedicated. Then the Jews felt they were at liberty to adorn the temple raised with so much sacrifice and self-denial.

They imported at different dates for the sacred edifice five candelabra made of bronze, that are still its chief ornaments. The two oldest are dated 1760. One was presented by Naphtali Hart Myers, and the other by Isaac Pollock. Jacob Rodriguez Riviera and Abraham Riviera, his son, also gave two of these great candlesticks, the dates on which are 1765. Aaron Lopez donated the fifth in 1770.

The synagogue in Newport has been the object of much contention, but it remains standing on its original site, for according to the reverent Jewish law it would be desecration to move or replace a house of prayer with any secular building, or to sell a spot once consecrated to worship which afterwards might be used for an unworthy purpose; but



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE SCROLL OF TORAH

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RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

for many years at different periods of its existence it has been closed and apparently deserted.

When the British troops occupied Newport and the fleet blockaded Narragansett Bay, the whale trade was suddenly suspended, so the source of wealth being diverted to other ports, the Jewish community, being entirely in sympathy with the cause of liberty, either fled or were driven from the town.

Many of them gave money liberally to the Americans. Some joined the army, but the ancient synagogue, where they had found "freedom to worship God," was deserted and fared no better at the hands of the enemy than did the meeting-houses in Newport.

The religious buildings of the Jews serve a threefold purpose,—namely, devotional, educational, and communal,—but it had to be abandoned, as there were no longer ten men left in the congregation, that were necessary for the purposes of worship, since women do not count as members of the quorum, to quote from the ethics of the fathers, that says, "If ten are assembled and engaged in the study of the law, the Shechinah resides among them." As this was not the case, and the rabbinical law exempts women from the performance of all religious duties which are to be executed at a fixed time, there ceased to be a "Minyan for service." In consequence, from 1790 to 1882 the Newport synagogue was practically deserted, although occasionally opened for private prayer.

Still the descendants of the original congregation valued their connection with the first synagogue in America too much to allow it to be desecrated or destroyed, and they not only carefully kept the house in good repair while worshipping themselves with other congregations, but the trustees invested the income that was in the name of

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Sheareth Israel so well that at the present time the old place of worship is extremely wealthy in its own right.

The Rev. Abraham P. Mendes became minister to the congregation during the latter part of the nineteenth century, but after his death, in 1893, the place was closed, for there was no regular organization.

On May 28, 1893, a new congregation was organized that received a charter from the State of Rhode Island on the 13th of June, 1894, under the original name, by a congregation of German Jews, who had moved to Newport but who were not members of the first congregation, organized by Portuguese Jews. The old members of the community had never secured a legal charter after the formation of the government, so the trustees of the fund and the new congregation were forced to come to some settlement, in order that the synagogue might be opened under an authorized corporation.

The Jewish residents of Newport in 1905 are quite numerous. They have three active societies, two of them for men and one for women, the latter containing forty members, although it was only started at the beginning of the year, by Miss Sarah Schrier, the daughter of Eugene Schrier. There is a well-attended Sabbath-school for the children of the congregation, so when the boys attain their thirteenth birthday they will be instructed in their duties both in the home and synagogue, and ready to become a Bar Mitzvah.

The descendants of the original congregation were intensely proud of their connection with the old house in Newport, so much so that about 1902 an interesting wedding was performed there. The bride and groom were descendants of the founders of the synagogue, who resided in New York, but they took up their abode in the city by the sea for

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

a few days in the middle of winter, for the especial purpose of having the religious ceremony performed there. The old house had not held such a gay throng for many years as was seen on that snow-clad day, when the interior of the synagogue was decked with flowers, the elaborate Torah with its robe and ornaments was taken from its hiding-place, the beautiful *parocheth* hung before the ark of the covenant, and the valuable *chuppah* or nuptial canopy made ready for the bridal pair.

The history of the Jews in Newport has been written frequently and at length, so it will suffice to mention the most noteworthy among those who left their vivid impress on the town. Among them was Aaron Lopez, who married the daughter of Jacob Rodriquez Riviera, who was also a well-known citizen. Moses Lopez, the nephew of Aaron, moved to New York, but his body was brought to Newport to be laid in the famous cemetery on Kay Street. There were many others, but the man whose name is perpetuated is Isaac Touro, who settled in Newport in the middle of the eighteenth century, and was the first and most noted rabbi of *Yeshuat Israel*. His two sons, Abraham and Judah Touro, were rich, generous men, who were proud to endow their birthplace with lasting improvements that still redound to their credit. It was Abraham Touro who ordered a substantial wall to be built around the Jews' cemetery at the foot of Bellevue Avenue and erected the gateway before the synagogue. The cemetery wall was removed by Judah Touro, who replaced it with the handsome iron railing and beautiful gateway that is now such an ornament to the place, commemorated in Henry Longfellow's celebrated poem. Judah Touro donated the thousand dollars toward the erection of the Bunker Hill monument, the corner-stone of which was laid in 1825, on the

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

fiftieth anniversary of the battle. In 1840 the project had nearly been abandoned for lack of funds when Mr. Amos Lawrence offered ten thousand dollars if the necessary funds could be raised. The offer of Mr. Touro, who was then living in New Orleans, of a similar sum spurred the citizens of Boston to raise the money and finish the obelisk. The following lines were circulated at the time:

“ Amos and Judah—venerated names!
Patriarch and prophet press their equal claims.
Like generous courses, running neck and neck,
Each aids the work by giving it a cheque.
Christian and Jew, they carry out a plan,
For though of different faith, each is in heart a man.”

There is also a street in New Orleans called Touro, after the Jewish benefactor who did so much to benefit both cities, and needs no other monument. The burial-place granted to the Jews in the middle of the seventeenth century is still kept in repair and decorated with flowers through the liberality of Abraham Touro, the brother of Judah, who left a fund to support the synagogue and cemetery.

As has been mentioned, the Jews who fled from Lisbon introduced the manufacture of spermaceti. They formed a syndicate in 1761, so Newport claims to have been the first place in America in which a trust was inaugurated, and it was doubtless to this keen insight into business principles that the town owes its first prosperity.

The Jews also contributed to the support of Redwood Library, Moses Lopez and Jacob Josephs being among its founders, Judah Touro in particular giving liberal sums of money to it, and it was he who saw the historic value of the old stone tower and gave money to have it preserved. Before his time it stood in open fields that were covered with dock and rank weeds, but it is now protected by an

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

iron railing and stands in a square laid out with trees and crossed by convenient paths. This little park appropriately bears the name of the good Jew who did so much to beautify the home of his fathers and his own birthplace.

Abraham and Judah Touro were the sons of the Rev. Isaac Touro, who arrived in Newport about 1760 and organized the congregation of Yeshuat Israel, conducting services there until the war of the Revolution.

Aaron Lopez was one of the heads of the families who fled from Portugal. He became very rich and owned over thirty of the vessels that hailed from Newport, the names of which were until lately printed over the pigeon-holes along the walls of his store on Lopez wharf.

Aaron Lopez married the daughter of Jacob Rodriguez Riviera, also one of the refugees, and their descendants are still living. Lopez was a most enterprising merchant, who sent his own whaling-fleet as far as the Falkland Islands. These ships returned laden with many curiosities, besides the sperm of which they had gone in search, large branches of coral, rare shells, new fruits, and seeds of many kinds that were sown in the Newport gardens to bear novel exotic leaves and flowers. Mr. Lopez fled from the place in 1775, at the outbreak of the war, never to return to the colony, for he died an accidental death some years after.

Some of the descendants of the congregation of Yeshuat Israel live now in Philadelphia. Among them are the Pollocks, Hays, and the Misses Mordecai.

As an instance of the honesty and uprightness of the Jews in Newport, a well-known anecdote of Jacob R. Riviera has been preserved in the memories of his fellow-townsmen. Riviera was at one time a very rich, prosperous man. He had his sons and daughters carefully educated,

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

sparing no expense to advance his family, while contributing liberally to the charities of his sect, the Redwood Library, and town expenses. Owing to an unexpected turn in business, he failed, upon which he changed his whole habit of life, living so frugally as to earn the name of a miser, for he had soon re-established himself in business and was known to be making a second fortune. He kept his own counsel, however, for several years, and then, to the surprise of the community among whom he had been living with such simplicity, he gave a large dinner, to which he invited all his creditors. When these gentlemen sat down to the feast, each one found at his plate—not the cards or trifles common at the modern dinner, but an envelope containing the exact sum of money due him, with the interest calculated to the day.

These and many other instances of honesty and uprightness in which the Jews were the heroes are recorded in the annals of Newport, so it is small wonder that they are respected and valued as citizens to the present day.

THE CONGREGATIONALISTS

As early as 1702 a Congregational Society existed in Newport, where they built for themselves a meeting-house, which it is said was one of the first in the colony. In 1720 the First Congregational Church was regularly organized by the Rev. Nathaniel Clapp, who continued its pastor until his death, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, October 30, 1745.

In that quaint little blue-covered book called the New England Primer, printed by Edward Draper in 1777, is a prayer by "*the late Rev. and venerable MR. NATHANIEL CLAPP of NEWPORT on Rhode Island his advice to children.*"

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

“ Good children should remember daily, God their Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; to believe in love and serve him; their parents to obey them in the Lord, their bible and catechism; their baptism; the Lord’s day; Lord’s death and resurrection; their own death and resurrection; and the day of judgement, when all that are not fit for heaven must be sent to hell. And they should pray to God in the name of CHRIST for saving grace.”

The primer in which this prayer is found is a rare book, which, however, has been reprinted many times. It was issued for a child’s school-book, and is filled with quaint wood-cuts of original design. The alphabet is in rhyme, and ends, “ Zebedee he did climb a tree his Lord and Master for to see,” the figures in the thumb-nail print being strangely out of proportion to the tree.

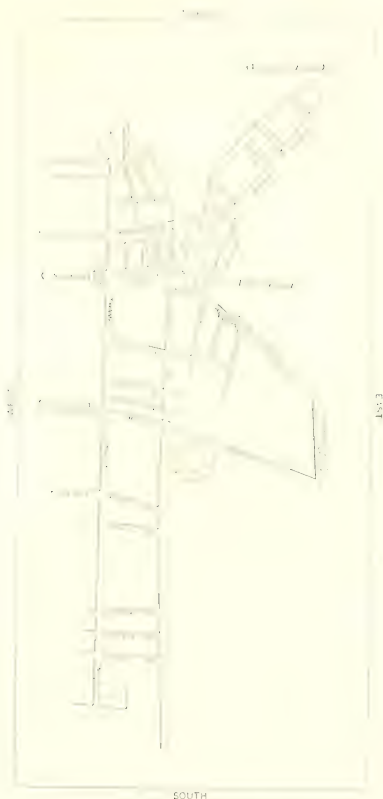
Nathaniel Clapp was an eccentric person at a time when the peculiarities of a parson had to be extremely marked to draw attention to them, and even then they were condoned, as they were believed to be marks of genius or piety. He was careless to a fault about money matters, for he had a habit of wrapping bills in orange peel, and tucking them on the shelves of his bookcase, under the carpet, or behind the pictures in his study. His daily custom was to walk for exercise through the town, and if on his way he met any boys flying kites, playing at marbles, or with peg-tops, he would buy the toys from the children and exhort them not to gamble or “ indulge in vain sport.” Of course, the urchins took advantage of the simple-minded old man, and when they saw his black velvet cap approaching they would try to attract his notice, for they knew that the rusty gown that was girdled loosely round his loins carried books on one side and cakes or candy on the other, with which he always provided himself to bribe the youngsters to sell their traps. There was at one time a schism in the church, but

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Dr. Clapp calmly ignored all disapprobation or complaints. He was finally waited upon by an influential committee, who assembled in the parsonage to respectfully request he would comply with the wishes of his congregation. Mr. Clapp stalked from his study into the parlor, where his parishioners were waiting for him, with a plate of figs in his hand. He presented each person with one, turned, and, standing in the doorway, said, loudly, "A fig for you all," and rushed out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

One of the distinguished pastors of the church was the Rev. Samuel Hopkins. This gentleman left the island during the war, but returned when peace was proclaimed to resume his duties and recall his scattered flock. He was the hero of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel called "The Minister's Wooing," that gives such a graphic picture of life in Newport directly after the Revolution. The house in which the scene of the story is laid, and where the heroine lived, still stands close to Fort Adams, seemingly scarcely changed, although rather the worse for wear. The tale was entirely fictitious, for the Rev. Mr. Hopkins seems to have left behind him a peculiar record for a minister of his days, and never went "wooing" until he met a buxom widow late in life, "who married him before he had time," said the gossips, "to remonstrate," but they lived happily ever after.

A second Congregational church was incorporated and a charter granted to it June 10, 1771. The Rev. Ezra Styles had been ordained its pastor, but later accepted the presidency of Yale College, and was installed October, 1755. During the Revolution his congregation was scattered and his meeting-house occupied as barracks for the British troops. He was a broad-minded man, who was always willing to discuss the religious questions of the day with men



Map of Newport, 1713
 Drawn by John Manton, from 1713
 Names in brackets are modern names, now added

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

of other creeds. He formed an intimacy with the Jewish rabbi, Isaac Touro, partly for the sake of mastering the Hebrew language, but chiefly in the hope of converting that celebrated man to Christianity. In after life Dr. Styles often naïvely expressed his surprise that his able arguments had never shaken the worthy rabbi's convictions, but Touro fled to Jamaica when the war broke out, and died at Kingston, December 8, 1783, at the early age of forty-six, while Styles survived to a ripe age, neither of them having influenced the other to change his opinion.

The ministers of the two Congregational churches were deeply interested in the negroes who were members of their society, and combined to make arrangements for sending the black freemen back to the coast of Africa. Some of these persons were returned to their native land, but the experiment was unsuccessful, so Dr. Hopkins and Dr. Styles discontinued their efforts in that direction.

The meeting-house in which Dr. Styles preached was on Clarke Street; it was erected in 1735, and although badly injured by the soldiers during the war, it is said that some parts of the original church are still preserved. Society in Newport in the last few years before the war must have been primitive but pleasant. Dr. Hopkins kept his followers in a continual state of excitement by propounding startling views and opinions, that were vehemently opposed by Dr. Styles. The latter was librarian of Redwood Library and a keen lover of books. He was called upon by the citizens of the place to preach a public sermon on the death of George II., king of England, who died suddenly on October 25, 1760, at the age of seventy-seven, from the bursting of the right ventricle of the heart.

Contrary to previous usage, the pulpit of the meeting-house was hung in mourning. The house was crowded with

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

attentive listeners, for Dr. Styles was greatly beloved by his flock. The text was from First Chronicles, chapter twenty-ninth,—“ Thus David the son of Jesse reigned over all Israel,” for doubtless the worthy doctor preferred to dwell on the virtues of the new king while he glossed over the vices of his predecessor.

The salary of the pastor was small, but even then it was not promptly paid. The *Newport Mercury* of 1767 has the following description of the way in which the women of the congregation discharged their individual indebtedness when money was scarce in the community:

“ Last Wednesday thirty-seven young ladies of this town made the Rev. Mr. Styles’s lady a visit. They sent their wheels and carried flax enough for a moderate day’s spinning, having agreed to have no trial who should spin most, but to spin good fine yarn, and as much as they could without fatiguing themselves; and accordingly they spent the day in a very agreeable, industrious manner; and at sunset made Mrs. Styles a present of about one hundred and fifteen knotted skeins of yarn, fine enough for shirts for the best gentleman in America.”

The Congregational Society of modern times has a large wealthy membership, and their meeting-house, erected about 1833, on the corner of Pelham and Spring Streets, is one of the noted buildings of Newport, while their archives contain many valuable records of the births, deaths, or marriages of well-known persons whose families have been received into the church since its foundation.

THE EPISCOPALIANS

There has always been an active religious sentiment stirring Newport from the very day of its settlement. “ Saturday and Sunday Baptists, Jews, Calvinists, Hop-



TRINITY CHURCH

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

kinsonians, Quakers, Moravians, Newlights, Episcopalians, and others dwelt there harmoniously," says Dr. Walter Channing, and although Trinity Church is by no means the first or the strongest religious organization of the city, it holds a position second to none in the hearts of the townspeople, while the summer residents are proud when they are able to associate themselves with this ancient seat of worship and buy a pew in it.

The present building is not the first that was erected on the site, for the original one was carefully taken down in 1725, when it was donated to an Episcopal congregation on the main-land, where part of the old church still stands in the little village of Warwick.

But as early as 1698 a number of Episcopalians in Newport formed themselves into a congregation, and it is claimed that Trinity was the first church to be incorporated in Rhode Island.

The Rev. Mr. Lockyer was called to act as pastor to the little community, that rapidly raised sufficient money to build the simple church, that so soon became too small and inconvenient for their needs. This building is described as being "finished all on the outside, and the inside pewed well, but not beautiful." Still it was only four years after the incorporation of the church, or in 1702, that the congregation worshipped in a home of their own, which stood beneath the shadow of the old stone tower, about forty-two feet above sea-level, and was a commanding object from many parts of the harbor.

The handful of persons who composed the congregation could not afford to pay the salary of an efficient pastor, so they appealed to the London "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," for aid, and not in vain, as the Society selected the Rev. James Honyman to act

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

as their missionary in the little hamlet in the New World, despatching him to Newport in 1704.

Mr. Honyman found a sympathetic and ambitious congregation, not only eager to learn all he could teach them of theology, but anxious to improve themselves by reading the books of the day. The report of the young missionary to his superiors was so favorable to his parishioners that the Society presented Trinity Church with twenty-five books, some of which are still preserved in the church-house. But their dog-eared leaves and musty leather covers are as dry and unattractive to the modern reader as the contents themselves. Many of these books are on religious subjects, but there is also preserved in the library a shelf of old Bibles and obsolete prayer-books, on the fly-leaves of which are inscribed the names of members of the congregation who have been dead for many years, and who are now only recalled by these faded autographs or by the tombstones in the "God's Acre" that lies beside the church in which they were once such noteworthy personages. The editions are not rare, nor are the bindings handsome or richly tooled, but the books are preserved for their traditional associations.

Mr. Honyman succeeded in drawing within his fold a number of families who up to that time had owed allegiance to the different denominations, attracted to them by the eloquence of the preachers who occupied the pulpit, but not regularly enrolled as members of the congregation. With the influx of new communicants, as well as other persons, the church that had been large enough for the congregation in 1702 became too small for the comfortable accommodation of the new families who joined Trinity Church, so a subscription for rebuilding was opened that was so liberally responded to that a new edifice was

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

commenced in 1725, which was finished within a year, when it was proudly claimed that "Trinity Church was the most beautiful timber structure in America." This building has been altered and enlarged at different periods of its existence, but the interior remains practically the same as when it was first built.

The graceful white spire of the church has served as a landmark for many a year to the sailor steering his vessel into the harbor. Captain Kidd directed his course by it. The English fleets sailed in and out, steering by aid of its crowned spire; their enemies, the French, pointed by the same guiding pinnacle, while to-day swift-sailing yachts or prosaic steamboats are directed by the white steeple of Trinity Church, the vane of which is still surmounted by a royal crown, that twirls glittering in the sun far above the rebellious democratic citizens who many years since threw off the yoke their ancestors bore so impatiently, and yet with singular obstinacy cling to this sole remaining emblem of loyalty swinging in the air. This crown and the supporting steeple has, however, been laid low more than once by the violent wind-storms that from time to time have swept over Newport, rushing from the ocean across the neck of land that separates it from the landlocked bay of Narragansett, to leave havoc and desolation in its wake.

Less than fifty years after the little wooden church was built on the side of the hill, close to which clustered the oldest houses in Newport, a violent storm destroyed part of the spire, wrenching the royal crown from its prominent position and necessitating expensive repairs, but the emblem of royalty was promptly replaced.

A letter in Family Records and Events describes the condition of affairs:

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

“ NEWPORT, R. I.

“ TO MR. PETER VAN BRUGH LIVINGSTON:

“ SIR,—I the more readily engage in this, knowing your great esteem for the faithful ministers of the Gospel and your good inclination to relieve the distressed, and being favored with your acquaintance, which has determined me to address you on this Melancholy Providence, a detail of which I shall give you by saying that on the 27th inst., early in the morning, a fire broke out in the house of the Rev. Mr. Searing, our Pastor; which ruined the building, which was his brother's, William Ellery's, and consumed the greatest part of his valuable effects, I think I may say not to exceed the sum of 5000 pounds of our currency, Leaving him and his family destitute of their necessary apparel and without a covering but the Heavens for him and his little ones. This afflicting Providence emboldens me in my request, etc., etc.

“ Your most humble servant,

“ JOHN CHANNING.

Again, on October 19, 1770, a hurricane caused immense loss of life and property along the New England coast, when Newport suffered severely from this gale. Great trees were blown down, several houses shared the same fate, and for the second time the spire of Trinity Church was wrecked, while the coast was covered with vessels that had been cast away in the storm.

This hurricane was not the only disaster of the time, for while workmen were busily engaged repairing the damage done to Trinity Church, it came very near being destroyed by fire within a couple of weeks after the storm that had caused such havoc, as two large fires took place in the town, one following a few days after the other. The first destroyed many small dwellings, some of them of historic interest, since they had been the first erected in Newport, and the old custom-house was badly damaged. The second fire swept away a number of stores as well as much valuable property on one of the docks lying to the

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

westward of Long Wharf, and both threatened to consume Trinity Church, which was only preserved by the efficient exertions of a bucket brigade formed by the women of the congregation, who worked valiantly to save their much-loved church.

The belfry and clock-tower have a character of their own that is seldom seen except in old structures that, like Trinity, were built early in the eighteenth century. There are three towers, one above the other, each one growing smaller as it mounts skyward. The clock, presented to the church by Jahceel Brenton in 1733, still "points and beckons with its hands" when it is in an energetic mood, but for the greater part of the time it is motionless and silent. This clock was made by William Claggett, who for many years not only made and regulated all clocks, watches, chronometers, etc., in Newport, but who added to his love of mechanism a keen enthusiasm for the hidden secrets of electricity, with which he made many interesting experiments. Above the belfry rises the tall, slim white spire, with its lightning-rod and golden crown. The old bell that for so many decades summoned the worshippers to church was presented by Queen Anne to the parish in 1709, but it was injured in 1805, and the metal was recast. There is now a melodious chime of bells in the tower, that ring out their carillon on Sundays and saints' days, or pour forth a merry peal for the brides as they leave the altar, or toll the last farewell to the dead who, borne on the ancient bier concealed under a magnificent purple velvet pall, are solemnly carried beneath the portals of old Trinity Church.

The interior claims the affection of the congregation, who cling to the quaint high-backed square pews and antique pulpit. No vandal hands have been permitted to tear

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

down the long galleries that hang on three of its sides. The old-fashioned pulpit remains where it was first placed, directly and most inconveniently in front of the chancel. It is reached by a flight of winding steps, so the rector, when in it, stands on a level with the galleries. Over it hangs a round sounding-board, like a threatening extinguisher. Directly before it is the reading-desk, and still lower is the clerk's desk, which, however, has been disused for nearly a century. It is claimed that this is the only three-decked pulpit remaining in New England, and the only surviving one from which the Bishop of Cloyne preached, all the others having been destroyed.

Half a dozen pews are close to the chancel rail and beyond the pulpit, so the occupants cannot watch the preacher without turning around. Some of the old-fashioned ones retain the green moreen curtains, depending on brass rods, that hide those seated in them unless the curtains are drawn aside. The wardens' pews are distinguished by verger-staves. The ceiling is vaulted and ornamented with roses and grapes carved in wood. There are two tiers of great windows lining the sides of the church, to light both its floor and the galleries. These were once fitted with small square panes of glass, the sashes of which rattled and shook, letting in almost as much cold air as they kept out, which sometimes allowed it to whistle loudly enough to drown the preacher's voice. But within a few years one after another of the quaint old windows have been replaced with modern stained glass, placed there in memory of some member of the congregation, that do not harmonize with the old gilt chandelier, and the high-backed pews and old-fashioned pulpit, but make the church look like an ancient crone who has bedecked herself with the garments of her grandchild.

FIG. 1.
NEW EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, BIRMINGHAM, 1905.



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RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

Many handsome cenotaphs have lately been placed on the walls, some of them to heroes of the Revolutionary and other wars. One is inscribed to the memory of the gallant Chevalier de Tierney, the French commander who died a few days after landing in Newport, and was buried with appropriate Roman Catholic ceremonies in the graveyard close to the church. A handsome monument to his memory was sent to America by order of the French government, but the trustees of the church would not erect it within the walls, so it was placed over the grave, where the weather sadly impaired the original inscription and destroyed the gilded ornaments. Indeed, the tablets and monuments that now crowd the inside of the building threaten to detract from its quaint antique appearance and give it the air of a museum rather than that of a church.

Queen Anne bestowed a silver communion service on the struggling congregation of her time, which is still its pride. The corporation also preserves many other beautiful pieces of plate that have been presented to Trinity Church. The great bowl sometimes used for christenings is a massive piece, peculiar in shape, richly ornamented, and valuable for its associations. The old alms-dishes are plain but handsome.

The money necessary to build Trinity Church, in 1725, was partly raised by subscription and partly by the sale of the pews. The congregation was summoned to attend a meeting, December 8, 1725, to select their sittings in the church and pay the treasurer the amount that had been agreed upon beforehand by the rector and vestry for each pew, which then belonged "to the purchaser and his heirs forever," under certain conditions, and are still held in fee simple. To be the owner of a pew in old Trinity to-day is a coveted distinction that seems to confer a certain social

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

standing in the eyes of the purchaser, and large sums of money are given for this privilege.

The organ of the church has a history of its own. The first one was given by Dr. George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, in 1733, and it still preserves the front, which is surmounted by a royal crown and decorated with two bishop's mitres. It was probably given in memory of his infant daughter Lucia, who died the 5th of September, 1731, and is buried close to the church, her name being inscribed on the tombstone covering Nathaniel Kay. But this instrument was not originally intended as a gift to Trinity or a memorial to a beloved child, and is an instance of the spirit of progress always prevailing in Newport. The Bishop of Cloyne had been greatly flattered by having the town of Berkeley, Massachusetts, named in his honor, and the records of that town mention that when the bishop heard of the compliment he ordered a handsome organ in an oak case, "richly dight," to be made and despatched as a present from him to the meeting-house in the town named Berkeley. The selectmen, when they received a letter from the bishop stating that the organ had been forwarded and was already in America, called a town meeting, where it was voted that, "An organ is an instrument of the devil for the entrapping of men's souls," and refused to allow the congregation to receive it or set it up in their church. A letter was accordingly despatched to the worthy donor, announcing the decision of the sapient selectmen of Berkeley, in consequence of which the generous churchman presented the organ to Trinity Church, Newport, where the instrument of the devil has done its work for many years in entrapping the souls of the bold, brave, progressive pew-holders of the parish, who betray no outward signs of the power of his Satanic Majesty, but rejoice in the possession of the bishop's gift,

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

while the congregation at Berkeley step heavenward without the accompaniment of Cloyne's organ. This served its purpose for over a hundred years, when the corporation was forced to put in new pipes, but the old case presents its wonted façade, and a careless observer would not be aware it had ever been altered.

The arrival of Dean Berkeley and his party in Naragansett Bay was a noteworthy incident in the history of the day, for the learned doctor gave an impetus to many important factors that raised Newport to a different sphere in politics, learning, and art. He came with his bride, who was Ann, the eldest daughter of the Hon. John Forster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. They had been married August 1, 1728, and brought with them a party of distinguished people. The Rev. Mr. Honyman was holding a service in Trinity Church when a breathless messenger panted up the steep hill to hand an important letter to the verger. That attendant, clad in a long black robe and holding a staff in his hand, marched up the centre aisle, greatly to the astonishment of the congregation, to hand the missive to the rector in the pulpit. Mr. Honyman opened and read the letter, first to himself and then aloud. In it the celebrated wanderer announced that he was about to land in Newport on his way to the West Indies. Both pastor and flock seemed to consider this a great honor on the part of Dean Berkeley, so the service was abruptly concluded and Mr. Honyman, still in his robes, preceded by his verger, was followed by wardens, vestry, and congregation, marching in line two by two, to Ferry Wharf, where they received "Pious Cloyne" (as he was later called) with due honors. Then retracing their steps, they all climbed the steep hill to the church, where they held a service of thanksgiving for the long voyage well

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

concluded, in which the worthy Dean and his party fully participated.

The situation of Trinity Church is almost as inconvenient as the chancel that is tucked behind the pulpit. The site is about fifty-two feet above sea-level, on the side of a steep hill. The belfry and what should be the principal façade of the church are close to an adjoining house, while the main door is on the northern side under the tower. A paved walk leads to this from Church Street, which, in fact, is little more than a lane with a side-walk on only one side, which was cut from Thames to Jews Street (now Bellevue Avenue) many years after the church was built, and purely for the accommodation of its congregation. An alley flanks the other side of the church, on which a door opens. This little street was at one time called Old Church Lane. The clergy have a private entrance into the vestry and robing-room from Spring Street, which was made when the church was enlarged in 1762. It was cut in half and the chancel end moved to Spring Street, so the lot owned by the corporation was built over from end to end. Two bays were added at this time, but the alteration was clumsily made.

Many of the graves were probably destroyed when the building was altered, for the oldest headstone bears the date of 1707. The Rev. James Honyman lies close to the church he helped to found, but his memory needs no tombstone, as it is cherished by descendants of his old congregation. His name was given to Honyman Hill, near his old home. He was one of the founders of the Philosophical Society, that became the parent of Redwood Library. It was Mr. Honyman's learning and wit that attracted Dr. Berkeley, making his sojourn in Newport so agreeable that he prolonged it far beyond his original intention.

Mr. Honyman presided over the parish from 1704 until

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

he died in 1750. His wife Elizabeth had died February 28, 1738, at the age of forty-eight. Their daughter Elizabeth married William Munford, a well-known and honored name in Newport to-day.

The tomb of William Jefferay was in the church-yard. Tradition declares he was one of Charles I.'s judges who fled to America and died in Newport January 2, 1675. His home was near the ocean on what is now called Jefferay road. One of General Lafayette's aides-de-camp, the Chevalier de Fayette, was buried in the yard, the tombstones of which tell many touching stories to those who linger to study the inscriptions.

The feeling of a number of people of Newport after the war of the Revolution was one of strong antagonism toward Trinity Church and its congregation, which was considered exclusive and with Tory feelings, not only because a liturgy was adopted that was slightly changed by leaving out the prayers for the royal family and substituting those for the President, etc., but because it was the only religious building that had been left intact by the invading army, who desecrated and partly destroyed the synagogue as well as every meeting-house in Newport.

There was another cause for jealousy in the fact that Trinity had a richer foundation than that of the other congregations, while, above all, it still retained the crown on its spire which twirled so far above the church that it was impossible for miscreant hands to snatch it from its perch. Soon after the British evacuation two American officers, followed by some young men of the town, entered the church and tore down the king's arms, supported by the lion and the unicorn, that had always stood before the great east window. They were handsomely painted and gilded, and were considered the most important decoration of the

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

church, but they were dragged from their position, to be carried publicly, with great ceremony, through the town to the North Battery, where they were first set up as a target and fired at by the crowd, then thrown on a huge bonfire and burned to ashes.

September 23, 1815, an awful storm swept over Newport, destroying many houses and killing five persons on Long Wharf. The tide rose three feet and a half higher than had ever been before recorded. The steeples on the First and Second Congregational meeting-houses were partly blown down. One-half of the roof of Trinity Church was carried away, so that the rain poured into the interior, damaging it extremely. Four sloops were driven ashore and absolutely lifted by the high water on top of Long Wharf. The light-house at Point Judith was swept away, and after the storm had passed it was found that all windows were covered with an incrustation of salt. This was considered one of the most disastrous hurricanes that ever visited the island within historic record.

In connection with Trinity church is Kay Chapel, at the corner of High and Church Streets. It was built for a Sunday-school, and is used for that purpose as well as for daily services. This chapel was erected with funds left by Nathaniel Kay, who represented his British Majesty as collector of the king's customs. He resided for many years in Newport with his maiden sister, Anne Kay. Both took much interest in Trinity parish, of which the former became a vestryman as early as 1720. He determined on having a suitable church building, being one of the principal subscribers to the fund raised for the purpose. He also bequeathed a liberal sum at his death for educational purposes connected with the church, out of which this chapel was built that bears his name instead of that of some



NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS, VIEW OF FIFTH CHURCH, CHURCH STREET

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

saint. It was also given to one of Newport's principal streets. Nathaniel Kay died in 1734, and his tombstone is the first to attract attention when entering the old yard.

Trinity Church has had many distinguished men as rectors, none of them more so than the Rev. Mr. Dehon. He was an exceedingly handsome man, with a fine clear complexion. His discourses were touching and practical, being delivered with graceful gestures and impressive manners. Mr. Dehon became bishop of South Carolina, and died in Charleston in 1817.

There are several Episcopal parishes in Newport that are nearly as large and influential as the old Trinity organization. Among them are St. George's Church, on Rhode Island Avenue, St. John's Church, overlooking the harbor from Washington Street, the little summer chapel on the corner of Cottage Street and Old Beach Road, which is only opened during the gay season for the convenience of the "cottagers," and Emmanuel, organized in 1833.

The congregation of Emmanuel first assembled in the State-House, that hospitable mansion that opened its doors to any sect that asked permission to worship there. But money was quickly raised, and a church built on the corner of Spring and South Baptist Streets that answered the needs of the congregation until 1902, when Mrs. Brown erected on the site of the old church a beautiful new building as a memorial to her husband, which is considered a great ornament to the city.

There have been many men who have left their impression on Newport in connection with religious services, but none have made a deeper one than Dean Berkeley, who during his residence in the island of peace altered, changed, and enlarged the views of the community in an impressive fashion peculiar to himself.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

George, son of William Berkeley, was born at Kilerin, county of Kilkenny, March 12, 1684. He received his first education at the schools in the neighborhood, and at the age of fifteen entered the University of Dublin. It was of him that Pope sang,—

“ To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.”

His writings and his friendship with the celebrated Vanessa are too well known to repeat. In 1724 he was preferred to the Deanery of Derry after travelling abroad for several years. Dr. Berkeley was once invited by Basil Kennett, the author of “*Roman Antiquities*,” and then chaplain at Leghorn, the only place in Italy where the English service was tolerated, to preach for him one Sunday. The following day, as Berkeley was sitting in his chamber, a procession of priests in surplices entered the room with much formality, and, without taking the least notice of its wondering occupant, marched quite around it, muttering certain prayers. His fears immediately suggested to him that this was a visit from the Inquisition, who had heard of his officiating before heretics without a license the previous day. As soon as the priests left the room Berkeley ventured cautiously to inquire from the people of the house the cause of this extraordinary visitation, and was greatly relieved to learn that it was the season appointed by the Romish calendar for solemnly blessing the houses of all good Catholics in order to rid them of rats and other vermin. This welcome explanation turned the terror of the worthy Berkeley into mirth.

After 1724, when Dr. Berkeley was promoted to the Deanery of Derry, that was worth eleven hundred pounds a year, he published “*A Scheme for converting the Savage Americans to Christianity by a college to be erected in the*

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda." Having set his affairs in order and secured, as he thought, a large grant of money from the government that should enable him to carry out his scheme for building a college where the savages of America might be educated, Berkeley provided himself with a wife and sailed for Bermuda, by the way of Newport, with a number of friends who had become as enthusiastic in the missionary schemes of the good doctor as he was himself. Among them was Sir John Dalton, John Smybert, the artist, Miss Handcock, and some others. The Dean wrote to Prior, September 5, 1728: "To-morrow I set sail for Rhode Island," and the *New England Weekly Journal*, of Boston, in the spring of 1729, mentions, "Yesterday arrived here Dean Berkeley, of Londonderry, in a pretty large ship. He is a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable, pleasant, and erect aspect. He was ushered into the town with a great number of gentlemen to whom he behaved himself after a very complaisant manner. 'Tis said he proposes to tarry here with his family about three months."

After the party reached Newport Dr. Berkeley wrote again to his friend Prior, April 24, 1729: "The climate is like that of Italy, and not at all colder in the winter than I have known it everywhere north of Rome. The spring is late, but to make amends they assure me the autumns are the finest and longest in the world, and the summers are much pleasanter than those of Italy by all accounts, forasmuch as the grass continues green, which it doth not there. The island is pleasantly laid out in hills and vales and rising grounds, hath plenty of excellent springs and fine rivulets, and many delightful prospects of fine promontories and adjacent lands. Vines sprout up of themselves to an enormous size, and seem as natural in this soil as any

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

I ever saw. . . . The provisions are very good, so are the fruits, which are quite neglected. The town of Newport contains six thousand souls, and is the most thriving place in all America for bigness. I was never more agreeably surprised than at the first sight of the town and harbor."

The reception of the band of missionaries by the people of Newport was cordial in the extreme, particularly by the rector, vestry, and members of Trinity Church, as has been mentioned. There were numbers of educated people living there in 1729, so the worthy dean found many with tastes congenial with his own.

A philosophical society had already been started, but it received a fresh impetus when the clever Irishman not only attended the meetings, but permitted the members to use his books that were intended to have been the foundation of a library for the red Indian students he proposed to reclaim from ignorance and a savage life. But a residence in a town was not to the taste of the good missionary; he preferred the wild scenery that he found to the north of Newport, so he purchased a farm of about one hundred acres that adjoined that of the Rev. Mr. Honyman, then the rector of Trinity parish on Green-End Road. There Berkeley built a small house that he named Whitehall, probably in memory of the famous palace of Charles I. of England, where he suffered martyrdom, as Berkeley's family had been closely connected with their royal master, and had many trials and much suffering from sympathizing with his cause. Whitehall has been unoccupied for many years, and was falling into decay, but it was purchased by a patriotic society and thoroughly renovated and repaired, so it is now kept as a memorial of Bishop Berkeley and his visit to Newport in the eighteenth century.

At this secluded spot Berkeley devoted his time to medi-

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

tation and study. It is said that he composed "Alciphron; or, The Minute Philosopher," while seated in a sheltered corner of the Hanging Rocks that command such an extensive view of the ocean across Sachuest beach, and of Purgatory Rocks. The place is still called Bishop Berkeley's Chair. During his visit to America Berkeley was interested in the use of tar-water as a cure for gout, on which he wrote an exhaustive treatise, recommending the remedy to all fellow-sufferers. After remaining in the colonies for about two years, the worthy gentleman returned to England without having accomplished his purpose or having educated a solitary red man. Here he became a great favorite of Queen Caroline, who was clever and well educated, delighting in philosophical discussions, and far in advance of most of the women of her time. The queen desired her husband to name the Dean of Derry to the richest deanery in Ireland, that of Down, which excited so much jealousy that the Duke of Dorset, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, prevented the consummation of the patent. Her majesty then declared that since Dr. Berkeley could not be a dean in Ireland, he should be a bishop. Accordingly, in 1733, he was promoted to the Bishopric of Cloyne, and was consecrated at St. Paul's church in Dublin on the 19th of May.

The Bishop of Cloyne was a handsome man, with long limbs and portly person. He had no ear for music, but delighted in all noisy instruments, insisting on his children taking daily lessons, at which he was always present. He died at Oxford, Sunday evening, January 14, 1753, while his wife was reading to him as he lay on a couch, so suddenly and quietly that his family supposed him to be asleep. The verses he wrote while seated in his chair at Sachuest are too long to quote, but his words, "Westward the course

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

of empire takes its way," have a lasting place in the palace of fame.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Although the Jews, the Quakers, the Episcopalians, the Baptists, and other sects lived harmoniously in old Newport, there was one that scarcely approached the shore until the Revolutionary War brought the French fleet into the harbor. It was then that the followers of the Roman church first domiciled themselves in the town, finding shelter, as many others have done before and since, in the old State-House, for during the war with England, after the French troops occupied the place, this government building was used as a hospital. Hammocks were hung in the large hall, and to it were brought a number of sailors suffering from scurvy and other diseases, who were accompanied by a devoted Roman Catholic priest. Liberal-minded as the Rhode Island people had hitherto been, and openly as they had welcomed various sects to their doors, the sight of the French priests in their long black cassocks, their quaintly shaped hats, with the sacred cross suspended from their girdles, shocked the citizens as no distinctive uniform had ever done before. Still the strangers were treated coldly, but respectfully, and when the French officers, with Comte de Rochambeau at their head, marched to the State-House to attend Mass the Sunday after they reached Newport, there was awe if not admiration painted on the faces of the crowd that lined Clarke Street to watch the church parade.

The large influx of men and officers who had so suddenly appeared in Newport demanded a meeting-place for their religious observances. Trinity Church had been spared by the British, who used it for their own services, but every other meeting-house had been converted into



THE STEAM-TRACTOR AT THE FARMERS' MEETING, 1901.

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

barracks or stables, and had been partly destroyed by the evacuating troops. It was a proof of the liberal-mindedness of the citizens that the State-House was accorded as a hospital, and that also the Roman Catholic priests were assigned the lower room against the south door for their services, where an altar was hastily erected and the room converted into a small chapel, where services could be performed. Here Mass was said daily by some one of the nine priests who accompanied the fleet, for it was convenient not only for the invalids in the adjoining part of the building, but also for the officers quartered on the Parade, in Spring, Mary, and Pelham Streets, and other neighboring localities.

The seed thus sown did not fall on entirely barren ground, but it was not until 1825 that the Roman Catholic residents of Newport began to feel the necessity of having a regular church establishment. Numbers of Irishmen emigrated about this time who were attracted to the town by the prospect of work, for at this date Fort Adams, that had been planned, named, and partly erected by Le Chevalier de Tousard in the beginning of the century, was found deficient in the strength required by more modern artillery, and was being rebuilt under the direction of the best-educated American engineers, headed by Major Totten. The number of Roman Catholics who came to the town at that period spurred their co-religionists to form a congregation. A subscription was raised to purchase an old school-house on Barney and Mt. Vernon Streets, where services were held until 1833, when a spacious church was built that, with the lot, cost about four thousand dollars, the money for which was entirely contributed by the Irish Catholics who were employed as masons by the government at Fort Adams. The church was dedicated August 20, 1837, under the title of St. Joseph, by the Right Reverend Bishop Fen-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

wick, of Boston, Massachusetts. But it was poorly constructed, and by 1850 had shown such signs of decay that it was pronounced unsafe, so the congregation was forced to raise money to purchase the old Zion church on Washington Square. This was a quaint colonial building, with Doric pillars, in which a very large and influential congregation worshipped. But this building will soon be replaced by a more modern structure.

The second Roman Catholic church was dedicated in 1853. It stands on the corner of Spring and Levin Streets, and its graceful spire is conspicuous from the harbor as it peeps above the surrounding houses. This church is crowded during July and August with those of the fashionable dames of the summer colony who are members of the Roman church. St. Mary's is a Gothic building of free-stone, that has gathered a large number of children into its parochial school. The influence of the Roman Catholics is increasing rapidly in the city.

THE METHODISTS

Previous to 1805 Newport had no independent organization of Methodists, but the scattered members of the sect were occasionally visited by wandering ministers. At that date Mr. Hubbard obtained the use of the council chamber in the hospitable State-House until his congregation raised sufficient money to erect a meeting-house for themselves on Marlborough Street, which was built in 1806. A second congregation was soon after formed, that built on the corner of Thames and Brewer Streets.

THE UNITARIANS

The Unitarian congregation of Newport had, in 1853, a church on Mill Street. Its society had been organized in

RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS

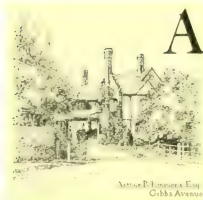
1835, at which time it purchased the building that had been abandoned by the First Congregational Church after the death of Dr. Hopkins.

Close to the western side of the church, in what was then an open field but is now crowded with houses, the celebrated preacher, George Whitefield, attracted a crowd of people, August 5, 1775, too many in number to be contained in any one building in Newport. With the rapt expression on his face that was such a characteristic of this gifted man, Whitefield strode through the assembled throng to take up his position under a tree, but the people pressed around him, making him realize that but few could see or hear him. At that moment one of the good wives of the congregation, noticing his dilemma, instantly bethought herself of a means of remedying it. She hastily sent two of her sons for a strong deal kitchen table, which they placed under the tree, on which they helped the preacher to stand. From this humble pulpit Whitefield delivered a stirring discourse that was vividly remembered by his hearers for many a year. The improvised platform was afterwards purchased from its owner, to be reverently deposited in the vestry-room of the church, where it remained for over a century.

The building erected in 1729 for the use of the Seventh Day Baptists is now occupied by the Newport Historical Society and the Natural History Society. The old meeting-house was moved in 1887 from Barney Street to Touro Street. It was one of the two places of worship not desecrated by the British, who respected the decalogue that was painted on its walls.



FREEMASONS



ALMOST as interesting as the history of the Synagogue, the Jewish merchants, their commerce, and their factories, is the statement made in Judge Charles P. Daly's "Jews in North America," that "in 1658 fifteen Hebrew families from Holland arrived in Newport,

Rhode Island, bringing with them the first three degrees of Masonry," which are the "Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason degrees." These Jews performed their Masonic ceremonies for eighty-four years, or until nearly 1747, in the house of Mordecai Campannalli. There are no records to show that these brethren belonged to any incorporated Lodge, or that they encouraged candidates to join them, to whom they could directly transmit their ancient learning, although proofs exist that they did initiate members, on whom they conferred the degrees. But Freemasonry at that time was not the organized body that it is at present. Then itinerant Masons wandered from place to

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

place, much as they pleased, receiving recognition from other members of the Craft by means of the occult signs either laid on the "trestle-board" or by grips and other movements of hands, arms, feet, or body. In the "Realities of Freemasonry," page 3, it is stated that "Freemasonry in its present form has only existed some one hundred and sixty-five years or thereabouts," while according to "Symbolism of Masonry," by Mackey, "it was in 1714, during the reign of Queen Anne that the society assumed its present form." Those members of the Fraternity who lived in Newport certainly created an interest in their hidden proceedings, but it was not until December 27, 1749, that the Provincial Grand Master, T. Oxnard, appointed Robert Jenkins as Master, with power to establish the Lodge of St. John. This Lodge had no hall of its own in which to meet privately, but the members always duly celebrated the feast of their patron saint, from whom they took their name, on June 24, and in 1757 the first public meeting was held in Trinity Church, when the Rev. Brother Thomas Pollen delivered such a praiseworthy address that the brethren at their next business meeting, says Right Worshipful Robert S. Franklin, in his address on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, "voted him a pair of silver cans."

In New York the first Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons was called "Union," and was organized February 21, 1766, with Peter W. Yates as first Worshipful Master. He was the ancestor of Colonel Edward Neill, of Newport. The city of New York has an organization that dates from January 8, 1770. Anthony Rutgers and twenty-three sea-captains who had been initiated in London formed the Fraternity.

Freemasonry clings to two patron saints,—one of them



Interior of the Vatican Museums, Rome, Italy

FREEMASONS

St. John the Baptist and the other St. John the Evangelist. Why St. Thomas was not selected is a mystery to the uninitiated, for he was the patron saint of architects, and is usually represented holding a builder's square as his attribute, but perhaps it was because of his proclivity for doubting, which would render him troublesome to the Fraternity. The selection of St. John seems to point to the connection of the Freemasons with the Knights of St. John, with whom they affiliated during the Middle Ages. There is also a legend mentioned in "Realities of Freemasonry," "that from the building of the first Temple to the Babylonish captivity, Masonic Lodges were dedicated to King Solomon; from the captivity till the advent of the Messiah, to Zerubbabel, and from the birth of Christ till the destruction of the Temple by Titus to St. John the Baptist." St. John the Evangelist, it is said, was installed as the first Grand Master when he was over ninety years of age, while he was Bishop of Ephesus, when, it is said, he completed the work commenced by the Baptist, by bringing harmony into the ranks and framing laws for the general government of the Fraternity, for which reason he is generally revered.

After their organization the Brotherhood in Newport thrived and increased rapidly in numbers. They frequently held their sessions in the council chamber of the State-House, or in a tavern hard by, called the Freemasons' Arms, that was kept by John Rogers, and on July 18, 1758, they purchased a lot, where the foundation stones were laid with appropriate Masonic ceremonies on the 12th of August. But there was little money in the coffers of the society to be spared for erecting the house they thought would do honor to the Fraternity, as it was generally expended in charity, so the "well and truly laid" foundations

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

were carefully covered, in which condition they remained for forty years. But the brethren were by no means idle during this time, but did what they could to raise money to build their Temple or increase their membership, with such success that in June, 1759, they received from the General Assembly of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations a charter for their society, with permission to hold a public lottery, and this, says Mr. Franklin, in his address, "was the first civic charter granted in Rhode Island and the first official recognition of Freemasonry." Still it was not until April 12, 1802, that the brethren were convened to lay the corner-stone afresh, after which the work was rapidly pushed to completion, so the building was opened and dedicated February 22, 1803. The cause for this delay is not difficult to find, for the war of the Revolution had taken place, and during the occupation of the British there was neither money for building in Newport nor men to work the Craft. It is creditable to the energy of the Craftsmen that they so soon recovered from the confusion into which their Lodge had been thrown, so that they were able to collect their scattered members, reorganize their community, and erect their Temple. It lay, however, under a heavy debt, that was raised by a second lottery held in November, 1803.

The interior of the hall was decorated with a clock, glass chandelier, and other equipments donated by members of the Fraternity. In particular, "Around the inner part of the ceiling of the Lodge-room was placed a 'cable-tow' hawser laid, that was the work and donation of Brother Thomas Tilley," says Mr. Franklin. It had been made in 1802, in Tilley's rope-walk, that was situated on Touro Street, extending to Bull Street on the land which is now Kay Street.

FREEMASONS

King David's Lodge was organized June 7, 1780, by Moses Michael Hays, Master, and is chiefly distinguished in a layman's eyes by having presented an address to General Washington, which, with his reply in his own handwriting, is preserved among the treasures of St. John's Lodge, No. 1. The life of St. David's Lodge was not a long one, for ten years after its birth it joined the more powerful Brotherhood, donating to the parent Lodge all its valuables and accessories.

The Grand Master who received General Washington August 17, 1790, presenting him with an address in the name of all the Brethren, was Moses Seixas, a noted Jew who had built for himself a handsome house facing the Parade-ground, that was afterwards occupied by Mrs. Oliver Hazard Perry. Moses Michael Hays, who was the organizer of St. David's Lodge, was born in Lisbon, but moved to Jamaica, and while living on that island he received the appointment of Deputy Inspector-General for North America, under the Masonic rite called "the Rite of Perfection," that was organized in Paris in 1758, and which is also known as the "Scottish Rite." The position invested Mr. Hays with powers that "were new and strange to the Brethren of the country," says Mr. Mason. It was probably under the instructions of Hays that the construction and equipment of a Lodge "in the degree of Perfection" was arranged to represent, according to Masonic law, a subterranean vault hung with curtains of brilliant red. In the western part of the room was placed a typical Enoch's pillar. Solomon's Pillar of Beauty was stationed in the East, while a burning bush and a golden delta, or triangle, decorated the hall. In the centre of the delta were the Hebrew letters representing Jod-He-Vau-He, or Jehovah.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

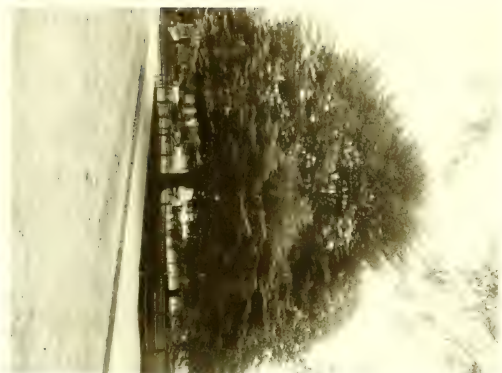
As it requires twenty-seven members to work the Grand Lodge of Perfection, there must have been many meetings in Newport, so that Mr. Hays could instruct his fraternity in the novel and complicated evolutions and duties imposed by this degree, and explain to them the meaning of the cabalistic word enclosed in the triangle, with its double significance. The four Hebrew letters forming the word Jod-He-Vau-He is regarded with reverence not only by Freemasons, but by members of numerous religious sects. The Mahometans, in particular, revere it, only uttering it aloud on especial occasions.

According to an oral tradition among the Hebrews, the origin of which is lost in the shadows of antiquity, a sacred word exists that gives to any mortal pronouncing it correctly the key to occult things. This tradition is preserved among the Freemasons, who use it as a sacred password.

Fabre d'Olivet, in "*La Langue Hebraique Restituée*," says, "It appears, according to the most famous rabbis, that Moses himself, foreseeing the fate which awaited his book and the false interpretations which would be given to it in the course of time, resorted to an oral law, which he delivered verbally to reliable men whose fidelity he had tested and whom he charged to transmit it to others in the secret of the Sanctuary, who, in their turn, transmitting it from age to age, secured its preservation even for the most distant posterity."

This oral law is called the Kabbalah, from a Hebrew word which signifies "that which comes from elsewhere," or "that which passes from hand to hand." "This word, which the Israelites never uttered and which the High Priest only pronounced once a year amidst the shouts of the laity, is found at the head of every initiative ritual; it

THE EAST SIDE OF THE BRIDGE, LOOKING EAST
TOWARD THE BRIDGE, LOOKING EAST



THE BRIDGE, LOOKING EAST
TOWARD THE BRIDGE, LOOKING EAST



FREEMASONS

radiates from the flaming triangle at the Thirty-third degree of the Freemasonry of Scotland; it is displayed above the gateways of our old cathedrals, and is formed of the four Hebrew letters Jod-He-Vau-He,—יהוה. It is the ineffable word of the Lodge of Perfection, but, of course, useless to non-initiates, since it cannot be pronounced properly except by those who have been instructed."

In 1826 William Morgan wrote a book revealing the mysteries of Freemasonry, that was printed in Batavia, New York. The ire of the Fraternity was roused, and, since the book could not be suppressed, they became much excited, and uttered many threats against the "cowan." Morgan disappeared, never to be heard of again, causing a great commotion in the United States, so much so that a political party was formed calling itself "Antimason." Before that time the Fraternity had annually held public services in Trinity Church, New York, and other places, but when the society was suspected of having connived at and encouraged the murder of a renegade member, the best citizens, clergymen, judges, etc., who had been honored in the community, showed their disapprobation by resigning in large numbers, so much so that Freemasonry then received a blow that it is barely recovering from at the present day. When the true history and meaning of the Craft is understood, it will probably be once more received into favor, not only on account of the benevolence it inculcates, but the secrets it encloses of ancient lore concerning the building of Solomon's Temple, the murder of Hiram Abiff, the great architect, the Knights Hospitaller, the Knights Templar, the builders of the eleventh century churches, and much other data that is preserved among the archives of the Craft whose history reaches so far back into antiquity.

Masonry has left its mark in Newport in many ways,

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

not only on the corner-stone of the old State-House and on that of Masonic Hall, but it is suspected that if the Stone Mill could speak it would acknowledge that a Free and Accepted Mason had placed its stones truly to the points of the compass. There are many headstones in the graveyards and cemeteries of Newport that testify by their symbols that members of the Fraternity lie below. Enoch's broken pillar stands above one, the weeping willow droops over another, while angles, squares, and compasses are carved on other stones encircled by the cable-tow.

It is not only in public places that these marks of Freemasonry may be observed. Many families treasure the Masonic garments or emblems worn by deceased members. One has a handsome lambskin apron that tradition declares was offered to General Washington when he met his Brethren of St. David's Lodge. Another family preserves a small, round, silver box marked with the noteworthy name of an ancestor who served as General Sullivan's aide at the battle of Butts Hill, Rhode Island. It contains two small silver swords, a silver coffin, a large star enclosing a cross, around which a golden serpent twines. On the star is the motto, "In Hoc Signo Vincas." There is also a skull and cross-bones, that it is said denotes a Knight of the East and West, as well as a triple delta, on which is the number 33 and an all-seeing eye.

In a house on Kay Street, in which live the descendants of one of Newport's oldest and best citizens, there are some remarkable old silver mugs without handles on which are mysterious marks. The family also preserve a large white pitcher that is of English manufacture, decorated with Masonic emblems. On one side of this valuable relic are the following lines:

FREEMASONS

“ The world is in pain
Our secret to gain
But still let them wonder and gaze on
For they ne’er can divine
The *Word* nor the *Sign*
Of a free and accepted Mason.

This is the first verse of an Entered Apprentice’s song, “to be sung after grave business is over.” It is one of several songs due to a Masonic muse of about 1723, at which period the Craft was greatly revived in England. That was the age when toasts were in fashion, so these were introduced in the Masonic ritual of the day, when they were drunk with much ceremony. One was:

“ To each charming fair and faithful She
Who loves the craft of Masonry.”

Another:

“ To him who uses the mallet in knocking off those superfluous passions that in any manner degrade the man or the Mason.”

The books quoted from having been published for at least twenty years, and on the shelves of public libraries, it is presumed that the quotations taken from them will give no offence to the Fraternity.



NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS



MANY men of the brush and pencil have been born or lived in Newport, but, strange to say, only a few of them have devoted their art to picturing the beautiful scenery that surrounded them on every side, and with the exception of our twentieth century artist, Mr. Richardson, who has left so many exquisite views of the ocean, bay, and rocks of Newport and her harbor, her artists have preferred portraiture to land- or sea-scape.

It was in Newport that John Smybert first set up his easel when he came to this colony with the celebrated Dean Berkeley, partly from a roving spirit, partly from affection for the dean, but chiefly to be near Miss Handcock, one of the party who expected to convert the "savage Americans to Christianity," which Dean Berkeley announced was the purpose of the expedition. Smybert was born in Edinburgh about 1684, and served his time as a house-painter. He considered he had risen in life when he obtained employment in London with a coach-maker, by whom he was engaged to emblazon heraldic devices on carriages. But Smy-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

bert's energy and talents soon obtained for him entrance into the Academy, where he studied for some time; but not satisfied with his own progress, he went to Italy, where he spent three years, during which he made the acquaintance of Dr. Berkeley, who was travelling in that country and meeting with many amusing adventures.

"Smybert was employed while he was in Florence by the Grand Duke of Tuscany," says Dunlap, in his "History of the Arts of Design," "to paint two or three Siberian Tartars who had been presented to the duke as slaves by the Czar of Russia." Smybert joined Dr. Berkeley's party when they sailed from England. Finding on his arrival in America that there was plenty of occupation for his brush, he immediately began to study the faces of the people of Newport. Great was his disappointment to find the English-speaking inhabitants had not reverted to the aboriginal type, and proportionate his delight when he fancied he discovered that the Narragansett Indians had the features and chief characteristics of the Siberian Tartars, whose faces he had studied so closely when sketching them for the collection of the Grand Duke. Upon this similarity between the Indians and the Tartars both Berkeley and Smybert built some wonderful theories they did not have time to publish, but which were alluded to several times in the works of the former.

To while away the tiresome hours at sea Smybert set up a large canvas, on which he commenced to paint an historic group of the party. The picture begun at sea was completed at Newport, and it is said to be "the first picture of more than a single figure ever painted in the colonies." The canvas is nine feet long by six feet wide. It represents the dean standing at one end of a table on which is a copy of Plato, while there is a view of Newport

NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS

in the background. Berkeley is surrounded by his friends, and seems to be employed dictating to his secretary, Sir James Dalton, part of the "Minute Philosopher," which the writers on Newport delight to describe as having been composed at "Berkeley's Chair," the rocky cliff overlooking Purgatory. Mrs. Berkeley, with her baby daughter in her arms, is seated beside the table. This is probably the infant who lies buried in the church-yard of old Trinity, whose name is inscribed on the side of Nathaniel Kay's tombstone. The other people in the group are the bewitching Miss Hancock (at whom Smybert is gazing from the background), Mr. James, and Mr. John Moffat, of Newport, whose brother Thomas was a physician in the town.

This valuable picture is now in the gallery of Yale College. It was purchased by President Timothy Dwight, in 1800, from an unknown person in whose possession it was and carried to New Haven, where it is certainly valued most highly. The likeness of Dean Berkeley in the Redwood Library was copied from the large canvas in Yale College.

After Dean Berkeley returned to England John Smybert moved to Boston, where he married a daughter of Dr. Williams, who was a noted school-master in that city. There are many pictures by this artist hanging on the walls of old Boston homes that are prized as heirlooms. His son, Nathaniel Smybert, also became an artist, whose works are sometimes confused with his father's, but of him little is known, as he seems to have died when a very young man.

It is said that Feke was born in Newport, and was the first educated portrait-painter of the American colonies, but Dunlap dismisses him in a few lines that merely state, "R. Feke is the name of a painter inscribed on a portrait of Mrs. Willing, with the date of 1746, so of course he was

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

a contemporary of Williams, who painted in Philadelphia at the time Smybert flourished in Boston." Feke seems to have wandered about the country, for he painted portraits of the family of Gardiner's Island and those of the manor of Rensselaerwyck. Dunlap probably refers, however, to an older man than the native of Newport, whose name was Charles Feke, an artist of local fame, who died in 1822, and is chiefly recalled by his fellow-citizens through the bed in the Newport Hospital that was endowed to his memory by a loving niece.

Blackburn was a contemporary of Smybert's, who painted a few memorable likenesses of the beaux and belles of Newport, that are treasured by their descendants, but little is remembered about the artist, although Mr. Henry Tuckerman declares he deserves mention in connection with those who have made their homes in the town.

Colonel John Trumbull's short and memorable visit to Aquidneck could hardly be said to be in connection with his brush and palette, but deserves mention for his gallant conduct in the battle of Rhode Island, where he did much for the American arms. Trumbull was born at Lebanon, Connecticut, June 6, 1756, and was the son of Jonathan Trumbull, the war governor of that State. After serving in different capacities in the American army, he was given a commission as adjutant-general, with rank of colonel, and ordered to Rhode Island, where he remained during the whole of the campaign on the Island of Peace. His pictures, history, and subsequent career are too well known to require repetition. One of the great-grandsons of Colonel John Trumbull is James Van Alen, who has become one of Newport's summer residents, where he owns a beautiful house on Ochre Point.

Samuel King lived in Newport, and Dunlap says of him :

NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS

“ Although he painted portraits for many years, he might perhaps have escaped my notice if a great painter had not mentioned him as one who encouraged the efforts of design in his school-days, for he instructed Washington Allston.” Samuel King kept a shop at No. 130 Thames Street. Its front was devoted to the compasses and nautical instruments that were always in demand in a seaboard town, and every ship that came into the harbor after a long voyage sent sextants, etc., to King to be repaired and set. He painted the transparencies to celebrate the return of peace in 1783 that were displayed in front of the State-House. The subjects were General Washington and celebrated incidents of the war. King copied many pictures, some of which are valued as likenesses of Newport people. He also gave us the only contemporaneous sketch of the town before the war that now exists.

The father of Edward Malbone once said to him, “ I have a boy who shows decided taste for painting. Could you give him the benefit of your instructions?” “ With the greatest of pleasure,” replied the artist. “ There is a young man from South Carolina in my studio; they will be companions for each other.” This was the commencement of the friendship between Edward Malbone and Washington Allston, who both often declared they owed much to the early instructions of Samuel King.

The name of Charles B. King is also thoroughly identified with his native town, although he passed many years in Washington, but he will not soon be forgotten while so many of his works hang on the walls of Redwood Library. Among them is a portrait of Abraham Redwood, its founder, dressed as a Quaker. The likeness of the Marquis of Lafayette is an original picture in oil, painted from life in 1825 by Charles B. King, who also presented to the

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

library over two hundred pictures, as well as his collection of books and engravings. As a very young man he went to England, where he joined Thomas Sully in Benjamin West's studio, but the struggling artists could not have pursued their studies had it not been for the patronage of John Hare Powel and John Coates, of Philadelphia.

William Claggett hardly deserves to be classed as a distinguished artist, but as a faithful, painstaking painter, long a resident of Newport, he must be mentioned in this connection. He was born in Wales, but emigrated in 1727, when twelve years of age. He was by profession a clock-maker, and also an electrician. The proofs of his skill are still seen in Newport, and his experiments in electricity attracted the notice as well as the friendship of Benjamin Franklin, with whose brothers James and John, then living in Newport, Claggett was intimate.

Claggett's skill with pencil and brush was not often exerted, as his tastes led him in another direction, but, although self-taught, the few pictures he has left behind him show that if he had devoted himself to art he might have become a noted artist. He was a fervent member of the First Baptist Church in Newport during the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Ross, and died and was buried in the town of his adoption October 18, 1749.

To use the expression of Thomas Sully, a lifelong friend, "the name of Washington Allston stands number one in the catalogue of American painters;" so, although born in Charleston in 1779, since he was carried to Newport in his sixth year, receiving there his first lessons in art, the town proudly inscribes his name among those of her noteworthy members. As an infant Allston was so delicate that the physicians ordered him north for his health, so he was left at Newport by his parents, who were among the earliest of



LIBRARY, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS

the summer residents of the town. Allston was left under the charge of Robert Rogers, who kept a good classical school, where the boy remained until he was prepared to enter Harvard College in 1796.

Allston showed his talent for art at a very early age, and, as has been mentioned, he took lessons in drawing from Samuel King, of whom Allston writes, "He was a very worthy, amiable man, who made quadrants and compasses and occasionally painted portraits. I believe he was originally bred a painter, but obliged by the rare calls upon his pencil to call in the aid of another craft."

For many years a portrait of Washington Allston hung on the walls of a parlor in Newport. It was painted when he was leaving for college, a young fellow of seventeen. It had been given by him to a devoted friend, who after Allston's death would say, "He was ever like a spirit fitted to pass into a higher sphere. I think of him there as in his native air."

Allston graduated at Harvard in 1800, after which he returned to Charleston, where he sold the property he had inherited from his father, so that he might pursue his artistic studies in Europe. After spending several years abroad, during which time he painted some remarkable pictures, Allston returned to America in 1809. He had married Miss Channing that year, but she died soon after. In 1830 he married Miss Dana, but he passed the remainder of his life in seclusion in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he died July 9, 1843.

When in America he paid frequent visits to his old friends in Newport, but never again set up his easel in the town where he had passed all his boyhood and which he loved to his dying day.

Michele Filice Corné was born in Italy, but fled to

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

America in the beginning of the eighteenth century, to spend the last twenty-five years of his life in Newport, where he employed his facile pencil in many quaint ways peculiar to himself. On reaching this country, he landed at Salem, Massachusetts, where the rich residents of that place gave him employment, and where he not only decorated the interiors of their houses, but painted all the fleet of clipper packets that belonged to General Derby. These pictures now decorate the walls of the Essex Museum in that place, over which still swings the old gilt weather-cock, the design of which is a codfish that gave the nickname of "the codfish aristocracy" to the wealthy residents of the old New England town.

After a short residence in Salem, Corné moved to Boston, where he surprised the gossips by decorating the walls of Governor Hancock's house in a fashion before unknown to them, by a method of his own invention. He covered the walls with plain white paper, on which he sketched a design in black and white, filling it in with water-colors. The effect was so agreeable that Corné received many orders from private persons to decorate the walls of their parlors.

Corné also attempted pictures on canvas on a large scale, but these, being painted in distemper, have perished. In 1822 Corné bought a small place in Newport, between Mill and Pelham Streets, making a path before his door that connected these two important streets, which little lane now bears his name, recalling the Italian painter whose vivacious, merry ways and keen wit is still remembered by the oldest inhabitants. A sign-board on which is the name Corné hangs on the corner of this little street, but the painter who lettered the sign ignorantly dropped the accent over the last letter, so the average passer-by pronounces the name Corn, much to the amusement of the

NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS

native who has heard his parents always speak of "Corney Street." It would scarcely be noticed if the Aquidneck Hotel did not stand on the corner that joins it to Pelham Street.

In this secluded spot Corné lived for many years, peacefully pursuing his art or cultivating his garden, which became celebrated for rare and beautiful plants. He was a great favorite with his neighbors, and lived to a very advanced age, dying in 1845.

It is said that M. Corné was the first to cultivate and eat raw tomatoes in Newport. Before his day the vine had been treated as a hot-house plant that was only cultivated for decorations. The beautiful red fruit was commonly called "love apples," but it was declared to be poisonous. Even to-day many persons attribute the wide spread of cancerous diseases to eating raw tomatoes.

It is a disputed point whether Gilbert Stuart was born within the confines of Newport or on the main-land. His own opinion was that he was born in the town, although his biographers have selected a house near Kingston in which his parents once resided. But his mother was descended from one of the first settlers, and all of his boyhood was passed in the old town itself, so Newport proudly claims him as one of her sons. Gilbert Stuart, the father of the painter, was a native of Perth, and was the son of a greatly esteemed Presbyterian minister. Being of a romantic nature, young Stuart joined the ranks of Prince Charles Edward, but after the disastrous battle of Culloden fled to the American colonies with many of his countrymen. Stuart settled in Rhode Island, where he soon after married Elizabeth, daughter of Albro Anthony, of Middletown, on Aquidneck. Here three children were born to the young couple,—James, who died in infancy; Ann, who married

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Henry Newton; and Gilbert Charles, who was to become famous as one of the foremost American artists of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. He was born December 3, 1755, and was baptized in St. Paul's Church, Narragansett, on Palm Sunday, April 11, 1756, by the Rev. Dr. McSparran.

During Stuart's early years he went to no school, but learned his lessons at his mother's knee. When about eight years of age his father disposed of his business to move into the town of Newport, for the benefit of the good school education that was promised his children. Mrs. Stuart inherited some property from her family at this time, which enabled her to purchase a comfortable home near the centre of the town, where she could enjoy the companionship of her girlhood friends. There was at this time an excellent school in Newport, conducted by the Rev. George Bissit, who was assistant minister of Trinity Church and head of the parochial school that had been founded by Nathaniel Kay.

From his earliest childhood Gilbert Stuart had used his ready pencil, making sketches of everything that attracted his fancy, although in those days it was not a pencil as we know it, but a rough bit of chalk or a stick charred in the fire, while the drawing-board was the side of a barn or the smooth stone step before the door, for it was before the British officers had carried off the door-steps of the good people of Newport. The boy had no master and no instruction, but, heedless of discouragement, he patiently and faithfully sketched, erased, and sketched again everything he saw and all who would sit to him for a likeness.

As far as is known, the first patron of the ambitious youngster was Dr. William Hunter, the well-known physician, who gave the lad some colors and brushes, setting as

NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS

a task a couple of valued dogs. By the time he was thirteen Stuart had attracted the notice of many persons in Newport, who were pleased with his perseverance and undoubted talents, but it was not until 1770 that he had any art instruction. Before that time he had painted several rather ambitious portraits, two of which now hang in the Redwood Library, where they are valued as his work. They are the likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. John Bannister, who were the richest citizens of Newport when Stuart was a child. They lived on the corner of Pelham and Spring Streets, in a house that is still standing, and which was General Prescott's head-quarters when the British occupied Newport.

About 1772 Stuart left his home to visit his relatives in Scotland, but met with no encouragement to study art in North Briton, so within a couple of years, during which he endured great hardships, he returned to America. While in Europe he had, however, learned to conquer some of the technical difficulties that had hampered his work, so on reaching home he was commissioned to paint several portraits, which fully occupied his time, and his success encouraged him to persevere in the pursuit he had chosen, while the employment gave him some ready money, that proved his talents had sufficient commercial value to be worth cultivating.

Still Stuart was restless, and determined on starting again for London to study art under Benjamin West, so he embarked at Boston just as war was breaking out, in the last vessel that left the port before it was blockaded. The night previous to leaving Newport Stuart spent under the window of a young lady, playing melancholy tunes on his flute, but as his talents were rather for the pencil than music, his serenade gave pleasure to no one, not even the young lady for whom it was given, whose father finally put a stop

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

to the noise in an abrupt and uncomplimentary manner, that made Stuart leave Newport so unhappy that he could not be induced to return for many decades. Indeed, the young artist had little inducement to do so. His parents fled to Nova Scotia when Newport was occupied by the British, and almost all the old inhabitants were driven from their homes. There was no employment or domestic ties to entice him to his native town, that had been desolated and ruined by the enemy, and, above all things to the impressionable artist, the young lady had married a favored suitor.

On reaching London, Gilbert Stuart presented his letters to West, who accepted his fellow-countryman for a student, allowing him to begin his studies in 1777. Stuart was then but twenty-two years of age, but he made such progress that he had many patrons, which encouraged him to take a house, in which he lived so extravagantly that although money flowed in freely it disappeared as rapidly. With the carelessness of one who could earn money without effort, the youngster was reckless in his expenditure, so much so that when he fell in love with the sister of a fellow-student the match was bitterly opposed on account of the imprudence of the young artist. Notwithstanding all obstacles, Stuart succeeded in persuading Miss Charlotte Coates to marry him in 1786 and move to Ireland, where he was promised employment. This he obtained, but being anxious to return to America after the conclusion of the war, he carried his wife and family to his native land, arriving in New York in 1792.

While in Europe Stuart met many of the celebrated men of the day, among others Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, with the ignorance of many of his contemporaries on subjects connected with America, expressed great astonishment that Stuart did not look more like a red Indian, and inquired



MONUMENT TO THE LATE COL. J. B. HARRIS, 1828, IN THE CEMETERY

NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS

where he had learned English, to which the indignant artist hastily replied, "Not from your dictionary," to the unbounded surprise of the worthy doctor.

Although the colonists were struggling to recover their commerce and prosperity after the long disastrous war, and many of them were impoverished, there were still some who could patronize the artist and afford to pay the price he now demanded for his pictures. His chief ambition was to paint the "father of his country," for which purpose he followed President Washington to Philadelphia in the autumn of 1794. This move resulted in Stuart's being thrown with many notable persons. He had over twenty-five commissions to paint General Washington, which accounts for the numerous likenesses now existing signed with Gilbert Stuart's name.

After moving from one place to another, and painting many portraits of distinguished people, Stuart settled in Boston, where he remained until his death, July 27, 1828. He died of an attack of the gout, in the seventy-third year of his age, leaving a widow and three daughters. When her husband died Mrs. Stuart moved to Newport, where previously the family had only spent the summer months. So Miss Jane Stuart may be considered one of Newport's native artists, as she lived there from that time until her death. She was a pupil of her father's, and often undertook to copy the portraits he had painted of well-known men. This task she accomplished with rare fidelity and skill, and in consequence frequent discussions have taken place as to which portrait was the original painted from life by Gilbert Stuart and which the copy. Miss Stuart was in her element as a copyist, but she was not happy in original portraiture, never having studied anatomy. But her coloring was brilliant, and with greater advantages than a

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

careless father would give, even to a most enthusiastic scholar, she might have risen to fame and distinction.

Miss Jane Stuart lived quietly the greater part of her life in Newport, dying there toward the end of the nineteenth century, at an advanced age. She had spent the greater part of her life there, for Gilbert Stuart's repugnance to his native place once overcome, he visited it frequently. He delighted in renewing the association of his childhood and meeting his old playmates. At one time he wrote, "The uniform kindness in this famous resort for travellers attracts me. So easy is living in Newport that I fear there are many lazy dogs around. Why, there were many posts up and down Thames Street for the convenience of country-folks, who fastened their horses to them when they came to town. But at my last visit I found the posts were gone, so I asked Townsend why it was so. Said he, 'There used to be always two or three sturdy men holding on to every post, to keep themselves from falling down, so lazy were they, but the town council has taken the posts all away, in hope that their old customers and *dependants* will go to work.' "

But the removal of the posts was not due to the energetic measures of the town council, according to another authority, who states that they had originally been planted before different stores, not only for hitching-posts, but also to protect the corners of the houses at the entrance to the different wharves, and to prevent carts from striking the shop windows on the narrow roadway, where there was no side-walk, for William Ellery Channing, in his amusing recollections of his boyhood days in Newport, writes: "They were very much in the way, so one night a company of young fellows mischievously cut down all but one." It took the scamps nearly the whole night, and when daylight

NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS

broke they were forced to flee or be discovered by early risers, so they wrote in chalk on the solitary sentinel they had spared, "Post poned," thus affording much amusement to the passers-by on the following day, who were so well satisfied to have some of the obstructions in Thames Street cleared away that no complaints were made to the city authorities.

Like many geniuses, Gilbert Stuart was quick-tempered and jealous. Various stories are related of his abrupt manners or strange habits. He was commissioned by the State of Rhode Island to paint the portrait of General Washington, which was hung in the old State-House, and is the best specimen of Stuart's work in his native State. He was also asked to paint Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, as a companion picture, but some criticism of his work annoyed the artist, who neglected to finish it, in spite of the large sum offered him.

Newport proudly claims Edward G. Malbone, the most eminent American miniature painter, as all her own. Born and bred within its limits, a son of the soil for generations, educated by the masters of the town, devoted to the birth-place of his forefathers, with a true love of home ingrained in his soul from childhood, almost every dollar that he earned after his fame was established as a portrait-painter was laid aside with the hope that in time he might reclaim the estates of his ancestors on Miantonomi Hill; but unfortunately he died before he realized a sufficient sum to accomplish his desires, so the property passed into the hands of strangers. But Newport was always the home of the artist, where his best work was done, and he is strongly identified with it.

Edward Malbone was descended from Godfrey Malbone, a rich merchant, who with his brother John settled in

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Newport. They had been born in Princess Anne County, Virginia, but moved in 1700. Godfrey Malbone purchased a large tract of land bordering on Narragansett Bay, a short distance north of the town of Newport, on what is now called Malbone Avenue, leading past Miantonomi Hill to the old fort on Coddington's Point, that fills one with reminiscences of the tribe of Indians who occupied it, as well as the troops who have defended it at different times.

It is said that Godfrey Malbone's house, the foundations of which were laid in 1744, was the handsomest and most expensive in the colony. The lower part was of stone brought from Connecticut, and, says a contemporary writer, "the house was perhaps superior to any in America for elegance, both in the architecture of the mansion house and the fine taste displayed in its once magnificent garden," the ruins of which, as late as 1838, gave some idea of its former splendor. The gossips confidently declare that it cost one hundred thousand dollars, which was a fabulous price in the days when the income of the richest Newport citizens seldom exceeded five hundred dollars a year, particularly for a two-story wooden house, but this sum is mentioned by more than one chronicler. There was a trap-door in the cellar of the house leading to a subterranean passage, with an opening on the shore where boats could land even at low tide, and there were gruesome tales concerning slaves who were hidden in underground caves, or rooms filled with contraband goods. During the Revolution this hidden passage was used by the spies who were constantly on the watch for all news regarding the movements of the enemy, but this was done so secretly that no written record remains of the dangerous undertakings carried on directly under the eyes of the British.

The house, although only two stories high, had a double

NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS

pitched roof with dormer windows. It was sixty-four feet front by fifty-two feet deep. Inside the house from the main hall sprang a circular staircase leading to a cupola. This was one of the wonders of the day to the simple-minded colonists, that furnished as much food for gossip as the discussed and often described hanging marble staircase in the Breakers has been in the twentieth century. Mr. Malbone's stairway was of mahogany, the wood for which had been imported from Honduras in his own ships. The doors of the house also were of the same rare tree, making the trim alone of the mansion worth as much as an ordinary Newport dwelling-house, just as the famous stairway in Mrs. Vanderbilt's palace was probably as expensive as many of the cottages of the present day.

This was the date when the story is told of Simon Pease, who was one of the rich men in Newport before the Revolution. Mr. Peterson, in his "History of Rhode Island," page 112, says, "William Hooker, a silversmith, ventured to ask Mr. Pease what he spent yearly. The reply was given sadly: 'It costs me the enormous sum of five hundred dollars a year.' At that time a person worth ten thousand dollars was considered rich, and in 1853," Mr. Peterson continues, "the income of ten thousand dollars was thought a good one in Newport." Mr. Malbone's houses, gardens, and farm were, therefore, noteworthy even in Rhode Island, where the Hammersmith estate and Governor Easton's, Mr. Jeffrey's, and Mrs. John Bannister's country-seats were accustomed features. These places were all laid out with care, and would outrival those of to-day, for they were beautiful parks extending over acres of ground. Mr. Malbone's gardens alone enclosed ten acres. They were laid out with exquisite taste and skill. The gravelled walks were edged with box, while the borders were filled with rare

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

plants brought by the owner's ships from southern countries. A living spring had been conducted to three different pools, filled with aquatic flowers and containing gold or silver fish, that the credulous citizens believed had been touched by the wand of Midas.

The farm extended for six hundred acres north of the house, to Coddington Cove, and was well stocked with cattle. But besides the country-seat, Mr. Malbone had a town house built of brick, in which the cornices of the main rooms were gilt and the mantles were of marble.

The fortune of the colonist had been made by importing slaves from Africa, or rum and molasses from the West Indies. In the half-century he had lived in Newport he had made himself feared and respected. Besides the trading- and coasting-vessels, in 1740 Mr. Godfrey Malbone fitted out several privateers to protect his own merchantmen. Two of these vessels were lost in a gale in 1745, with the result that Newport had two hundred widows.

Notwithstanding the fact that Godfrey Malbone was a bold seafaring man, with rough manners, he was so noted for his hospitality that few of the celebrated people who visited Newport in the middle of the eighteenth century refused his invitations. One hot summer day, June 7, 1766, after a severe thunder-storm, the roof of the wonderful house was found to be on fire. Some said it was struck by lightning, while others declared it had caught from a spark from the kitchen, where a great feast was being prepared by Mr. Malbone's unrivalled negro cook. It is declared that houses in Newport are preserved in salt, causing them to burn very slowly. The servants and guests tried in vain to extinguish the flames, but seeing the house was doomed, they carried out the pictures, furniture, and silver, until the lawn was covered with valuable articles. Finally the host



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INTERIOR OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, N. Y.

NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS

exclaimed, "If I have lost my house, there is no reason why I should lose my dinner," so he ordered the table set under the trees, with the relics of his furniture, and the guests, with the hostess at the head of the board, made a capital meal in spite of the catastrophe that had befallen hospitable Godfrey Malbone.

But the catastrophe led to many disputes between husband and wife, for the former declared that the house could have been saved had she not stood in the doorway protesting that the neighbors who tried to push to the rescue should not enter, as Mrs. Malbone said that "their feet were dirty, and she would not allow them to soil her immaculately clean floors."

Mrs. Malbone was born Margaret Scott. She had several children,—a son, Thomas, who married Miss Brinley and built a great house at Brooklyn, Wyndham County, Connecticut, and four daughters, one of whom married Francis Brinley, another Major Fairchild, another Dr. MacKay, while the fourth and most beautiful married the noted physician, Dr. William Hunter, transmitting her delicate, clear-cut features to her descendants, who are so well known to-day in Newport.

One hundred years after the old house was burned a new one was built on the site by Prescott Hall, a well-known lawyer of New York, who made Newport his summer home for many years. Like all the other pioneer cottagers who made the place the mode at the end of the nineteenth century, Mr. Hall was drawn there by ancestral ties. His grandfather Martin had owned a place on Conanicut, where he had been killed during a British raid while standing quietly on his own door-step. Mr. Hall's mother was the daughter of Peter Mumford, of Newport, while his wife was the daughter of James de Wolf, of Providence, and

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

sister of Mrs. Robert L. Cutting, of New York. The sisters were famous for their gracious manners and musical talents. Mr. Hall was an intimate friend of Daniel Webster, and "a loyal, manly, generous man," says Mr. Henry Tuckerman, "warm in his affections and devoted to friendship." Among Mr. Hall's particular associates was Charles H. Russell, who was born in Mary Street, Newport, but moved to New York, where he became a successful merchant. His beautiful country-seat, Oaklawn, was for many years one of the show places on Bellevue Avenue.

Philip Hone, mayor of New York, made Mr. Hall a member of his celebrated Dinner Club, where other brilliant wits met constantly, such as Charles King, president of Columbia College, whose father, Rufus King, had been General Sullivan's aide-de-camp in the battle of Rhode Island. Mr. Richard M. Blatchford was another member of this noted club. His daughter is one of the best known of the upper ten thousand of Newport to-day, and her pretty cottage on Catherine Street, near that of her sister, Mrs. Edward Potter, is the centre of the court end of what are called the "Hill-top people."

Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Hall, Mr. Russell, Mr. Fearing, and Mr. Sherman were among the pioneers of the "cottagers" at Newport, and all met frequently under Mr. Hall's hospitable roof at Malbone, and these names will recall many pleasant memories to those who remember Newport when it was first invaded by "the summer resident."

Captain Francis Malbone, a relative of Godfrey, was a schoolmate of William Ellery Channing, who spent his early days in Newport, but Malbone moved to Wyndham County, Connecticut, where he founded Brooklyn in that State. He bought a large tract of land on the beautiful Quinebaug River. There he laid out a magnificent estate,

NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS

built a church for his own use and that of his dependants, established a curate in a manse with a glebe, and lived himself in great splendor, attended by numerous slaves.

Edward G. Malbone, Newport's noted artist, was born in August, 1777. He was a dreamy, sensitive boy, who occupied himself for hours blowing bubbles, delighted with the glowing colors and rapidly varying tints. His imagination was kindled by the dramatic representations given in the upper part of the old market by roving bands of actors. Here he would linger during the day when no performances were taking place, until he finally became acquainted with all the loungers on Long Wharf, among whom were the men who occasionally painted the rude scenes for the primitive theatre. From them the boy learned to handle a brush. He was immensely elated when he finally succeeded in painting a very fair representation of a sylvan scene. Malbone's father despised the talents of the child, but in spite of all obstacles he continued to draw or paint on every substance he could find. The smooth pebbles or shells he picked up on the beach were decorated with the likenesses of his friends, or he would buy a "common handkerchief pin" of painted bone, clean from it the picture already on it, to cover it with devices of his own. When the sketch pleased him he would reset the miniature and present it to some favorite school-mate. When only sixteen he copied a likeness of Sir Thomas Lawrence in water-colors on paper, which was shown to a French artist in Philadelphia, who was asked to take the boy as a pupil. The crusty fellow abruptly refused, saying, "De boy would take de bread out of my mouth."

Failing to get the instruction he wanted in Newport, Malbone left the city, but contrived to support himself by painting miniatures in different towns until the death of his father in 1796, when he went to Boston, where he re-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

newed his intimacy with his friend Washington Allston, with whom he had played, and studied drawing under King in the back of his shop on Thames Street. Allston was still at Harvard, but after graduating he returned with Malbone to spend the summer of 1800 in Newport. In the autumn the friends went together to Charleston, where Allston introduced the young Newporter to his family. While in the southern city Malbone painted many portraits, and some of the best specimens of his work are still preserved in the families of the Manigaults, Hugers, Middletons, Rutledges, etc.

By means of his art Malbone earned enough to sail for Europe in May, 1801, with his friend Allston. When in London they visited West, who said afterwards, when conversing with James Monroe (at the time minister to France from the United States), "I have seen a picture painted by a young man of the name of Malbone which no man in England could excel."

It was during Malbone's visit to London that he was inspired to paint his largest and most famous picture. It was a fancy sketch of three beautiful women, and he called the painting "The Hours;" but although described as his largest picture, it is not the size of an ordinary sheet of writing paper, and might well be called a miniature. It is as fresh and clear to-day, after one hundred years of life, as when it was painted. The tints are tender, the pose of the women's heads is most graceful, and their complexions are lifelike. The Hours has been engraved, but the prints are very rare, and they give little idea of the beauty of the original.

Malbone was a man who delighted in meeting new people, and took pleasure in drawing out the character of his sitters, which shows itself in the expression he gives to his



NATIVE AND VISITING ARTISTS

portraits. The lovable traits of one are strongly marked, while in other pictures, such as those of some well-known man, the sordid side of the character or the crafty look in the eyes makes a miniature disagreeable, even to a descendant, who dislikes the portrait of the ancestor while treasuring the product of the artist's hand. Allston writes of his friend: "No woman ever lost any beauty from his hand, and the fair would often become still fairer from his pencil. To this he added a grace of execution all his own." And again: "As a man his disposition was amiable and generous, wholly free from any taint of professional jealousy."

Malbone was a hard worker; he began before breakfast, then snatched a hurried meal, after which he would work steadily for eight hours at a time. He was so devoted to his art he could not bear to lay it aside, even after the sun had set, so he contrived to fasten some glasses in a frame, by means of which he concentrated the rays of a candle, throwing them on the ivory in order to be able to paint after dark.

While Malbone was in England the president of the Royal Academy gave the young artist many valuable hints, and became so attached to him that West begged the young American to remain in London, saying, "You have nothing to fear from professional competition."

Malbone drew at the Royal Academy, Somerset House, in the autumn of 1801, receiving there many lessons that improved his style and taste. But he was homesick, so returned to Charleston in 1802, where he completed some of his best miniatures. After this he visited the principal Northern cities, setting up his easel in each of them and commanding all the sitters for whom he had time, even at the high price he asked, which was fifty dollars a head. Among the numerous people he painted in New York were

NEWPORT. OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bowne. The latter was then a bride, who had left her home in Bearborough, Maine, to follow her husband to the metropolis, where she was fêted and caressed as the most beautiful woman of her day. The portraits painted by Malbone now hang on the walls of Willow Bank, Flushing, and are owned by her grandson, Walter Bowne Lawrence. From Mrs. Bowne's letter to her mother, June 13, 1803, we take the extract:

"Malbone has just finished my picture, but I am disappointed in it. He says he has not done me justice. He says Mr. Bowne, but I think, tho' the features are striking, he has not caught the expression of the eyes, which are excessively pensive, would do for Sterne's Maria. The mouth laughs a little, and they all say is good, but the eyes not the thing. He wants me to sit again in another position."

Malbone painted a few small landscapes, but was devoted to portraiture, and very few of the former can be identified as his work. In 1805 he contracted a severe cold that settled on his lungs. The doctors ordered him on a long voyage, so he sailed for the island of Jamaica, but the debilitating climate of Kingston only reduced the strength of the sufferer, who hastily returned to America in hopes of reaching Newport, but he died in Savannah, May 7, 1807, in the thirty-second year of his age.

Dundap says, "The works of Malbone are impressed with the seal of genius; the grace, purity, and delicacy of his character are stamped upon them."



BACKWARD GLANCES



First Colonial House

THE houses built by the first settlers were little better than log huts, rudely and hastily constructed, but these were soon replaced by comfortable and commodious houses, with a marked feature for the period, as they had chimneys built of the flat stones that were so common in the neighborhood. These were piled on each other and held in place by the shell mortar that was readily made from material close at hand, but were always built on the south, outside of the house, the better to warm the rooms. One very old mansion on Connecticut shows this quaint construction. By the time Charles II. came to the throne a new style of architecture began slowly to influence the Aquidneck fashion, that was called the Connecticut type, when for the sake of economy the chimneys were placed in the center of the house, with fireplaces opening back to back into the principal rooms. The second story often projected two or three feet, giving more room in the upper floor and a shed over the lower one.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

George Roome, an early settler, had two houses, as was customary among the rich men of his day; one was in the hamlet of Newport, the other on Conanicut, that he called Bachelor's Hall. The house at the former was at the Point, rather too close to the spermaceti factories to be agreeable to people of delicate senses, for when the wind set from that quarter the disgusting smell of boiling fat drove the inmates of the houses to close the windows, which was perhaps the reason that Mr. Roome built "a little country villa," as he modestly called it, on the opposite side of Narragansett Bay.

This mansion was carefully finished. The trim and decorations were elaborate and ornate. One feature was peculiar, for the beds were concealed behind the wainscots. "The rooms might be traversed throughout, and not a bed for the repose of his guests be seen," says a contemporaneous writer, and "when the hour for retirement arrived a servant would just give a touch to a spring in the ceiling, and the visitor's bed, by means of a self-adjusting process, would protrude itself, as if by the effect of magic, ready prepared for the reception of its tenant."

This fashion was copied from the Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam, where almost all the houses were provided with concealed beds that were reserved for unexpected guests. As early as 1642 Oloff Van Cortlandt had a house built for him on Stone Street, the contract for building which has been preserved. In particular it calls for a peculiar kind of cupboard, named a "slaap-bauck," that was to be built into the side walls of the main room, and was to be provided with a shelf, on which a mattress could be laid. Closing folding doors concealed the bed, and these doors could be easily thrown back at night, while during the day, when they were shut, they looked like part of the wainscoting.

BACKWARD GLANCES

Among other early Newport houses was one on the Point that was built by Jonathan Nichols, who, with his father, had occupied the dignified position of deputy-governor of the Province. The son was a prominent merchant, as well as an active politician. After his death Colonel Joseph Wanton II., who was also a deputy-governor, bought the house, living in it until the evacuation of Newport by the British, when he followed them to New York, believing that place to be a safer and more congenial home for a spirited loyalist like himself, dying there August 7, 1780. It was in this house that Admiral de Tiernay died. After the war the house was purchased by William Hunter, son of the old doctor of that name. The son married Mary Robinson, one of the coquettish daughters of Mrs. William Robinson, and their descendants are among the most fashionable people of Newport's smart set.

The old house was a good specimen of that Colonial architecture that was quite distinct from the prevalent fashion in Virginia, as seen in the Byrd house, or that of Boston, as recalled by the Hancock and Cragie houses, or the Dutch architecture of the old mansion "Fort Crailo," near Albany, on the Hudson, belonging to the Van Rensselaer family. The front door of the Hunter house was surrounded by richly carved bunches of grapes, with tenderly cut leaves and tendrils. Directly in the centre of the pediment there was a pineapple of admirable design, that took the place that may have been occupied by the crest of the Nicholises, that was removed by subsequent owners of the house. John Rutledge hired it and spent many summers in it.

Governor Coddington's residence had a hall running through its centre, with an overlapping second story. It was an unpretentious building in comparison with "The

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Chimneys," on the Hammersmith estate, or the marvellous house built by Godfrey Malbone. On the East Road, six miles from Newport, still stands a vacant, desolate building once the beautiful house of hospitable Samuel Elam, called by him Vacluse, after the village and fountain in France made famous by Petrarch. The luxury of this house exceeded all those of that date. Mr. Elam was president of the Rhode Island Union Bank from its incorporation until his death in 1813. It was his custom to drive regularly from his country-seat to town in order to superintend the affairs of the bank. He always wore a peculiar drab-colored coat and small clothes, with white satin vest, that made him a remarkable figure.

In 1754 the Rev. Jacob Baily wrote of Newport: "It is a most beautiful place. The northeast side is built with two streets of painted houses, above which lies a most delightful hill, gradually ascending to a great distance, all cut into gardens, orchards, pleasant fields, and beautiful enclosures, which strike the eye with agreeable surprises."

The United Company of Spermaceti Chandlers, that formed a trust on the 5th of November, 1761, made the little town the centre of the wealth of the country. Firms from Nantucket, Providence, and Boston formed this trust, among others John and William Roach. There were seventeen factories in Newport alone, and the merchants were not backward in displaying their wealth after the fashion of the day. The houses, however, with the exception of Godfrey Malbone's, which was of stone, were all built of wood, and in 1793 there were only six brick buildings in the town. The reason given for this was that they were damp, and therefore unhealthy, so only public buildings were erected of brick. Four of these were the Redwood

BACKWARD GLANCES

Library, the Jews' synagogue, the market, and the State-House.

Thames Street had been paved as early as 1768, the money to do this having been raised by a lottery that was authorized by the Assembly. A local poet was once moved by the muses at the sight of the narrow historic street, saying,—

“ As ye saunter along by the shops of old Thames
Some wearing new faces, yet keeping old names,
In letters twice darkened or touched with new gold,
Unmistakable *signs* of ye welcome behold!”

One of the oldest and most characteristic of these aged houses disappeared in March, 1905, when the Swinburne, Peckham & Co. building was torn down to give place to necessary improvements. The roof had been covered with moss, giving it a hoary, picturesque appearance, so the lovers of artistic effect are grieved to lose it, but Thames Street will be greatly benefited by its removal.

On this street are the principal banks and shops of the town, so its narrow roadway is crowded at all hours of the day. On the corner of Thames and Church Streets is the house owned by James Honyman. It is now occupied by Mr. Seabury as a shoe-shop. Displayed in the windows is a small but comprehensive exhibition of shoes of all ages and nations, collected by the owner, that is both valuable and rare.

In the early days it was customary to drag thieves at the cart-tail and whip them from the State-House through Spring Street and back by Thames Street, but offences of this sort were rare. Only men suffered in this fashion, for women were punished in the jail. Counterfeiters or other malefactors were put on a movable pillory platform that

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

was placed in front of the State-House and moved to each quarter of the compass every fifteen minutes.

The modern city hall, that was erected at the beginning of the twentieth century on the site of the Bull House on Broadway, is by no means as pleasing to the eye as the old State-House, built in 1739, that still overlooks the Parade on the corner of Broadway. From the balcony proclamations are still made by an officer dressed in quaint garb. On this perch the herald announced the death of the kings of England and the names, titles, etc., of the successors were proclaimed by the officer who was appointed to officiate by the Heralds' office in London. The high sheriff annually announces:

"Gentlemen, please to take notice that his Excellency — — is elected Governor for the year ensuing. God save the State of Rhode Island."

Public meetings have frequently taken place in the old State-House, besides the Colonial Assemblies, and afterwards the Senate and Representatives of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. Among them was a notable one in 1766, to rejoice over the repeal of the law that had enacted the Stamp Act.

A non-importation meeting was held here soon after, and another at the time the "Gaspé" was burned, in 1772. The Declaration of Independence was proclaimed from the State-House steps July 20, 1776, by Major John Handy, and here General Washington was received in 1790, after the convention ratifying the Constitution of the United States had met under the ancient roof.

The Roman Catholic church, St. Joseph's, standing overlooking the Parade, with its Grecian columns, marks an epoch. It is a conspicuous feature, but some of its contem-



TWENTY-NINTH STREET MEETING HOUSE, NOW NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM
 (COURTESY OF THE NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY)



THE OLD CITY HALL

BACKWARD GLANCES

poraries have hidden their faces or turned their backs to the march of progress. One of them, owned once by Christopher Champlin, is concealed by the shops that are in the front rank on Thames Street. It was at one time beautifully furnished, the wainscoting and other woodwork being well finished, the details of the house showing that the early inhabitants of Newport appreciated the luxuries of life as well as those who have succeeded them.

A house filled with historic interest, that has had many owners, is on Mary Street. All persons of note visiting the town after the Revolution were entertained by Mrs. Champlin, who was Martha Redwood Ellery. After her death it was bought by Duncan C. Pell, whose widow lived there to a very advanced age, noted to the last for her wit and beauty. After her death it passed into the hands of the Young Men's Christian Association, so all traces of the original building will soon be swept away.

The house which stands out as a landmark at the head of Mill Street, opposite the old stone mill, is clearly shown in an early sketch of Newport. It was once the residence of Major-General Nathaniel Greene, afterwards owned by Governor Gibbs, then by the late Henry Tuckerman, and at present by ex-Mayor Frederick Garretson.

What is called the King house, on Pelham Street, had a charming doorway.

Governor Van Zandt's imposing mansion has been converted into a curiosity shop filled with valuables that coax people into many extravagances. General Prescott's headquarters, at the corner of Pelham and Spring Streets, originally belonged to Mr. Bannister, one of Newport's millionaires. Captain Kidd is said to have lived in a house on Franklin Street close to the present post-office.

Only a few of the interesting old buildings in Newport

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

can be enumerated. A lover of such is richly rewarded for wandering through the lanes and by-ways of the old town by finding numerous quaint and pretty façades that are perhaps sadly tarnished or faded by age, but can still mutely offer records of past glories. One spot has held many historic associations. It is a triangle at the junction of Thames and Farewell Streets, that was deeded to the town in 1765 by Captain William Reed, who planted a tree in its centre to commemorate the spirited opposition to the Stamp Act on the part of the people of Newport.

When the place was occupied by the British this tree was cut down, but on the return of peace another was planted in its place. A copper plate, oval in form and nearly two feet long, was nailed to the tree. On the plate were engraved the names of fourteen of Newport's citizens who replanted the liberty tree April 25, 1783. Among them were Thomas Mumford, Benjamin Lawton, and George Perry, all easily recognized in these days. To mark their honor for the "liberty tree," these men had carried the sapling from Portsmouth on their shoulders.

In 1782 Count de Segur writes of Newport:

"Other parts of America were only beautiful by anticipation, but the prosperity of Rhode Island was already complete. Newport, well and regularly built, contained a numerous population, whose happiness was indicated by its prosperity. It offered delightful circles composed of enlightened men and modest, handsome women, whose talents heightened their personal attractions."

"By 1788 the population had decreased," says Brissot de Warville, "the glory of Newport was gone, trade paralyzed, society scattered, old families had emigrated;" and further, "The solitude which reigns here, and which is only interrupted by groups of idlers who stand silently at

BACKWARD GLANCES

the street corners; the general dilapidation and the wretched look of the shops, which offer for sale nothing but bunches of matches and baskets of apples, or other articles of little value; the grass growing in the square opposite the court-house; the muddy and ill-paved streets; the rags in the windows or which cover hideous women, lean children, or pale, wan men, with deep eyes and sinister looks, making the observer very uncomfortable,—all proclaim misery, the reign of bad faith, and the influence of bad government. Most of the people live on fish. Newport seems to me like a tomb where living corpses dispute about a few roots." De Warville finished his lugubrious description by writing: "In Newport there is no restraint, no religion, no morality, no law, no respected magistrates, no troop, but there are no thefts or murders, not even begging. The American does not beg or steal." At Meeting, however, the discontented Frenchman found "pretty women with immense bonnets fashionably made and well dressed, which surprised me, for until then I had only seen hideous women and rags." This is a more agreeable report than the preceding one, for, in fact, M. de Warville found only one thing he really liked in Newport, and that was a *cheese*. For the most part he decrys everything during his trip in America, stating: "The people of Rhode Island are the most ignorant of all the Americans," and this in spite of the fact that he had been entertained at Vacluse by Mr. Samuel Elam, where the library would do credit to any owner at the present day; and disgruntled M. de Warville concludes by declaring that the old colonial houses were "shabby, small, and unpainted, with signs of decay over all."

Redwood Library was founded by a number of public-spirited men of Newport in 1747, on land donated by Henry

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Collins, a generous citizen; therefore it seems strange that his name was not coupled with that of Abraham Redwood, who gave money and books, as did the Jews Moses Lopez, Jacob Joseph Riviera, and Judah Touro; but whatever the reason, the old Quaker's name, who was the first president of the Society, has been preserved as the title of one of the first libraries in the colonies.

It appears that an impulse was given to study when Bishop Berkeley visited Newport in 1728, for a society that had been founded by Dr. Honyman, rector of Trinity, with some other educated men of the place, became even more interesting after the worthy pastor joined it, as the members found it difficult to obtain the requisite books of reference. Dr. Berkeley circulated those he had imported for the edification and education of the poor Indians, which created further desires on the part of the members of the Philosophical Society, who determined on purchasing a library for their own use. For this purpose Abraham Redwood donated £500, while a public subscription was started to raise funds for a building, for which Peter Harrison submitted designs. He was an Englishman, who had studied under Vanburgh, and worked with the latter when that celebrated architect was building Blenheim Castle for the Duke of Marlborough. Harrison had drawn the plans for the Wanton house, synagogue, and many other buildings in Newport. His Roman Doric façade for the library was readily adopted, the corner-stone of which was laid on the site of the Bowling Green in 1747. Within two years the building was finished and thrown open to subscribers.

The library has been enlarged at different times, and has many rare volumes on its shelves. Valuable donations have been presented, among them a collection of memoirs that are delicately bound, which are as valuable to a student

BACKWARD GLANCES

of English history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as any on the shelves.

There are a number of paintings hung on the walls, together with many curiosities that have found a home here. Some of the former are interesting from historic association, or as specimens of early American art.

The first meeting of the Library Company after its incorporation was held September, 1747, when the old Quaker Abraham Redwood was chosen president. The following year the Society received two thousand five hundred volumes from London, but there were no novels in the collection. The books were of a serious character, intended for the use of scholars or scientists, so most of the present generation look with awe at the musty volumes that have survived, but with no curiosity as to their obsolete contents.

Of course, there was much local jealousy with regard to the foundation of this interesting library, which "set out to be a Quaker affair," says the Rev. Dr. Styles, in his unpublished Diary, under the date of January 16, 1773. This diary is in Yale College, where it can be consulted. It continues:

"Mr. Redwood being a Friend Advised (and) influenced by his Br in Law Thos. Ward. Esq. a Deistical Baptist; both these Gent^l really designed it sh^d be Catholic and without respect of sects, thro the blindness of Mr. Redwood and Ward and Callender (the 2 last men of great Learning and Penetration) the Episcopalians slyly got into it and obtained a Majority w^h they are careful to keep. At first of 46 but 18 men were Episco. Since this they have become a Majority. But nobody observes it but the Founder. The Founder has often told me of it and said it was contrary to his Intention and that this was one reason of his refusing to sit in the Directors Meetings."

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

This Rev. Ezra Styles was the pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Newport, who succeeded the Rev. James Searing after the latter's death in 1755. So although Dr. Styles had not been one of the founders of the Library Association, by succeeding Dr. Searing he occupied an important position, and was jealous to secure the principles laid down by his predecessor. While Newport was occupied by the British, Redwood Library suffered as much as everything else at their vandal hands. The valuable books were tossed recklessly about and many of them destroyed or stolen, which provoked a forcible remonstrance from the Tory citizens who had remained in the town, and their entreaties forced General Prescott to station a sentry at the library to prevent further destruction. This action betrays the lawlessness of the men under the English general's command, for it should have been sufficient to issue a general order forbidding the injury of the library or other public buildings. Abraham Redwood lived until 1788, and it must have been a serious grief to him to see his valuable gifts stolen, destroyed, or scattered, but he made no attempt to restock and open the library after the war.

It was not until 1810 that any interest was taken in the library, but fortunately at that time James Ogilvie visited the town, where he became at once concerned by the neglected state of building and books. He proposed that a subscription should be opened for the purchase of the latter and repair of their home, and in hopes of exciting attention to the subject, he delivered a course of lectures on literature, the proceeds of which were donated as his contribution toward these expenses. At the same time the Hon. William Hunter, one of the most prominent men of the place, who was devoted to science and art, used his personal interest to incite his fellow-townsmen to join the library and take

BACKWARD GLANCES

an active part in raising money for the purchase of books. In this he had little success. A few books were procured, but the library was not well patronized. Mr. Hunter, however, induced many of his personal friends to contribute to its support, and was so energetic that he wrote to many who had moved away from their native town. In answer to this appeal, in 1813 Solomon Southwick, residing in Albany, but a native-born Newporter, presented one hundred and twenty acres of land in the State of New York to the Redwood foundation, and when this was sold and the proceeds invested it provided a small income for the purchase of books, that were marked with an "*Ex Libris*" bearing Mr. Southwick's name. There have been many other valuable donations and legacies, notably one made by his Majesty George IV., who graciously endeavored in this way to repair some of the damages done by his father's troops. Baron Hottinguer, of Paris, Mr. James Kennedy, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and other book-lovers have generously aided by gifts of money or by bequests.

Redwood Library has now become an important Newport society, to which its citizens point with pride, although it has many petty and constantly changing regulations that annoy subscribers, that could be easily revised by an active committee, when it would probably be better patronized. Between 1812 and 1855 it had few visitors. At one time the librarian complained that he and General Winfield Scott were its only patrons, but at that date an effort was made to induce readers to visit the rooms and take an interest in its welfare. Before 1855 the building was opened twice a week, when only members could obtain books. It was then determined to invite annual subscriptions, but this policy was denounced as suicidal by the conservative members, and matters stagnated until a young and ener-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

getic person succeeded in having new directors elected, who arranged for opening the library daily after ten thousand dollars had been raised to meet extra expenses.

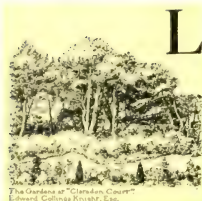
At this time there were not eight thousand volumes in the racks, although in earlier days the Redwood had rivalled Harvard's library. It was not until 1858 that the managers were able to raise the money for enlarging the building, furnishing it properly, and laying out the grounds, providing new books, and establishing a librarian. Visitors and yearly subscriptions were now welcomed, and extra shares were purchased and presented to the library for the use of the rectors of various churches, the teachers and certain scholars of the public schools, etc., so the library is now fairly well patronized.

The Society for the Promotion of Knowledge and Virtue, that was the parent of the Redwood Library, was founded by eight well-known citizens, among them being Henry Collins, James Honyman, Jr., Rev. James Searing, Judge Edward Scott, Jeremy Coudy, and Nathan Townsend. The Society met every Monday morning to discuss questions in divinity, morality, philosophy, history, etc. Bishop Berkeley was an active member, who gave impetus to the studies dear to his mind. One that was made a matter of research by the society was the effects of tar-water and its results in curing the gout. The Bishop's treatise on this is extremely amusing.

Besides the endowed library, there were two circulating libraries in Newport at the end of the eighteenth century, one of which was kept by Joseph Todd and the other by Jacob Richardson. Their rooms were the rendezvous of the young people of the town, and were well patronized. In later days James Hammond kept a small circulating library, and at the present day the Free Library is well attended.



WOMEN OF NEWPORT



LONG years before the white men settled on Aquidneck, which they renamed Rhode Island, the Wilden, as the Dutch called the people they found in North America, had prosperous settlements on different parts of it. One fort was on what is now called Tomony, or

Miantonomi, Hill, another at Pocasset, on the northern extremity of the island. But the branch of the family living on the ocean side of the Isle of Peace was the richest in the land, just as the riparian owners in Newport are to-day, for the wealth of the savages was the shells and the seaweed that strewed the beaches, for the latter fertilized their fields while the blue part of the quahaugs made their seawan, and the pointed end of the periwinkle the wampum, that was the money of the North American Indians, and passed current through all the inland tribes.

Apparently the Wilden living on the borders of Narragansett Bay had a certain amount of civilization, although little is remembered of their primitive arts and crafts. They were skilful fishermen and hunters, and although warlike when forced to protect their rights, they preferred peace to war. In particular, they (unlike most savage

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

ances) permitted their women to take part in the tribal government, who sometimes inherited the position of chief, ruling the clan with wisdom, courage, and discrimination. One of the most celebrated of these savage queens was called Namumpum. She was the wife of Wamsutta, an Indian chief generally called Alexander in the colonial records. Namumpum was a woman of strong, domineering character, that was under restraint during the life of her father-in-law, Massasoit, for she dared not assert herself. But when the great chief of the Wampanoags died, in 1660, and Wamsutta, who was the eldest son, succeeded his father, the character of the young squaw began to display itself. Barely, however, had her husband become sachem when he was charged by the rulers of the Massachusetts Colony with combining with the Narragansett tribe to conspire against the settlers of Plymouth.

Wamsutta's chief residence was at Mt. Hope, where he was visited by an armed force from Massachusetts, commanded by Major Josiah Winslow, who, after parleying with the tribe for several days, ended by carrying off Wamsutta by force. The captive was confined in Major Winslow's house, where he received little care or consideration. Rage, chagrin, and mortification struggled in the breast of the wild man at this imprisonment, which soon culminated in a serious illness, that alarmed his captors, who, in dread of his dying on their hands, enlarged Wamsutta, permitting him to return to Mt. Hope, where he died immediately on his arrival. Namumpum was beside herself with grief, and accused the English of poisoning her husband, but was impotent against the stronger authority, particularly as the chieftainship of the tribe passed immediately on the death of her husband to Meatacom, who is better known as the celebrated King Philip, who was at the time barely twenty-

WOMEN OF NEWPORT

two years of age. It was inevitable that friction should occur between the peculiar characters who ruled the Plymouth Colony and the red men, so by June, 1675, open hostilities had begun.

Namumpum, although deprived of her position as squaw consort of the Wampanoags, was in her own right squaw sachem, or queen of the family of Indians who lived on Aquidneck, the capitol or chief village of this branch of the tribe being at Pocasset. Here this great chieftainess lived, nursing her vengeance against the white men who had invaded the lands of her forefathers and murdered her husband. Following the custom of her people, the uncouth name by which she had been known during Wamsutta's life was changed, and as squaw sachem she was called Weetamoe, retaining this name even after a second marriage with Nunnuit, a brave of her tribe called Peter by the white men.

There must be something in the air of Aquidneck that excites its inhabitants to excel in adorning themselves in the hopes of enhancing their beauty. All the records since they have been kept point to this having been the case, for the love of dress for which this great chieftainess was noted is among the archives of the colony, and the women of each decade following this early period have imitated her.

Mrs. Rowlandson, one of the white women of the nearby settlements, was captured by the Indians and lived among them for some time. She left a narrative of her experiences, and on page 63 states of Queen Weetamoe: "A severe and proud dame she was; bestowing every day in dressing herself near as much time as any of the gentry of the land, powdering her hair and painting her face, going with her necklaces, with jewels in her ears,—bracelets upon her hands."

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

In one way the great lady of the year 1675 differed from those of two hundred years later, inasmuch as she was extremely industrious, for the narrative goes on to remark: "When she had dressed herself, her work was to make girdles of wampum and beads."

Namumpum Weetamoe was also a famous dancer, in which accomplishment she rivalled Squaw Sachem Awashonks, who governed the Indian family living on the western banks of Seaconnet River.

The first of the grand entertainments for which Aquidneck has since become famous was given by Awashonks to her tribe and neighbors in June, 1675, in honor of six warriors who were sent as ambassadors by the head of the whole tribe, Meatacom, or King Philip. The costume of these warriors has been carefully described. Their hair was dressed in a novel and unwonted style, their faces and bodies were smeared with red paint, and their plumes and breech-clouts were of peculiar fashion.

Benjamin Church, of Duxberry, had settled on land belonging to Awashonks's family, so he was invited to the levee, and has left a slight sketch of the festivities, in which he describes Queen Awashonks as leading the dance so energetically that "she was in a foaming sweat." This account of one of the first Rhode Island balls is too short, but perhaps the white settler was terrified at what he saw, for instead of its being a fashionable entertainment for the amusement of guests, it was in reality a "war-dance," which preceded the breaking out of hostilities between the wild men and the white settlers. The latter tried to appease their foes by proposing arbitration, but the wild men were chary of accepting this arrangement when they discovered that only Englishmen would be invited to sit on the committee, who were to be selected by the governor of the Mas-

WOMEN OF NEWPORT

sachusetts Colony; therefore, believing the arbitration would be against the interests of the non-represented tribe, it declared war.

On June 24 Meatacom (King Philip), wearing "a Coat and Buskins thick set with beads in a pleasant Wild Works and a broad Belt of the same," fell on the white settlers of Pocasset and burnt all the houses, after which he stuck the heads of the murdered Englishmen on poles, as ghastly memorials of the raid, which he planted on the edge of the bay, and then at the head of his band of warriors, accompanied by the Squaw Sachem Namumpum Weetamoe leading the braves of her tribe, they escaped across the river.

This was the beginning of the great war that was to carry such havoc and desolation among the English settlers. It lasted until another sachem chieftainess called Quaiapen, the "old queen" who had valiantly led her men against the Connecticut troops, was killed on the 25th of July.

Despairing of driving out the English, who with superior weapons and skill had conquered the other tribes, the Squaw Sachem Awashonks sued for peace and retired to Tampe Swamp. The English determined to conciliate this brave chieftainess, so commissioned Benjamin Church and Daniel Wilcocks to volunteer a visit to Squaw Awashonks. The sachem received her visitors graciously, but took the precaution of surrounding her person with armed warriors. Church presented the Indians with tobacco and rum, so after a few hours, during which they feasted, smoked, and drank, the savages became more friendly. A grand feast was prepared, at the conclusion of which the sachem, the elders of the tribe, and the English ambassadors had a pow-wow, that ended by the white men persuading the Indians that peace was desirable, when Squaw Awashonks agreed, in the name of her people, to leave the foreigners

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

unmolested, on condition that they respected her fishing and hunting privileges, rights of property, government, etc.

The Squaw Sachem Namumpum Weetamoe retired to Aquidneck after the whites fled, but she saw her power gradually taken away from her after the death of her brother-in-law, King Philip, who had been her chief protector. Her tribe family living at Pocasset dwindled in numbers and power, her second husband, Nunnuit, died an untimely death, so, unwilling to have the responsibility of ruling the tribe by herself, Namumpum Weetamoe married for the third time, when she selected a young brave called Quinnapin to share her woodland throne. The third prince consort was captured by the white men, who condemned him to death August 24, 1676, with five other warriors, at a court held at Newport by Roger Williams, Arthur Fenner, and Randall Holden. These men declared the savages were "murderous Indians," but the governor, Walter Clarke, disapproved of the trial and sentence, in consequence of which he would not attend the sitting of the court, whose rulings were abhorrent to his nature. The unfortunate queen of Pocasset tried to escape from her foes, but in doing so was drowned in Taunton River by the upsetting of the raft on which she was being ferried across. She had hoped to rouse her friends on the main-land to rally to the rescue of Quinnapin before his life fell a sacrifice to the white men, but her untimely fate left him without protection, while her tribe, being deprived of its sachem, gradually lost its identity, to become absorbed among the white settlers. Nevertheless, descendants of these wild men live on Aquidneck at the present time.

What would Newport be without its women? From the earliest historic period, when the squaw sachems ruled, to the present day a large portion of public interest is centred

Grand City Hotel and the Hotel de Ville



WOMEN OF NEWPORT

in the female part of the population. They did their share in braving suffering and peril when the hardy settlers planted their tiny homes around the town spring or clustered about the site where the city hall now stands. And why were the first homes planted just there? For the simple reason that the women wished to be close to the spring of bubbling water, so it would be convenient for them when required for the household tasks.

The faithful women who willingly left their homes to share the exile of their husbands, to purchase by self-sacrifice the freedom to worship God, were true, brave-hearted helpmates. They were not only Quakers, Baptists, Methodists, but Hebrew matrons who left luxurious firesides in Spain and Portugal rather than give up their religion, taking up their new lives in a rigorous climate, with no comforts, friends, or relatives save those they carried with them, bearing their trials bravely and with the uncomplaining courage for which women of that stamp are noted.

The first Newport heroine who is mentioned in history was Mary, wife of that William Dyer who held many important offices in the colony, among them that of Secretary of the Province of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. Mary Dyer was a simple-minded Friend, but she was strong in her belief that the English Church had become corrupt and its clergy lax in the performance of their duties, which was the text preached by the Friends who considered themselves members of the Church of England while they had nothing in common with the non-conformists in the Massachusetts Colony. The fate of Mary Dyer was tragic. She persisted in expounding and preaching in the colony, although repeatedly ordered to desist, so for violating the commands of the magistrates she was imprisoned, and then hanged on Boston Common for loyalty to her faith, after

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

which her broken-hearted husband retired to Newport, where he died. When Governor Endicott pronounced sentence of death on the sweet-voiced Quaker, she spoke out loudly, saying, "Yea! joyfully shall I go." As her body hung on the gallows, swaying in the wind, one of the magistrates, named Humphrey Atherton, pointed at it with scorn, saying, "She flies like a flag," but on September 17, 1661, a little over a year afterwards, Atherton, when exercising with the train-band, was thrown from his horse at this spot and instantly killed. At the time it was declared that horse and rider had seen the ghost of Mary Dyer, which caused the former to swerve suddenly aside, throwing his master on his head. Henry W. Longfellow has immortalized the whole cruel scene in "John Endicott," where Bellingham says,—

"His horse took fright and threw him to the ground
So that his brains were dashed about the street.

Endicott:

I am not superstitious, Bellingham,
And yet I tremble lest it may have been
A judgment on him.

Bellingham:

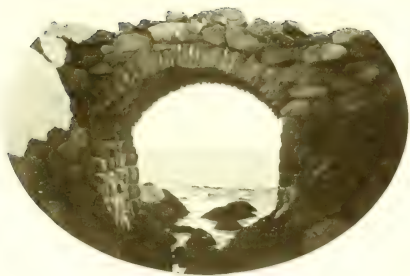
So the people think."

And again,—

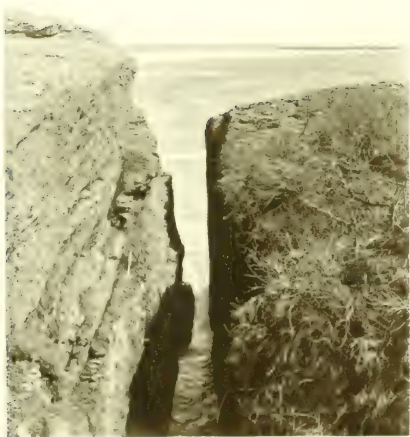
"Endicott:

I stood beneath the elm-tree on the common
On which the Quakers have been hanged, and heard
A voice, not hers, that cried amid the darkness,
This is Assedama, the field of blood!
I will have mercy and not sacrifice!"

The lives and heroism of women are for the most part an unwritten history, that may be likened to the canvas upon which men have painted their own deeds in glowing tints, completely covering the material. Yet the painting



THE ARCHA, BRIDGE OF THE TUNNEL



THE TUNNEL

From the Tunnel to the Lake

WOMEN OF NEWPORT

would be ruined and worthless should anything injure the fabric that is humbly contented to hold and display the self-glorified actions of the male sex. Therefore little is ever said of the part women bear in the making of history. The church records of Newport are filled with accounts of sums given by the male members, and it is only occasionally that a woman receives her due, but it is not difficult to discover that the erection of many of the religious edifices in Newport was owing to the generosity of the women of the congregation far more than to the men. There are other mute registers that tell of woman's influence in the little town, besides which there are the ledgers of the old merchants, which contain pages of the "ventures," as they were called, sent by the women of Newport on the ships sailing from the harbor. The earnings of the poultry-yard, the loom, and the spinning-wheel were invested in the cargoes of outward-bound vessels, often bringing back a rich harvest. Owing to this custom, certain women of the town became rich in their own right, and their views on investments were received with respect. Widows frequently undertook to carry on a business left by their husbands, which they did successfully, while there were many industries in the town carried on by women workers alone.

To this commercial spirit among Newport's women was due the survival of one of the oldest newspapers in America, the *Newport Mercury*, the history of which is interesting. The first number was printed June 19, 1758, and has continued in existence from that date until the present, except during the British occupation, when the founts and press were concealed, while the printers left the town. If it had not been for this lapse in its appearance, or what might be called an attack of *scarlet fever*, the *Newport Mercury* would be the longest-lived newspaper in the United States.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

According to Benjamin Franklin's Memoirs, his father was a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler, and Benjamin, the youngest son, was employed at ten years of age cutting wicks and filling moulds for cast candles. The eldest son, John, was bred to his father's business. He married and moved to Newport in 1717, which was at that date the centre of the spermaceti and candle-making business of the country, owing to the secrets imported by the Jews from Portugal.

Another brother of Benjamin, James Franklin, was a printer in Boston, to whom the restless little Benjamin was apprenticed. They published, in 1721, the *New England Courant*, with "press and letters," says Benjamin, brought from England by James. The early numbers of the *Courant* contain letters from and allusions to Newport, showing that a constant communication was kept up between John and his brother James.

In 1724 Benjamin writes: "Sailed from Boston, the sloop putting in at Newport, Rhode Island. I visited my brother John, who had been married and settled there some years. He received me very affectionately, for he always loved me. A friend of his, one Vernon, having some money due him in Pennsylvania (about thirty-five pounds currency), desired I would receive it for him and keep it till I had his directions what to employ it in. Accordingly he gave me an order to receive it. This business afterwards occasioned me a good deal of uneasiness. At Newport we took in a number of passengers, amongst which were two young women travelling together and a sensible, matron-like quaker lady with her two servants. . . . After ten years absence (1734) I called at Newport to see my brother James, then settled there with his printing house. . . . He was fast declining in health and requested me that, in case

WOMEN OF NEWPORT

of his death, I would take home his son, then but 10 years of age, and bring him up to the printing business. This I accordingly performed. . . . His mother carried on the business till he was grown up, when I assisted him with an assortment of new types, those of his father being in a manner worn out."

The first newspaper published in Newport was issued in 1732, by James Franklin. Its size was that of an ordinary letter sheet. Soon after the visit from his brother Benjamin the editor of the Newport paper died, on the 14th of February, 1734-35. His widow was an able, energetic woman, who not only carried it on, but the imprint "Widow Franklin" may be found on many of the early publications in Newport. On the 12th of June, 1758, James Franklin, her son, joined his mother Ann in publishing the first number of the *Newport Mercury*, that is still issued, being one of the oldest newspapers in the country. But tiring of this occupation, on the death of his mother, about 1762, James Franklin disposed of the paper to his brother-in-law, Samuel Hall, a printer, who sold the plant and good will to Solomon Southwick. The press on which Benjamin and James Franklin worked was brought from Boston by the latter, and was preserved in the office of the *Mercury* for many years. It was deposited in the hall of the Mechanics' Association of Boston.

There was evidently frequent and constant communication between John Franklin, after his arrival in Newport, and his brother James, who remained, as has been said, for several years in Boston, for in all the early issues of the newspapers of that city there are constant letters from Rhode Island, one of which says, "The Newport women in particular were noted for their industry, and one married woman with her daughter are said to have spun between

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

the first of March and the first of May full sixty yards of good fine linen cloth nearly a yard wide, besides attending to their various household duties." It was the industry of the women that rendered the colonies independent of imported goods.

The Newport gloves were also a noted industry of early days. These were made in a small factory at the Point. They were cut from sheepskin, and were generally dyed with indigo a bright blue. These gloves were exported to all parts of the colony, and those of soft white leather commanded a high price.

There was a spinning-wheel in every house, as well as looms for carpet-weaving or making soft homespun cloth. The product of the wheels was the spending money of the women. Itinerant weavers went from house to house to work the heavy looms, the thread for which had been carded and spun beforehand. Mrs. Channing, the daughter of William Ellery, signer of the Declaration of Independence, had a loom for weaving silk braid, and in spite of her large family, educated almost entirely by herself, she acquired great proficiency in this work.

Russian duck was one of the products of Newport during the colonial period, which was highly prized on account of its excellent quality.

There were other martyred women of Newport besides Mary Dyer, who was not the only one who suffered for her faith. In 1658 a young matron named Herod (Herodias) Gardner journeyed to the Massachusetts Colony to "bear testimony," although she had been warned that she did it at the peril of her life and was aware that any female Quaker returning to that colony after having once been imprisoned and then banished ran the risk of being scourged and put in jail or having her tongue bored through with a

WOMEN OF NEWPORT

hot iron, according to the laws passed in 1656 and again October 14, 1657. With the strange fanaticism of the day, Mrs. Gardner walked intrepidly to meet her fate. She carried with her an infant child, but its youth did not soften the implacable hearts of her enemies, for it is said that "falling into the merciful hands of Endicott, she was scourged on the naked body with ten lashes." Some of her co-religionists were moved by the spirit to cast off all their garments and walk naked through the streets of Boston, but their punishment was swift and unmerciful.

There were many other heroines among the women of Newport, but they fortunately adopted different methods and tactics, so escaped persecution and settled down to unromantic lives of devotion in the little town.

In January, 1768, the women of Newport determined to support the non-importation agreement by denying themselves all luxuries, following the example of their friends and relations in New York, a description of which is given by a descendant of Governor William Livingston. They therefore called a meeting, when "it was resolved that those who could spin ought to be employed in that way, and those who could not should reel. When the time came for drinking tea, Bohea and Hyperion were provided, and every one of the ladies judiciously rejected the poisonous Bohea, and unanimously, to their very great honor, preferred the balsamic Hyperion, which was of domestic manufacture and was the dried leaves of the raspberry plant."

The ladies of New York had a brew they deemed more delicious than the leaves of the raspberry, for they made their drink from wild strawberry leaves, and the memoirs of the day mention their heroic devotion to this domestic brew. Mr. G. P. Morris, in a parody of Yankee Doodle, writes:

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

“ A long war then they had, in which John was at last defeated,
And Yankee Doodle was the march to which his troops retreated.
Cute Jonathan, to see them fly, could not restrain his laughter,
‘ That tune,’ said he, ‘ suits to a T. I’ll sing it ever after.’
We kept the tune, but not the tea, Yankee Doodle Dandy.”

During the war with England the women of Newport showed their courage, their determination, and their wit. Some took one side, some took the other, while the Friends tried to be neutral. There were violent members of both parties, and many strange adventures are credited to the energetic young women, who sometimes acted as spies, often nursed the wounded, or concealed and aided refugees.

One family remained almost continuously in their Newport home. This was Thomas Robinson, a Quaker, but a violent Tory. He had married a daughter of Newport called Sarah Richardson, by whom he had a large number of children. Many were the deeds of kindness done by this noble-hearted woman. She received into her house the fugitive Dr. Moffat, whose writings against the colonies had made him unpopular in Boston, and helped to restore him to his friends on the British fleet. Dr. Moffat, with two other men, were stamp masters. Their papers were seized and burned, while their effigies were carted through the streets and then hanged.

She was an intellectual woman, who educated herself and her daughters, so they were not only well read in the literature of the day, but able to speak French fluently. The British officers gladly quartered themselves in Mrs. Robinson’s comfortable house, which became the rendezvous of all the young people. Mary, Abby, and Amy Robinson were particularly attractive girls, and several of the young Englishmen courted them. But Mrs. Robinson, being a woman of great determination of character,

WOMEN OF NEWPORT

and having no desire to see her daughters marry foreigners, soon put a stop to the courting by sending her daughters to live with some relatives in Narragansett, greatly to the surprise of the officers, who thought they had but to "see and conquer." After the war all the daughters married Americans and settled down contentedly in the emancipated country of their birth.

After the British evacuated Newport and the French succeeded them, Comte de Noailles made Mrs. Robinson's house his head-quarters. It was close to Fort Greene, overlooking the harbor, and as it had been deserted by the family it was a convenient home for the large staff of the Comte. The gay French officers made Newport so attractive that the refugee women were induced to return, upon which Mrs. Robinson and her daughters again took up their abode in their own house. The girls improved the opportunity by taking French lessons from the Comte, who, being a married man and by no means young, was permitted by Mrs. Robinson to be on intimate terms with her children. Mme. de Noailles became greatly interested in the accounts of this charming family sent her by her husband; therefore, in order to requite it for its hospitality, she sent to Mrs. Robinson a magnificent set of Sevres tea-cups, that are still shown with pride by her descendants.

Nor was Mrs. Robinson the only prudent matron and mother in Newport. Mrs. Rotch, born Rodman, a descendant of Governor Wanton, also lived on Washington Street, and was blessed with many daughters. Her husband was one of the famous rich men of New Bedford, who joined with those of Newport in creating the first American trust. As soon as Mrs. Rotch discovered that the young English officers were "paying their addresses" to her daughters, she sent them away from home, and they remained in deep

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

seclusion in the country until peace was declared, after which they all married Americans. Mary Rotch married, first, Mr. Henning, and then George P. Anson. Her daughter, Mrs. Hare, was the mother of Mrs. George McClellan, president of Chapter II., Colonial Dames of America.

Mrs. William Rotch's great-granddaughter married Captain Charles Hunter, of Newport. Their charming daughters, Mrs. Thomas Dunn, Mrs. Glyn, and Miss Anna Hunter, are the bulwarks of Newport society to-day. The latter is noted for her artistic talents and for her energy in charitable work. She carries brightness and pleasure into many a sick-room or poor home by the sensible organization that she founded for carrying flowers raised by a girls' guild to the sick and humble. The teachings of the early women of Newport indeed live after them.

Since the middle of the eighteenth century Newport has never been without a Mrs. Hunter. The representative holding the title to-day is one of the most honored in the town. Her daughter-in-law and son promise to fulfil all that has been done by the family in the past for the ancient city their forefathers helped to build.

In early days in many of the colonies, although the busy housewives were well able to afford to pay for servants, they could hire no one among the independent settlers around them, and were entirely dependent on ignorant slaves for household services. An arrangement was therefore made to induce the emigration of white people by paying their passage to the new country, after which the importers were repaid by the services of the emigrants. Sea-captains frequently brought passengers who "sold their time" to pay for the voyage.

The history of one young woman who came to America is well known. She was a North Briton, who entered a



WOMEN OF NEWPORT

family in Newport as a "Redemptionist," as it was called. She was a well-educated, comely girl, who was a valued if humble member of the household for many years. After she had "served her time" she married a well-to-do ship-chandler, going with him to live in New York. But she was never above her station, or forgot the children she had helped to raise, and to her dying day sent them handsome presents at Christinas or other holidays, and her memory is honored in the family to-day.

There was another and less estimable character by the name of Sarah Wilson, who visited Newport. She had been transported for stealing from the Queen of England, and after she had served her time in the colonies she went about the country masquerading as a Princess of Germany, the sister of the queen. In this guise she imposed on many credulous people, and receiving much civility from persons who had not investigated her antecedents. She was, however, finally detected and exposed, much to the mortification of the people who had been boasting of their friendship with royalty.

During the war the State-House was used in turn by the British, French, and Americans as a hospital, and on the women of Newport fell the duties of caring for the sick or wounded. There was no organized corps of nurses, but the memory of these devoted women lived long in the minds of the soldiers who were benefited by their sympathy and kindness.

The women were by no means, however, above a love of fashion or gossip, as is proved by a letter from a young wife to her husband, who was a member of Congress in Philadelphia, that has survived the ravages of time. Among other things she says,—

"Do recollect to get me two dozen of small punch tum-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

blers, as it will be quite too early in the season for fashions. I had rather wait until the spring ships arrive before I purchase me a Hat or a Bonnet. I have this morning been told that Abraham Redwood has seriously offered himself to Miss Burr, of New York, and has been as seriously refused, that she is engaged to Mr. Alston, of Charleston."

In fact, the lively Theodosia Burr, who had been spending the summer in Newport, where she met Mr. Alston, married him, according to the notice put in the daily papers:

"At Albany on the 2d of February, 1801, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, Joseph Alston, of S. C., to Miss Theodosia Burr, only child of Aaron Burr."

Inhabitants of Newport remember the witty Mrs. Lawrence, who lived in a quaint little house in Catherine Street, afterwards occupied by her beautiful granddaughter, Mary Griffin, Mrs. William Redmond. Mrs. Lawrence was a heroine with an unwritten history. She had given her husband to his country, and his death while a young man left her a sorrowing widow. It was of him that it was written:

"As the hero still stands to his post on the deck,
When the balls of the foemen have left him a wreck,
And the flag's tattered remnants are shot from the mast
'Don't give up the ship' is his cry to the last."

Before the battle of Lake Erie Captain Oliver Hazard Perry had employed the Newport men under him in preparing the rude lake craft to be used as war-vessels. One of them was named the "Lawrence," after the gallant captain whose heroic words on his death-bed were still ringing in the ears of his countrymen. Just before the battle Perry went among the crew speaking to each one. Then springing on a gun-slide, he addressed them: "My brave lads," he said, at the same time dramatically unfurling a long strip of

WOMEN OF NEWPORT

bunting, on which was stitched a sentence roughly cut from white linen, "this flag displays the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it up?" And to the surprise of the crew they saw the sentence, "Don't give up the ship." "Ay, ay, sir!" the crew cried, as one man, and the crude emblem was run up to the main-royal-mast-head of the "Lawrence" as she entered on her engagement with the "Queen Caroline." This flag was in possession of the family, and was exhibited at the Sanitary Fair held in New York during the Civil War for the benefit of the soldiers' hospitals, and is now in the museum at Annapolis.



SLAVE-SHIPS, PIRATES, AND PRIVATEERS- MEN



THERE were two factors in the early stages of the settlement of Newport that materially helped its prosperity, both of them owing to the progressive views of the men of the place. The principal one was the tolerance of religious liberty; the other was enslaving the innocent negroes who, captured on the shores of Africa, were sold into bondage to the very men who demanded freedom for themselves.

These good men, however, engaged in the nefarious trade with the specious excuse that they were serving God, since each negro had a soul to save, and by bringing them under the direct influence of their own pious minds there was a chance of salvation for the slave he never could have if left in his native freedom. Under whatever pretext this trade was carried on, it is certain it was most profitable to the owners of the ships plying between Africa and Rhode Island. The families of Newport purchased many of these savages, and in most instances converted them by kindness

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

and good treatment into humble and devoted friends. Besides these trustworthy servants, who were in truth taught to be pious, God-serving people, there were men who by their talents or exertions bought their own freedom with that of their families, and the descendants of these are honored citizens of Newport to-day. One of them is a noted physician, another a celebrated preacher, a third a representative of the government in a foreign court.

There were many droll characters to be found in the alien race who are still remembered in Newport. One of them was a cook named Cuffy Cockroach. He lived with Jaheel Brenton, first at Cherry Neck, and after the death of Governor Brenton, at the family estate of Hammer-smith. Cuffy was unrivalled when preparing a great dinner, but excelled particularly in making turtle soup. After earning his freedom he occupied the position of Newport's first caterer, and although he has had many noteworthy successors, he was the founder of the craft in Newport. He organized the picnic parties that took place on Rose, Goat, or one of the many islands in the harbor. After the clam chowder or turtle soup had been served, Cuffy would bring out his fiddle and treat his young patrons to an impromptu dance.

Mrs. Stowe, in her novel on Newport, draws a faithful sketch of an old negress she took from life, in which the authoress showed the strong contrast between the condition of the slaves in New England and those in Virginia.

The slaves of Rhode Island were emancipated in 1784, but they seldom left their owners, remaining to give loyal service during their lives, expecting in return a good home in their old age and after death a corner in the house lot that on every farm was reserved as a family burying-ground. The colored population of the twentieth century

SLAVE-SHIPS, PIRATES, AND PRIVATEERSMEN

is a strong factor, and for the most part a very respectable portion of the inhabitants of Newport. The negroes have their clubs, their societies, and their churches, but although rather apart from the mass of the populace, they are an integral part of it, commanding a certain respect accorded to their race in no other part of the country. Unluckily for this portion of the community, there has been an influx of their race from the Southern States who, not having had the education of two centuries, have by their low standards altered the position of those descended from generations of respectable citizens, who have undoubtedly suffered in consequence.

Schools for the education of colored children were established as early as 1773 in Newport. The first one was kept by the wife of Dr. John Brett, on High Street, and to her able management of the youngsters under her care the colored people owe a great deal.

Many of the colored people became Baptists or Methodists, but the slaves of Joseph Jacobs, a rich old Friend, always wore the plain garb of their master. This gentleman was regarded as a man of great scientific acquirements, because he owned the only thermometer in Newport before the Revolution.

Among noteworthy characters was a slave called Newport Gardner, owned by Caleb Gardner. Newport had been brutally torn from parents and country when only fourteen. He was a clever lad, who taught himself to read, and, having a clear, strong voice, devoted himself to singing sacred music. He learned to read and write music with ease, and, besides composing, gave singing lessons in his house on High Street. He was a member of Dr. Hopkins's Church, and after the death of that worthy but erratic minister (the hero of Mrs. Stowe's novel), Newport

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

organized the colored union church and society now known as the Union Congregational Church, in Division Street, that was for many years presided over by the Rev. Mahlon Van Horne, a graduate of Princeton.

Caleb Gardner overheard his slave praying to God for freedom, so generously manumitted Newport, with his whole family, who returned to Africa, only to die at once after reaching their native land.

For years the only undertaker in Newport was a negro, whose pompous conduct at a funeral was inimitable. It is still customary in the city for all the males of friends or family to walk in procession two by two from the house or church to the graveyard, headed by the undertaker. Mintus, one of these officials, enjoyed his importance on these occasions, for which he clad himself in most grotesque garments. The ceremony with which he presented gloves to the mourners and pall-bearers was peculiar at a time when it was usual to lay a pile on the coffin so each might "scrabble for themselves."

Before 1850 death notices were seldom published in the newspapers, but they were proclaimed from the pulpit, except in Trinity Church, where the verger read the quaintly worded announcement from the organ-loft. After the name of the deceased had been given, there was a pause, when the speaker would continue: "You are bid to the funeral, and will meet with Mrs. Chose." This strange phraseology is one of the speech dialects preserved in Newport, and interesting on that account, for it is common to this day and is often seen in the daily newspapers of the city, as well as heard from the pulpit when the announcement is made. "The guild will meet with Mrs. So and So," meaning "at the house of." The word "fyke" is still used for a peculiarly shaped fishing net, although it cannot



INTERIOR, "STONESTREET," RESIDENCE OF J. B. THOMAS, JR., BELLEVILLE, ILL.

SLAVE-SHIPS, PIRATES, AND PRIVATEERSMEN

be found in an English dictionary, and was adopted from the Dutch of New York. A thumb-stall is also called a "cot" in Newport, as well as in other parts of New England, and these with other dialects are worth recording as relics of early days in the social capital of the United States.

Old Violet was a worthy colored woman who kept a goody shop, where school children could buy journey or johnny cake, white pot, or poor man's custard, and candy. When the little ones did not have a penny, Violet would call them behind her counter and put a coin in their tiny palms, when they would rush to their own side of the stand and demand a stick of candy, to pay her with her own money.

The Duchess Quanimó lived in Second Street. She was a celebrated cook, who even won favor from Comte de Rochambeau. She died in 1804. She was noted for her amusing accounts of the occupation of Newport by the foreign troops, but had nothing to say in favor of the English army officials.

Once a year before the Revolution the negroes had a grand festival all their own, at which time they were not only free to act as they pleased, but with the strange love of parade for which they were noted they immediately elected a governor, who presided over the ceremony of the day and was considered the head of the community during the following year. The third Saturday in June was the day set apart for the festivities. The slaves took the relative ranks of their masters, and their fantastic dresses were in accordance. After the inauguration the governor conducted a lady to dinner, placing her at his left hand, while the unsuccessful opponent was seated on his right. The afternoon was devoted to games, such as wrestling,

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

jumping, quoits, etc., and the evening finished with a grand dance.

It would be impossible not to associate the name of the well-known New York skipper, William Kidd, with such a safe harbor as that of Newport, for almost every cove from Sandy Hook to Cape Cod was supposed to have been visited at one time or another by the redoubtable privateersman, and Narragansett Bay offered unrivalled hiding-places for ill-gotten goods.

Captain Kidd married in New York, May 16, 1691, as her third husband, Sarah, widow of John Oorst, and daughter of Samuel Bradly. By her he had one daughter, but all trace of her and her descendants is lost, since she changed her name after Kidd's life was abruptly and disgracefully terminated, while Mrs. Kidd married for her fourth husband Christopher Rosby. Captain Kidd and his wife were wealthy people, of good standing in the community. He owned several ships, for which he was eager to have government protection, suggesting, with other merchants, that privateersmen should be commissioned for the purpose. Agreeing to Kidd's proposals, Governor Bello-mont issued licenses to several masters of sailing craft, creating by these patents an amateur navy. Kidd suddenly became very active under this government protection, and it is believed made many captures of homeward-bound merchantmen, concealing the treasure found on them on Montauk Point, the eastern cape of Long Island, and other places along its sound. Tradition points to different localities in Narragansett Bay as having been the sites where hoards were concealed, but the best and most authentic record of Captain Kidd's adventures is contained in the colonial documents, as well as in the archives treasured at the manor house on Gardiner's Island.

SLAVE-SHIPS, PIRATES, AND PRIVATEERSMEN

It appears that Kidd learned that the "Quidder Merchant" was due in New York at a certain date, consigned to the owner, Philip Schuyler, and his partners, who were well-known merchants. Kidd lay in wait for her off Montauk Point. By some it is believed that the capture of the vessel was an accident, and that Kidd mistook her for a pirate, only discovering his mistake after he had murdered the officers and crew. When realizing how hazardous the adventure had become, he feared to confess the truth, so instead of carrying his cargo to New York, he sailed around Montauk Point into Gardiner's Bay, where he landed and concealed the treasure in a pit dug by his men near Cherry-Tree harbor, that now goes by the name of Kidd's Hollow.

After hiding the cargo Captain Kidd went boldly to the manor house and confessed to Mr. Gardiner that the treasure had been concealed, but threatened to kill the entire family if he were betrayed. He then induced Mr. Gardiner to provision his ship, taking quantities of grist from the mill and ordering a pig to be roasted. When his commands had been obeyed, Kidd sent for a jug of cider, which he quaffed and dropped a diamond ring in it for payment. Then casting a bale of gold brocaded tissue on the floor, he disappeared, leaving Mr. Gardiner terrified into silence by threats of violence.

The earthen jug is now in possession of Mrs. Fairfield Osborn, one of Mr. Gardiner's descendants. The diamond ring is owned by another branch of the family, while part of the beautiful brocade is carefully preserved at the manor house by Mr. Lyon Gardiner.

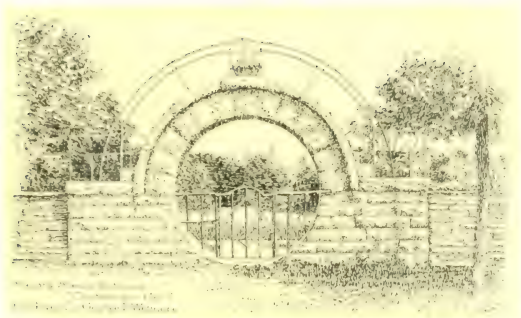
The disappearance of the "Quidder Merchant" was soon traced to Kidd, and after several hairbreadth escapes he was captured and carried to Boston in 1698. The authorities then sent the commissioners to visit Gardiner's Island,

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

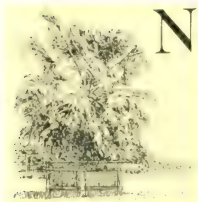
who, armed with credentials from the government, disinterred the buried treasure, which they carried to Boston with them, leaving a full receipt with Mr. Gardiner for all that had been found. This inventory is written on a piece of parchment about two feet long. Bags of gold, bags of silver, bags of jewels, bales of silk, of cotton, of linen, with many other rich goods, are duly set forth, each with its value placed opposite the item and the sum total at the bottom, with the names of the officers who receipted for the treasure. This old sheet is preserved at the manor house, being a valued proof that the tales about the bold privateer were no unfounded romance, but that the buried treasure did exist and was honestly restored by the rich colonist on whose demesne it was unearthed.

The house in which Kidd lived is still pointed out in Newport. It is in Franklin Street, near the post-office.

From time to time boxes containing obsolete coins have been found buried on Rhode Island that have been called Kidd's treasure, particularly on Gooseberry Island, where coins, spoons, and other treasures have been discovered.



NEWPORT'S NAVAL HEROES



NEWPORT has many famous sons, but none more so than her naval heroes, Oliver Hazard Perry and Matthew Perry, whose memories are perpetuated by the monuments erected to them in Washington and Touro Parks.

Oliver Perry was born in 1785, soon after the return of his parents to their old home, when peace with England had been proclaimed. Living on the verge of the ocean, bred on one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, inured to the dangers and hardships of aquatic life from infancy, the son of a naval officer, it was little wonder that young Perry should have entered the United States navy as a midshipman when only fourteen years of age. The government could have had no more valuable recruit than the hardy little lad, one-half of whose knowledge of seamanship had already been practically acquired, not only on Narragansett Bay, but also through his father, who was a distinguished naval officer.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

He was a handsome boy, with a graceful, well-knit figure, but so delicate in appearance that William Channing, who was a playmate of young Perry, declared that "no one dreamed that he would be a hero that conquered the fleet of a nation."

Perry first served on the frigate "General Greene," commanded by his father, Captain C. R. Perry, in 1799-1800. When the second war with England broke out, in 1812, young Perry commanded a division of gunboats that was stationed in the harbor for the defence of Newport. From this command he was transferred to one of equal importance on the great inland lakes, and while superintending the equipment of a naval force there he was ordered to aid in an attack on Fort George, in which he did his part with such gallantry as to gain universal praise from the public and the government.

On the 10th of September, 1813, Perry won the battle of Lake Erie when only twenty-seven years of age. The loss of the Americans was twenty-four killed, including three officers. He afterwards assisted General Harrison to capture Detroit.

Congress rewarded Perry for these exploits by giving him a gold medal and a captain's commission. After the war he purchased a large, handsome house in his native town that had belonged to Moses Seixas, facing the Parade, and here he established himself with his young wife. But almost immediately after taking possession of this new home Captain Perry was ordered to command a squadron stationed on the coast of Colombia, where he was attacked by yellow fever, and died on board of his ship, the "John Adams," at Port Spain, on August 23, 1819.

Perry's laconic message to General Harrison after the battle of Lake Erie is historic. It was, "We have met

the enemy and they are ours, two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and a sloop."

The bronze statue to Commodore Matthew Perry commemorates a peaceful but not less eventful victory gained by a Newport man who commanded the American fleet which opened the ports of Japan.

It was while Millard Fillmore was President of the United States and Edward Everett Secretary of State that a fleet was despatched to explore the waters surrounding Japan, to try to persuade the shut-in nation to open her ports to the commerce of the world. The squadron reached Japanese waters the 8th of July, 1853, when Fusi was covered with a fog-cap that gradually lifted, disclosing the full beauty of the great volcano. At five o'clock that afternoon the vessels came to anchor off Uraga, on the western side of the bay of Yeddo. The fleet consisted of the flagship "Susquehanna," the "Mississippi," the "Plymouth," and the "Saratoga." They were soon surrounded by Japanese boats of unpainted wood, very sharp in the bows, carrying their greatest beam well aft, that were propelled with great rapidity. "The resemblance of their model to that of the yacht 'America' struck everybody on board," says Bayard Taylor. The government report of the expedition says, "That night an interesting meteorological phenomenon was observed by Lieutenant John K. Duer, in command of the watch," who describes it as a remarkable meteor seen from midnight until four in the morning. Soothsayers might well take this for a text on the future of the alliance between Japan and the United States, and the commodore was willing to believe in its good omen, for he writes: "The form of the meteor was that of a large blue sphere, with a red wedge-shaped tail. The ancients," he remarks, in his report to the government,

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

“ would have construed this remarkable appearance of the heavens as a favorable omen for any enterprise they had undertaken,” adding, “ It may be so construed by us, as we pray God that our present attempt to bring a singular and isolated people into the family of civilized nations may succeed without resort to bloodshed.”

On July 14, 1853, the first Americans landed in the kingdom of Japan at what was then known as Gorahama, where a monument has been erected to mark the spot. Bayard Taylor graphically describes the scene, saying, “ Captain Buchanan, who had command of the party, was the first to leap ashore. The officers commanding detachments were Commanders Buchanan and Walker and Lieutenants Gillis and Taylor. The bodies of seamen were in immediate charge of Lieutenant Duer of the ‘ Susquehanna,’ Lieutenant Morris of the ‘ Mississippi,’ Lieutenant Matthews of the ‘ Plymouth,’ ” etc. Including all, three hundred and twenty Americans landed, among them the band, which played “ Hail Columbia” and “ Yankee Doodle.” The company were entertained with refreshments, and the cups from which the tea was drunk were presented to the Americans. They are of a chocolate-colored clay covered with a rich glaze of blue enamel, decorated with medallions enclosing dainty groups of flowers. These cups were called “ treaty cups,” one of them being now in possession of the author.

The presents sent by President Fillmore, consisting of a miniature railroad and telegraphic apparatus, etc., had not been received by Commodore Perry, so after sending his despatches to the Mikado, and being told that the answer would be returned during the following spring, he returned to the fleet, leaving Yeddo Bay July 17, bound for Hong Kong. The following February, 1854, Commodore Perry



STATUE OF THE MARSHAL OF FRANCE, BY THE SCULPTOR, M. L. BASTIEN, IN THE CITY OF STRASBURG, FRANCE.

NEWPORT'S NAVAL HEROES

returned with a fleet of eight vessels, the "Powhatan" being the flag-ship. "On February 13 they sailed along the magnificent bay," says Commodore Perry, "with confidence, and anchored within the bight embraced within the bold headlands. . . . Two government boats at once approached the fleet, and negotiations for the reception of the Americans were opened." For various reasons these were prolonged until the 8th of March, when the representatives of the United States government were received with imposing ceremonies, and the great treaty was concluded which reflects such credit to the tact of Commodore Matthew Perry.



The Golf Club

CENTRES OF INTEREST



AN integral part of Newport life, whether among its butterfly summer residents or the winter beehive, are the clubs for which it is noted. These range from the St. Galahad Society of Trinity Church, so lately organized to amuse the boys, through the gamut of Christian associations, Freemasons' Lodges, musical, literary, and social societies, guilds, sporting clubs, casino, and library. The men's club, called the Newport Reading-Room, has its home in a simple frame building on the corner of Bellevue Avenue and Church Street, where during the summer the loungers sit on the broad piazza to study the procession of wheels rolling restlessly past. It is one of the most expensive and exclusive clubs in the country. The young men who throng the corridors or fill the windows are the smartest around town, and they are attractive features as they saunter about in their faultlessly cut garments, with their hats cocked in the latest fashion, with an indescribable air of self-satisfaction known only to the well-turned-out male.

The Casino, on Bellevue Avenue, opens its doors to men and women alike. It offers all the customary playgrounds that appeal to rich idlers who think to toy with

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

a ball is the best sport in the world, be it golf, tennis, billiards, cricket, etc. Whenever the committee provides extra entertainments the grounds are filled with the "fine flavor of fashionable folk." Horse-shows, dog-shows, tennis tournaments, etc., take place in its enclosures, that are always well patronized. It is a dazzling sight when the lawns are covered with well-dressed women, whose jewels sparkle in the sunlight, rivalling the brilliancy of their eyes. The graceful sweep of the gauzy dresses, the flutter of ribbons or scarfs, the fanciful head-gear, and effective parasols make a picture not easily forgotten.

The Golf Club, perched on the rocks near the ocean two and a half miles from town, finds many patrons for its links, attracting the men and maids who love to play with a stick and a ball. Dances are occasionally given in its parlors, and many entertainments take place in this clubhouse, that rivals the Casino.

It is at the Polo Grounds that the smart set love to gather, and there is no more brilliant sight than the ranks of handsomely appointed equipages, the gayly dressed women mixed with the bright uniforms of the players, who deem knocking about the little polo balls the greatest sport in the world.

The devotees of line and rod have two celebrated establishments. The Graves Point Fishing Club is a favorite retreat of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, at the end of Ocean Avenue. The lovers of statistics declare Mr. Morgan spends about four hours a year fishing from the rocks, which costs him five hundred dollars an hour.

Gooseberry Island Club has only twelve active members, some of whom delight in the sport, but the place is famous for the cosey entertainments given there by the members

CENTRES OF INTEREST

who enjoy a quiet game of bridge or a good romp under the rafters of the quaint club-house.

There is no gayer sight than a meet, and a hunting morning at Newport draws a crowd of riders as well as spectators. When the pack finds and the field gallops off in pursuit of the runaway fox, the whole air seems alive with sport and merriment. Fox-hunting was an amusement indulged in by the early settlers of Newport, for Bishop Berkeley says, "We heard the confused noise of the opening of hounds, the winding of horns, and the shouts of the country squires."

There are so many English servants in Newport during the season that they have organized a cricket club, where spirited matches take place that are heartily enjoyed by lovers of the English game, but by no means as well patronized as one of base-ball, which is attended by every urchin in the place, who make the echoes ring with their shouts.

The graceful dames who created Newport as a fashionable summer resort about 1850 devoted themselves to such mild sports as bowling, archery, and, in 1860, to croquet. The archery grounds at Governor Lawrence's Ochre Point were famous, and his daughters were celebrated for their skill, while Miss Fanny Russell wore the champion gold bracelet for many years.

As early as 1761 the Hebrews of Newport organized a club, the number of members being limited to nine,—Moses Lopez, Isaac Pollock, Jacob Isaacs, Abraham Sarzedas, Moses Levy, Issachar Pollock, Naphtali Hart and his son, with Jacob Rodriguez Riviera. They met every Wednesday evening during the winter. Each member was allowed to bring one friend. From five to eight they "diverted at cards," piquet being the favorite game. Supper was at eight.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

During this period there were many private whist clubs. Elaborate dinners were given beforehand, at four o'clock. It is recorded that General Knox's favorite toast when he was in Newport was "Sup where we have dined with cards."

Subscription dances have always been fashionable in Newport. The Assemblies were exclusive and were intermittently kept up until about 1825. The supper was iced black cake.

In 1752 the sea-captains of Newport organized a Fellowship Club, that was incorporated in 1754, and is still existing under the name of the Marine Society.

The Freemasons and the Artillery Company, mentioned more particularly elsewhere, are among the oldest organizations in the country.

But Newport is not only a frivolous place; it has its more serious side. The Philosophical Society, to which Dr. Berkeley belonged, gave an impetus to learning and science. The Town and Country Club is a literary society founded by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, that meets informally at the houses of the members. Bret Harte, Dr. J. G. Holland, Professors Lane, Goodwin, and William B. Rogers, Fanny Fern, Colonel Higginson, Miss Goodwin, etc., were at the first sessions. Colonel Waring once gave an amusing lecture on "Social Small Potatoes, and how to enlarge the Eyes," and such celebrated persons as Professor Alexander Agassiz, Dr. Weir Mitchell, Miss Maria Mitchell, etc., have addressed the club, that included Mr. Bancroft, Rev. C. T. Brooks, and many more too numerous to mention.

There are countless other societies in Newport, showing how sprightly the town can be even during the rigid winters. The card clubs are numerous, and during the summer bridge parties are of hourly occurrence. At



"INGLWOOD," RESIDENCE OF MR. HENRY HOYT,
OLD BEDFORD.

CENTRES OF INTEREST

these meetings of the ladies' club prizes are offered by the hostess that are of such value that one well-known winner has purchased a "vitrine," in which her winnings are displayed to advantage.

The circular structure standing on eight open arches supported by pillars, in Touro Park, that is locally known as "The old stone mill," has been the theme of many a song or story, as well as much argument, theory, and debate. There is absolutely no authentic record concerning its construction or its purpose, and no mention of it in colonial documents, beyond the careless references to it as a boundary mark in an early deed and the will of one of the first settlers. But these have served for a text for many writers, who, discarding a Norse origin for the tower, prefer to believe it was built by Governor Arnold for his own use as a windmill after a model he had seen in England, although it differs from the structure in many important points. These writers also entirely ignore other and authentic statements that do not agree with their cherished theory. The stone ruin in Touro Park stands on the crest of the hill looking westward over Newport harbor, with a glimpse of the ocean to the east. Before it was surrounded with trees and by the houses of the town the building must have been a conspicuous object at sea, for it stands eighty-four feet above the level, on the highest point of land abutting on the Atlantic coast between Massachusetts and the Highlands of Neversink.

The building resembles very many of the peculiar stone structures found on the northern coasts of Europe, particularly the rude stone towers on the coast of Ireland. It, too, is built of stone, which is to be found in quantities on this hill-top, and of which all the old boundary walls were constructed. A specimen of these walls can be seen

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

on both sides of the circular gateway on Governor Wetmore's grounds, that show where the old wall was pierced when the modern opening was made.

The mortar used when building the tower has been analyzed, and found to be of shell-lime, sand, gravel, with flakes of broken slate pounded fine, which was easily obtained from materials close to the hand of the masons. There are eight pillars laid to the points of the compass. There is a fireplace directly over one of the piers, carefully laid with a flat slab of stone six inches thick for a hearth-stone. The north flue runs up nearly vertical, while the other flue curves to the southward before turning up. The top of each of the flues is covered with large stones. The fireplace was part of the original construction, and shows marks of usage.

It is noteworthy that every writer on the subject of the early houses in Newport comments on the fact that the first settlers invariably placed their chimneys to the north and on the outside of the building. That of Governor Arnold in particular followed this fashion. If the tower was built by him, it was the only building on Aquidneck that had flues in the walls. If the building were intended for a mill, it would seem as if there would have been danger to the rapidly turning sails that would have continually fanned sparks from a flue that opened close to their inflammable sides.

"The windows," says Mr. Mason, "present the only anomalous features in the building [if it were intended for a windmill], their position having been established without regard to the intercolumniation. This is the more remarkable in that every other part of the building is accurately spaced on a given plan, from the setting out of the piers on the true cardinal points of the compass, to the heights

CENTRES OF INTEREST

and curves of the arches and the placing of the piers outside the axis of the walls."

There were two floors inside the building. The lower one was set on heavy timber, the frames of which were about ten inches square. It was level with the hearth-stone. The holes for the staircase to the upper floor can easily be seen in the walls, that were of the same thickness for twenty feet two inches from the ground, while the upper part of the wall was not so thick.

Those writers who have studied the tower, claiming for it a more ancient construction than that of the settlers of Newport, point out that its circular shape and arches recall several of the baptisteries connected with old cathedrals, particularly the one at Asti, as well as the magnificent ruin of Mellifont Abbey, at Drogheda, Ireland, that was built about 1157. The writers who claim that Governor Arnold built the tower declare that he copied it from a mill built at Leamington, England, in 1632, by Inigo Jones, that was close to the early home of the colonial governor. This mill had six piers and only one story under the movable roof that carried the machinery bearing the sails, in both of which points the Newport tower differs from the English one. Another writer in the *Penny Magazine*, November, 1836, page 480, states that the mill in question is at Chesterton, Warwickshire, England, which causes a third writer to declare that Governor Arnold probably never saw the mill in question, and that the Newport tower only resembled it in being circular in shape. The contending writers have contributed articles to different magazines or newspapers without placing their names to the papers.

In the "History of Rhode Island," Volume II., page 137, the author says (as if there were no possibility of differing with him), "The theory of the Norse origin of the old

NEWPORT: OUR [SOCIAL CAPITAL

stone mill has long been exploded. Benedict Arnold the elder makes repeated and distinct allusions in his last will to the structure as built by himself." Comparisons with the will, however, show no statement that the mill was built by Governor Arnold. It is referred to as "my stone mill," but this may have been a local designation for a building resembling a windmill that stood as a landmark on the owner's property.

Arnold left his "stone mill" to his daughter, the wife of Edward Pelham, whose name was given to the street still bearing it. One of Mrs. Pelham's daughters married John Bannister, whose house still stands on the corner of Pelham and Spring Streets, marked General Prescott's Headquarters. Their country place was opposite Honyman's Hill, on the site of the battle of Rhode Island.

Mr. Mason, in his "Reminiscences of Newport," devotes many pages to describing the old tower, of which he gives carefully made architectural drawings, to which he adds a thoughtful essay on the subject. He also quotes from Peter Easton's Diary, August 28, 1675: "On Saturday night, forty years after the great storm in 1635, came much the like storm, blew down one windmill, and did much harm." "This first mill," continues Mr. Mason, "was of wood. General Arnold made his will December 20, 1677, a period of two years and four months after the gale which destroyed the first mill. During that time he may have erected a second and more enduring structure of stone, keeping in mind the model he had seen in Leamington."

Some persons declare, without authority, that the builder of the tower was Easton, which adds to the confusion, while there is a deed recording the purchase of property for the Jews' cemetery in 1677, describing it as

THE DINING ROOM, "ORBEL COURT," MR. GOLD'S GALLERY, THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MUSEUM



CENTRES OF INTEREST

“ a piece of land thirty feet long resting southwest upon the highway that leads from ye stone mill toward Benjamin Griffin’s house.” But although this deed and Arnold’s will very plainly call the stone tower a mill, there is no indication in the structure pointing to the fact that it was ever used for milling purposes or that it carried a sail to turn a wheel.

The piers of the tower are marked features. They jut beyond the exterior of the building, and this is exactly where they do not follow the lines of the English mill that is said to have stood for the model. This is a strikingly important alteration, for it would necessarily have thrown the sails far from the bearings on the wall, and would have increased the strain on the spindle that carried them, which would have caused a loss of considerable power. Those writers who insist that the tower was built for a mill do not explain this seeming lack of acumen on the part of the builders.

It is noteworthy that no record survives to prove that Governor Arnold erected a stone tower, while there are records which mention his building, at a very early period, a wooden mill exactly resembling every other windmill on the island, which are on an entirely different model from the stone tower, and this construction seems to be the only one that has found favor in Newport. Nor do those on Long Island resemble the tower, although many of the early settlers came from Warwickshire.

The reason given by some writers for building a windmill on open piers was “ to allow the wind free passage, so no eddy wind should be caused that would make back sail and lessen power.” The intelligent millers of Rhode Island did not seem to have considered this experiment successful, for the design was not adopted in any other part of Aquid-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

neck. The open ground-floor would necessitate putting the grindstones on the second story, to which the miller would be forced to carry his grist in order to grind it. This would bring the grindstones inconveniently close to the fireplace, that all observers agree was part of the original construction.

The lovers of the mill theory always omit to mention that according to Peterson's "History of Rhode Island," page 167, "In the year 1756 a lookout house was built on the top of the stone mill, which then belonged to Mrs. John Bannister," the granddaughter of Governor Arnold. This statement seems to prove that at a very early date the structure was used for something besides a mill. There is no record of the removal of the machinery, which must have had some value, or any reason given for abandoning its use, if, indeed, there had ever been any in the tower.

Benjamin Lossing, in his "Pictorial Field Book," Volume II., page 64, says that he went to Newport October 22, 1848, where he visited Governor Gibbs, who was then living in the historic house on Mill Street now owned by ex-Mayor Frederic Garretson. The tower stood facing the house in an open field, quite unprotected from vandal hands, for it was before Judah Touro had given money to preserve it.

Lossing writes: "Governor Gibbs informed me that on excavating at the base of one of the pillars he found the soil about four feet deep lying upon a stratum of hard rock, and that the foundation of the column which rested upon this rock was composed of rough-hewn spheres of stone, the lower ones about four feet in circumference. He remembered the appearance of the tower more than fifty years ago, when it was covered with hard stucco within and without. During the British possession the tower had a roof, and the

CENTRES OF INTEREST

walls were three or four feet higher than at present. The British used it for an ammunition magazine, and when they evacuated the island they attempted to demolish 'the old mill' by igniting a keg of powder within it."

In an article in *Harper's Magazine*, Volume IX., page 314, the writer says,—

"Mr. Joseph Mumford stated, in 1834, when he was eighty years old, that his father was born in 1699, and always spoke of the building as a 'powder mill,' and he himself remembered that in his boyhood (say in 1760) it was used as a hay-mow. John Langley, another octogenarian, remembered hearing his father say that when he was a boy, which must have been early in the eighteenth century, he carried corn to the mill to be ground."

This ignores the fact that the tower had been altered in 1756 by Mrs. Bannister for "a lookout house," while, as there was a wooden mill not far from the stone tower, a senile mind might easily have confused the buildings, for there were other windmills on the hill close to the stone tower. One of them was burned to the ground about 1850. Another was removed, and is still standing on Honyman's Hill. Any of these mills might have been one of those familiar to old residents of Newport. It is incredible that a fireplace should have been placed in a structure intended for the manufacture of gunpowder, but the use of the building by the British, in which they stored powder, might have confused an aged mind.

C. S. Pierce, in *Science Monthly*, Volume IV., declares: "It could not have been erected without a drawing to scale, so a unit of length must have been employed, and that unit (whether Norsemen or English were the builders) would undoubtedly be a foot." The writer draws no deductions from his observations, leaving us in the dark as to his private conclusions on the subject.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Other architects who have carefully studied the scale drawings and plans of the building declare that it must have been erected before rib-vaulting was invented, which was about 1120, as the arches are unmoulded. This gives a basis for calculation that agrees with the theory that the tower was standing when the first settlers reached Aquidneck, although no record of it is found in the archives; but as the town papers were carried off by the British when they evacuated Newport, the omission is accounted for.

It has been pointed out by different writers that the walls were thicker on the second floor than higher up. Those upholding the theory that the building was intended for a mill do not explain why this should be the case, for it would seem particularly necessary to have made them of the same width from piers to roof if they were intended to support the weight of heavy machinery on the upper story.

That the flues were used for some time is proved by the blackened sides of the chimneys, pointing to a conclusion that they were a necessary part of the construction in the minds of the builders.

A writer in the *Newport Herald* of Monday, August 24, 1903, in a clever article entitled "Fact and Fancy about the Old Stone Mill," marshals carefully all the statements made by previous authors, weighing conscientiously the *pros* and *cons* without declaring any positive conclusion, but says, "The only two windows are the most peculiar feature of the structure, as they appear to have been cut without regard to the accuracy and symmetry displayed in the plan of the building. The reveals of the windows are splayed both ways, leaving a square jamb four inches wide in the centre. The sills are made of two flat stones laid four inches apart, corresponding with the jambs; the edges

CENTRES OF INTEREST

of these sills toward the centre are square cut the whole length and terminate in mortises four inches square and three and one-half inches deep, sunk in the jambs, evidently to receive the wooden sills.

“The outer edges of these sills are broken and ragged, and many of the inner stones have disappeared. There are eight other small openings in the walls, but it is clear they were made long after the structure was built.”

The floors, stairway, and all woodwork of the tower were removed when the city took it under its protection, placing around it a railing, the money for which was provided by Judah Touro.

Mr. Longfellow's charming theory about the ancient tower has found many believers, who delight in the halo of romance he has drawn about it, caring nothing for traditions or scientific discussions. So when he votes for a Norse origin for the structure he has plenty of followers who quote his graceful lines:

“There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.”

Well-preserved Icelandic scrolls now deposited at Copenhagen, Denmark, prove that vessels visited the northern coast of the Atlantic Ocean at a very early date, so it is quite possible that one should have been wrecked on Aquidneck, the crew of which saved their lives, with perhaps a few rude implements, while their ship was rendered unseaworthy. A crew, whether from Iceland, England, or other European country, seeing no way of escape, might well have erected for their own use, with the stones that lay scattered conveniently near, a tower that should be at once a post of observation, a pharos, and a fort. The build-

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

ers did not appear, however, to dread attacks from savages, for the open arches would have afforded but scant protection from an enemy, who could readily build a fire in the centre of the building that would destroy the core and occupants without trouble or danger to the invaders. Nor would a heavy stockade enclosing the structure be of much protection from well-equipped savages; while, on the other hand, the tower would afford a safe refuge from the wild beasts that had their lairs on the island for many years after the English settled Newport.

The open arches were laid for a purpose on solid foundations true to the points of the compass. This construction saved the builders trouble by affording them a high platform from which they could overlook both harbor and ocean. If this was the intention of the architect, heavy walls on the ground-floor were unnecessary.

Mr. Pierce particularly mentions in his article that "the stones show no drill-marks and no marks of an axe, but do show marks of a hammer." In fact, there was no necessity for drilling stones, since those of which the tower was built could be picked up close at hand. If the constructors of the tower had possessed axes, it is probable that they would have built for themselves a boat that would have answered for a long voyage, although there was nothing on the island that could have provided them with canvas for sails. Hopeless of escape, these shipwrecked mariners resorted to piling stones on each other, cementing them with shell mortar, in the persuasion that such a structure would attract notice of other more fortunate explorers, by whom the lost crew might be rescued.

The tower was tall enough to be seen from the decks of any vessels approaching the coast by daylight, while at the same time it would afford a shelter for people for whose



THE OLD STONE TOWER, TORO PARK

THE OLD STONE TOWER, TORO PARK, N. H. GEORGE MASON

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

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comfort or convenience the fireplace might have been built into the original walls.

Since the arches were laid true to the points of the compass, there was probably a reason for this care that would have been unnecessary when building a windmill. Many authors mention this peculiarity. Others (as have been quoted) comment on the position of the windows, but without deducing any theory that would account for placing them exactly in that part of the wall.

But if the sketches made to scale are accurate, they show that the largest opening lines up with Beaver-Tail, that is the southern cape of Conanicut Island, at the entrance to Narragansett Bay, so a mariner making the harbor could pick up the light in the tower to steer by it into the landlocked harbor of what is now Newport. Therefore, if a fire were kindled on the main floor of the building, twenty or more feet above the ground, in the centre of the arches, it would throw a concentrated light out of two windows at the same time, and serve as a beacon by which to enter the harbor at night, while the peculiarly constructed flues would be useful not only for warming the building, but also for carrying off fumes and smoke from the beacon-light, that was necessary not only as a guide for mariners, but also for fishermen. It would not have been impossible for east-aways to hollow a log by burning so as to make for themselves a canoe, after Indian fashion. In this they could paddle about the harbor, when a light-house would be a useful if not a necessary convenience.

The theory that the tower was erected by a shipwrecked crew for a pharos does not seem to have been considered, and it may be untenable, as no personal surveys have been made, but it is offered for attention as throwing a new light on the tower in Newport.

NEWPORT: OUR SOCIAL CAPITAL

Those who cling to the vague statements pointing to Governor Arnold's having built it for a mill may declare with Sancho, "God bless me! did not I warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill, and nobody could mistake it but one who had the like in his head?"

INDEX

A

- Aaron, 154
 Abiff, Hiram, 279
 Academy, United States Naval, at
 Newport, 47, 113
 Adams, Fort, officers, 37; situation
 of, 39; fashionable drive to,
 44; middies at, 113; yachts,
 114; Major de Tousard, 119;
 inaugural ceremonies, 120; im-
 proved, 121; Hammersmith,
 130; burial-place, 135; evacua-
 tion from, 208; Minister's
 Wooing, 248; Roman Catholic
 workmen, 269
 John, 118-120
 Addicks, J. E., 84, 88
 Admiral, the, 147
 Admiralty, 144
 Africa, 137, 300
 Agassiz, Louis, 81
 Max, 112
 Professor, 118, 358
 "Ailsa," 12
 Albany, 102, 309, 319, 338
 Alden, Wm., 31
 Alexander. See Wamsutta
 "Alfred," the, 177
 Allston, Washington, 287, 289, 304,
 305
 Almanac, 217
 Almy, Captain Benjamin, 104
 Almy's Pond, 52, 53, 75, 76, 84, 87
 Alston, Joseph, 338
 Amazons, 169
 "America," the, 116, 351
 American army, 70, 119
 colonies, 143
 frigate, 187
 Americans, 174, 175, 176, 182, 183,
 184, 209
 Amusements, 30; hops, 31; dancing
 reception, 31; Mr. McAllister, 31;
 fêtes, 36; winter colony, 37; after-
 noon drive, 44; teas, 47; casino,
 49; excursions, 109; cup-races, 111;
 men of war, 112; yachts, 115;
 opening Fort Adams, 120; the first,
 130; Indian, 140; French recep-
 tion, 211; fête of St. Louis, 212;
 Awashonks, 324; pow-wow, 325;
 dinners and dances, 358
 Andrews, Mr., 57
 Anecdotes, 110, 112, 137, 144, 161,
 167, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 193,
 224, 225, 231, 232, 233, 238, 239,
 247, 250, 258, 264, 271, 280, 294,
 296, 297, 298, 300, 301, 302, 303,
 323, 328, 338, 339, 344, 345, 350,
 351, 352, 364, 365
 Annandale road, 67
 Annapolis, 113, 339
 Anne, Queen, 119, 257, 273
 Anson, George P., 336
 Antaretic Ocean, 18
 Anthon, Miss Joanna, 30
 Anthony, Albro, 291
 Elizabeth, 291
 Antigua, 19
 Antinomians, 124
 Ansidrook, 17; its name, 239; end
 of, 59; name changed, 68; south-
 east point, 71; expanded, 74; Great
 point, 80; first estate, 81; marshes,
 82; first president of, 83; Mr.
 Kane's lawn, 89; favored, 95; ex-
 plorers, 96; change of name, 97;
 coal-ber station, 104; yachts at, 111;

INDEX

Aquidneck (Continued)—

the capital, 123; settled, 124; purchased, 125; price of, 125; government, 126; Englishmen's name, 126; more land, 128; charter, 133; Brenton's purchase, 133; Indians, 137; battle, 139; rich citizens, 141; sons of, 167; regiments at, 185; Treaty of Paris, 187; Tiverton, 190; terrible storm, 191; American retreat, 203; Sullivan leaves, 204; Commonsense Point, 206; foraging, 208; peace, 220; Mr. Hutchinson, 225; Baptists, 225; Colonel Trumbull's visit, 286; hotel, 291; houses, 307; renamed, 321; queen, 323; dress, 323; square, 326; chimneys, 360; old tower, 360; mills, 363; tower, 366; early visitors, 367

"Arethusa," the, 145

Army, American, defeat, 186; spies, 188; recruits, 190; on Aquidneck, 190; entrenchments, 192; none at Newport, 208; in possession, 210; plans, 214

British, the regiments, 179; sorties, 183; at Aquidneck, 185; destructive, 185; land, 188; seven thousand men, 188; trapped, 189; at Newport, 190; entrenchments, 192; changes, 204; evacuate Newport, 208; capitulation, 218; evacuation of New York, 218

French, disembark, 210; plans, 214; reception for Washington, 215; in Virginia, 218

Arnold, Governor Benedict, 128, 136, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364

Samuel Greene, 166

Artillery, Newport, 219, 220, 358

Ashurst, Mrs., 47

Assembly, 144, 146, 159, 163, 170, 178, 183, 186, 192, 235, 312
room, 216

Asti, 361

Astor, Miss, married, 28, 65

Astor (Continued)—

Mr. John Jacob, 111, 114, 116

old home, 61

Mrs. William, 47, 53

William Waldorf, 53, 56

Asylum built, 25

Atlantic House, 30, 41, 47, 113

Ocean, 18, 95, 367

"Atlantic," the, 103

Auchincloss, Hugh, 83, 108, 109

Aunt Hannab, 35

Awashonks, 324, 325

Ayrault Street, 32

B

Babcock, Colonel, 174

Bachelor's Hall, 308

Bailey's Beach, 19, 64, 73, 74, 75

Baily, Rev. Joseph, 310

Baker's Hill, 205

Balch, Miss Bessie, 32

Baldwin, Columbus, 90

Mrs., 53, 87

Bateman place, 82

Baltimore, 158

Bancroft, George, 61, 358

Bannister, John, 181, 293, 313, 362

Mrs., 296, 299, 362, 364, 365

Baptists, 17; founder, 23; birthplace, 225; the rites, 226; Easter day, 227; first teacher, 228; church, 228, pastors, 229, 231; troops, 229; Second church, 229; First church, 229; Dr. Vaughan, 230; Central Baptists, 230; Old church, 231; anecdote, 232; sheltered, 234; Saturday and Sunday, 250; in Newport, 268; William Claggett, 288; women, 327; colored, 343

Bar Mitzvah, 242

Barclay, Clement, 34

Clement C., 31, 33, 51

Barger, Samuel, 50

Baring Street, 229, 269

Barney's Ferry, 215

Barrade, Mr. de, 62

Barré, Colonel, 162

INDEX

- Barrington, Major William, 183
 Barton, Colonel William, 182, 183, 185
 Bassett, Isaac, 220
 Bateman Avenue, 87
 Bath road, 28, 55, 64, 65
 Battery Street, 176
 Battles, Indian, 138; of 1765, 143;
 "Gaspé," 152; naval, 166; in har-
 bor, 172; at Prudence Island, 173;
 April 6, 174; in Narragansett Bay,
 175, Castle Hill, 176; report of
 battle of Rhode Island, 194
 Bay of Refuge, 96
 State, 103
 Bayside farm, 34
 Beach Bound, 85
 Mrs. Nicholas, 33
 entertainments, 31
 Beacon Hill, 76, 77, 88, 133, 168, 174,
 188, 209
 road, 84, 87
 rock, 84
 Beacons, the, 168, 209
 Beaver, the, 145, 147
 Beaver-tail, 81, 83, 209, 369
 "Beaver Tail," 105
 Bedfordshire, 228
 Bedlow, Mr., 37
 Mrs., 37
 Bedouin, the, 80
 Beechwood, 62
 Beckman, LIVERSTON, Mr., 63
 Belcourt, 54
 Bell, Isaac, Jr., 50
 Mr., 54, 62
 Bellevue Avenue, Mr. de Rham's
 house, 28, 73; riparian estates,
 32; cottages, 33; residences,
 33; cab-stands, 36; account of,
 39; the Moon, 40; Jews' Ceme-
 tery, 40; its use, 41; the artery,
 42; fashions on, 42; back-
 on, 43; residences on, 43; pasture-
 land, 43; original buildings, 44;
 the crowd, 44; begins at, 45;
 gay, 46; business part of, 48;
 houses of the fifties, 49; lane,
- Belmont Avenue (Continued)
 50; changes, 57; Governor
 Wetmore, 52; By-the-Sea, 53;
 Belcourt, 54; last house, 54;
 laid out, 82; triangle, 87;
 crosses Narragansett, 89; Nar-
 ragansett, 90; excursionists,
 109; Mr. Tompkins, 112; At-
 lantic House, 113; Jews' Ceme-
 tery, 243; Jews Street, 260;
 Oaklawn, 302; reading-room,
 355
 Court, 50
 house, 30; situation, 41
 Bellmont, Governor, 346
 Bells, 255
 Belmont, August, his farm, 35;
 fashions, 53, 65
 Mrs., her home, 32; beauty, 53
 Graver Hazard Ferry, 54, 87
 Perry, 53, 60
 Belvoir, 84
 Bennett, James Gordon, 49, 50, 111,
 146
 Berce, 180
 Berkeley, Bishop, residence, 70; chair,
 70; pulpit, 256; organ, 258;
 arrival, 259; new ideas, 263;
 history, 264; party, 265; Philo-
 sophical Society, 266; White-
 hall, 266; preferments, 267;
 death, 267; emigrates, 283;
 theories, 284; likeness, 285;
 books, 316; society, 321; fox
 hunting, 357
 Lucia, 258, 285
 Massachusetts, 258
 Mrs., 259, 265, 285
 Berkshire Hills, 168
 Bernard, Edmund J., 50, 54, 111
 Best, Mrs., 50
 Bethshan, 65
 Binney, Horace, 3
 Bissit, Rev. George, 292
 "Blackbird," the, 98
 Blackburn, 286
 Blackdog, Mr., 89

INDEX

- Blatchford, Richard M., 302
 Miss, 302
- Bleak House, 81
- Blenheim Castle, 316
- Blight, Mr., 51
- Bliss Hill, 191
- Bliss, Parson William, 231
- Block Island, 199
- Blockade-runners, 205
- Blue Rocks, situation, 109; baptisms, 226
- Board of health* founded, 1798, 24;
 report for 1905, 24
- Boats, 108, 109
- Boaz and Jachin, 235
- Borden, Mr., 78
- Boston in 1825, 26; men in Newport, 29; merchants, 22; steamboat, 29; *Post-Boy*, 104; packets, 102; boats, 109; Coddington's journey, 133; bricks from, 134; independent, 142; men-of-war, 144; illegal goods to, 148; Admiral Montagu, 149; tea-party, 157; vessels sent to, 160; naval recruits, 165; troops sent to, 167; signals to, 169; evacuated, 174; Paul Jones at, 177; Treaty of Paris, 187; d'Estaing sails for, 192; report, 194; letter from, 199; Lafayette, 200; fleet, 203; beacon, 209; coasters, 220; reproaches, 221; Baptists, 225; Dr. Callender, 229; preachers arrested, 228; lightning-rods, 230; *Weekly Journal*, 265; house decorations, 290; Stuart embarks, 293; Malbone, 297 to 306; old houses, 309; first trust, 310; Common, 327; Franklin, 330; Mechanics' Association, 331; treatment of Quakers, 332; Dr. Moffat, 334; Kidd, 347
- Boita, Professor, 93
 Mrs., 93
- Boundaries of Newport, 128
- Bowery Street, 41, 50
- Bowling Green, 41
- Bowne, Mr., 27
- Boyle, Mayor, 219
- Boylston, Dr., pelted with stones, 26
- Bradly, Samuel, 346
- Brassee, 92
- Breakers, the, 59
- Brenton, Jaheel, 83, 135, 342
 William, Governor, 83, 87, 98, 107, 128, 130, 132, 133, 134, 135
- Brenton's Cove, 82, 84, 101, 105, 107, 113, 114, 130, 208
 Point, 39, 80, 81, 95, 119, 120, 175, 176, 208, 211
 Reef, 79, 98, 111, 117, 127, 188
 Road, 78, 87, 88, 130
- Brett, Dr. John, 343
 Mrs., 343
- Brevoort, Mrs. J. Carson, 30
- Brewer Street, 270
- Brinley, Francis, 301
 Miss, 301
 Mrs., 37
 Street, 141
- Brinley's, the, ropewalk, 45; Masonic rope, 46
- Bristed, Mrs. Charles Astor, 30
- Bristol, 109, 116, 153, 171, 195
 Ferry, 206
- British destructive, 74; altered ship, 99; cruel, 100; no equivalent, 100; blockades, 101; a commander, 101; vessels fired on, 119; William and Mary, 119; Queen Anne, 119; depredations, 132; the flag, 137; aggressions, 142; man-of-war, 142; aroused enmity, 143; government intolerant, 143; protection, 145; hated, 146; flag menaced, 147; destruction of vessel, 151; Gaspé, 151; attack on navy, 151; capture of officer and crew, 152; at Newport, 157; no recruits, 159; the "Rose," 159; fleet, 160; flag, 160; stores, 161; speech, 162; frays, 163; first fight, 166; unlucky captain, 166; in harbor, 167; robbers, 172; encounter, 172; sails, 173; returns, 173; conflict, 173; repulsed, 174; evacuate Bos-

INDEX

- British (Continued)
 ton, 174 ; concerned sailors, 175 ;
 to sea, 175 ; attack, 175 ; move,
 176 ; representatives, 181 ; capture
 of officers, 185 ; dismayed, 186 ;
 awakened, 187 ; ship foundered,
 187 ; capture a frigate, 187 ; Prov-
 idence threatened, 188 ; fleet fired,
 188 ; panic, 189 ; destroyed, 189 ;
 army in trap, 189 ; at Newport, 190 ;
 General Sullivan's advance, 190 ;
 fleet in storm, 191 ; dislodged, 192 ;
 uncaptured, 192 ; battle of Rhode
 Island, 193 ; havoc, 200 ; remnants,
 210 ; frigate, 210 ; barracks, 211 ;
 manners, 211 ; Tories, 214 ; news-
 paper, 217 ; find treasure, 218 ; ca-
 pitulation of army, 218 ; privateer,
 220 ; fight, 220 ; sunk, 225 ; use
 churches, 229 ; destroy churches,
 230 ; after evacuation, 231 ; at New-
 port, 241 ; door-steps, 292 ; spies on,
 298 ; raid, 301 ; "liberty tree" de-
 stroyed, 314 ; books destroyed, 318 ;
 lawless, 318 ; arbitrators, 324 ;
 church, 327 ; quarters, 334 ; evacu-
 ated, 335 ; suitors, 335 ; destruction,
 365 ; town papers, 366
- Broadlawns, 82
- Broadway, 25, 41, 141, 218, 231
- Brogie, Prince de, 212
- Brook, Rev. C. T., 358
- Brooklyn, 301, 302
- Brooks, Mrs. Mortimer, 63
 Mrs. Sidney, 49
- Brown, Alexander, 31
 Fort, or the Dumplings, 118
 Mrs. Harold, 51
 Mrs. John Carter, 52, 263
 Mrs. John Nicholas, 86, 263
- Bruce, Colonel Archibald, 179
- Bruen, Mrs., 51
- Buchanan, Captain, 352
- Buck, Mr., his dainties, 48
- Buena Vista Avenue, 65
- Bull, Henry, 126, 215, 223
 Mary, 215, 223
- Bull, Mr., 222
 Run, 220
 Warrant, Surgeon, 21
- Bull's Hill, 193
- Bunker Hill, battle of, 166, 171, 213
 Miss, 47
- Buonaparte, Mrs., 33, 85
- Butson, J. Townsend, 53
 Mr., 85
- Burgoyne, General, 186, 187, 204
- Burnyeat, John, 222
- Burr, Aaron, 338
 Treason, 338
- Bush, the, 52
- Bushy Park, 65
- Busk, Mrs., 78
- Butts Hill, 185, 189, 196, 197, 211, 280
- By-the-Sea, 32, 53, 60
- Byrd, 309
- Byron, Admiral, 204

C

- Cadwalader, John, his place, 54
- Cahoone, Captain John, 220
- Callender, Miss Elizabeth, 32
 Rev. John, 229, 317
- Calvert, Mrs., 30
- Calvinists, 250
- Cambridge, 26, 230
- Campammalli, Mordecai, 234, 273
- Campbell, Colonel, 179, 198
- Canada, invasion of, 24
- Candelabra, 240
- Candles, 236
- Canonicus, 125, 126, 138, 139
- Cape Breton, 99, 100
- Capitals, two, 123
- Capture of Prescott, 183 ; American
 privateers, 184 ; of British officers,
 185 ; of the "Lynn," 187 ; Major
 Talbot and the "Pigot," 206 ; Major
 Taggart, 208 ; "Macedonian," 220 ;
 "Dart," 220 ; raid, 229
 "Cannon," 191
- Careless, Thomas, 143
- Carlisle, Lord, 187, 188
- Carradine, Captain, 267

INDEX

- Carpenter, Miss, 92
 Carroll Avenue, 87
 Carson, Robert, 662, 111
 Carter, Mrs. Robert, 31
 William E., 91
 Casino, 19, 355; the shops of, 48;
 playground, 48; description of, 49;
 the Horseshoe, 49; the situation of,
 49
 Castle Hill, 73, 81, 95, 104, 118, 119,
 133, 176
 Avenue, 82
 Caterers, 342
 Catherine Street, 32, 338
 Catskill Mountains, 168
 Cemetery, Jews', 40, 41; starting-point,
 45; the gates, 46; donator, 46;
 condition, 244
 Cenotaph to de Tiernay, 214, 257
 Chalmers, 20
 Chambers, Captain, 158
 Champlin, Christopher, 313
 Miss Peggy, 215, 217
 Mrs., 313
 Chanler, Winthrop, 57, 58, 65
 Channing, John, 254
 Miss, 289
 Mrs. 332
 Walter, 251
 William Ellery, his statue, 47; ad-
 venture, 69; maiden speech, 211;
 recollections, 296; friends, 302;
 on Perry, 350
 Chapin, Colonel Seth, 205
 Charles, Cape, 218
 I., 87, 261, 266
 II., 23, 130, 225, 307
 Charleston, 20; visitors from, 42;
 packets to, 102; Bishop Dehon, 263;
 Allston and Malbone, 304; minia-
 tures, 305
 Charlotte, Queen, 337
 Chastellux, 86
 Comte de, 217
 landing of, 107, 209
 Château Nooga. 51
 sur Mer, Le, 52
 Chatterbox, 51
 Chazan, or Cantor, 237
 Chemical laboratories, 25
 Cherry Neek, 76, 78, 85, 88, 123, 135,
 342
 inlet, 87
 Chesapeake Bay, 218
 Chesterton, 361
 Childs, Mrs. George W., 60
 Chimney, a hiding-place, 137
 Chimneys, the, 83, 134, 135, 309
 Christmas day, 173
 Church, Benjamin, 324, 325
 Colonel Thomas, 164
 Street, 46, 216, 260, 262, 311, 355
 Churches, original, 141; occupied as
 barracks, 179; burned, 185; Bap-
 tist, 228; First Baptist, 23, 229;
 Second Baptist, 229; Central Bap-
 tist, 230; first lightning-rod, 230;
 Friend Greene's sermon, 231; Con-
 gregational, 230; Seventh-Day Bap-
 tist, 231; Friends, 231; Fourth
 Baptist, 233; synagogue, 233; Solo-
 mon's Temple, 238; synagogue,
 239; Congregational, 246; Clarke
 Street Meeting-house, 249; funeral
 sermon, 249; Trinity, 251; de-
 structive storms, 262; Kay chapel,
 262; St. George's, 263; St. John's,
 263; Emmanuel, 263; Roman
 Catholic, 269; St. Joseph, 269;
 St. Mary's, 270; Marlborough
 Street, 270; Mill Street, 270; First
 Congregational, 271; St. Joseph's,
 312
 Claggett, William, 255, 288
 Clapp, Rev. Nathaniel, 229, 232, 246,
 247, 248
 Clark, Admiral, 113
 Mr., 107
 Clarke, John, doctor, founder, etc., 23;
 death, 23; signed compact, 124;
 elder, 225; charter, 227;
 church, 228; arrested, 228;
 married, 229; physician, 229

INDEX

- Clarke (Continued)
 Street, 141, 211, 215, 230, 233, 249,
 268
 Walter, 223, 326
 Clayton, Ann, 223
 Clegs, Henry, 65; his house, 75;
 view, 76
 Cliff Avenue, 65, 66, 67
 House, 58, 65
 Walk, 59, 64, 83
 Cliffs, property on, 28, 54; the Walk,
 55, 91
 Clinton, General Sir Henry, 179, 180,
 204, 208
 Clipston Grange, 67
 Clock, 255
 Clubs, Graves Point, 80
 Coal mine, 104
 Coaling station, 104
 Coasters harbor, smallpox hospital at,
 25
 Island, naval men, 37; landed at,
 97; war college at, 104; train-
 ing-school, 104; buildings, 106;
 boat, 108; landed at, 127; his-
 tory, 127; purchased, 128; hos-
 pital, 220
 Coates, John, 288
 Miss Charlotte, 294
 Coats, A. M., 88
 Cockroach, Cuffy, 342
 Cod, Cape, 346
 Coddington, Governor William, 98,
 124, 126, 132, 133, 158, 222,
 223, 309
 Miss, 158, 215
 Coddington's Cove, 179, 188, 189, 192,
 300
 Point, 125, 132, 188, 209
 Coffin, Mrs., 30
 Coggeshall Avenue, 87
 Ledge, 63, 75, 76, 98
 William, 87, 126
 Coleman, Miss Sarah, 31
 Collard, George, 60
 Collins Beach, 81, 82
 Henry, 98, 316, 321
 Colonial government, 173
 office, 161
 troops, 169
 Columbia College, 92, 302
 "Columbus," the, 187
 Commercial line, 102
 Commissioners, 153, 154
 Committee, 216
 Commonsense Point, 206
 Compton, Little, 205
 Conanicut Island, 81, 105, 106, 112,
 118, 133, 165, 176, 189, 190, 207,
 215, 301, 307, 308, 369
 "Conanicut," the, 105
 Congregational churches, 229, 231, 270,
 271; the first, 246; the second, 248,
 318; society, 250; damages, 262
 Congress, 119
 "Congress," the, 174, 187, 198, 199,
 200
 Connecticut, 136, 144, 152, 158, 161,
 168, 169, 208, 256, 298, 302, 307,
 325
 "Conqueror," the, 111
 "Constitution," the, 113
 Continental Congress, navy, 164;
 army, 167; creates navy, 174;
 dismisses Hopkins, 176; Barton,
 thanked, 183
 Cook, Captain, 101
 Cooper, Fenimore, 152, 177
 Copenhagen, 367
 Copper, 140
 Cormorant Rock, 68
 Corné, Michele Filice, 289, 290, 291
 Street, 290
 Cornell, Colonel, 185, 199, 201
 Cornwallis, Lord, 218
 "Corsair," the, 111, 114
 Coudy, Jeremy, 321
 Cowley, Mrs., 216
 Craigie house, 309
 Crailo, Fort, 309
 Cramp, Edward, 53, 87
 Crane, Col., 199
 Crary, Colonel Archibald, 48
 Craywood, Marion, 57

INDEX

Creveceur, M. de, 97
 Cromwell, 130, 131
 Crossways, 76, 77
 Crowninshield, Admiral, 113
 Crow's Nest, 168
 Cundall, Joseph, 35
 Cundall's Mills, 35
 Cup, Brenton Reef, 111
 races, 111, 116, 117, 118
 Curaçoa, 235
 Cushing, B. M., 76
 Thomas, 49, 54, 62
 Cushman, Miss Charlotte, 32, 93
 Custom-house, 150
 Cutting, Mrs. Francis Broekholst, 52
 Mrs. Robert Livingston, 302

D

Dahlgren, Mrs., 31
 Daisies, 134
 Dalton, Sir James, 285
 Sir John, 265
 Daly, Judge Charles P., 273
 Dana, Miss, 289
 Danbury, 168
 "Dart," the, 220
 Dartmouth, Earl of, 154
 Dates, June, 1636, 17 ; 1729, 19 ;
 1783, 20 ; 1799, 20 ; Aug. 23, 1859,
 21 ; 1676, 23 ; 1750, 23 ; 1777, 24 ;
 1690, 24 ; 1798, 24 ; 1792, 25 ;
 1819, 25 ; 1873, 25 ; 1822, 25 ;
 1824, 25 ; 1721, 26 ; 1754, 26 ;
 1729, 27 ; 1853, 27 ; 1852, 28 ;
 1855, 29 ; 1800, 29 ; May 31, 1834,
 29 ; 1850, 30 ; 1854, 31 ; 1860 to
 1870, 31 ; 1855, 33 ; 1850, 36 ; 1853,
 41 ; 1729, 42 ; 1850, 43 ; 1850, 44 ;
 1797, 45 ; 1860, 47 ; 1853, 47 ; 1770,
 48 ; 1821 to 1824, 48 ; 1854, 49 ;
 1840, 49 ; 1830, 57 ; 1902, 59 ; 1860
 and 1880, 62 ; 1826, 64 ; 1850, 65 ;
 1812, 69 ; 1905, 80 ; 1666, 83 ; 1640,
 83 ; 1639, 87 ; 1640, 91 ; 1826, 92 ;
 1001, 96 ; 1824, 96 ; 1750, 98 ;
 1745, 99 ; 1745, 99 ; 1748, 99 ;
 1740, 100 ; 1769, 100 ; 1768, 101 ;

Dates (Continued)—

1790, 101 ; 1848, 103 ; 1840, 103 ;
 1799, 103 ; 1764, 104 ; 1808, 104 ;
 1904, 108 ; 1800, 108 ; 1776, 108 ;
 1812, 109 ; 1871, 111 ; 1861, 113 ;
 1840, 113 ; 1812, 118 ; 1775, 119 ;
 1798, 119 ; 1799, 119 ; 1799, 120 ;
 1800, 120 ; 1801, 120 ; 1824, 121 ;
 1789, 123 ; 1637, 124 ; 1638, 124 ;
 1631, 124 ; 1637, 125 ; 1666, 126 ;
 1639, 127 ; 1639, 128 ; 1657, 128 ;
 1640, 128 ; 1641, 129 ; 1686, 129 ;
 1660, 129 ; 1650, 132 ; 1835, 133 ;
 1651, 133 ; 1666, 133 ; 1660, 133 ;
 1634, 133 ; 1638, 133 ; 1638, 134 ;
 1732, 135 ; 1715, 136 ; 1661, 136 ;
 1663, 136 ; 1776, 137 ; 1769, 141 ;
 1765, 143 ; 1768, 143 ; 1769, 144 ;
 1769, 145 ; 1772, 147 ; 1772, 149 ;
 1772, 150 ; 1772, 152 ; 1773, 153 ;
 1773, 155 ; 1774, 157 ; 1773, 157 ;
 1764, 157 ; 1764, 158 ; 1769, 158 ;
 1774, 159 ; 1777, 160 ; 1774, 162 ;
 1775, 163 ; 1772, 165 ; 1772, 166 ;
 1775, 166 ; 1775, 169 ; 1775, 172 ;
 1776, 173 ; 1776, 173 ; 1775, 174 ;
 1776, 175 ; 1777, 176 ; 1776, 177 ;
 1775, 177 ; 1775, 177 ; 1776, 178 ;
 1776, 179 ; 1777, 179 ; 1777, 180 ;
 1777, 182 ; 1778, 188 ; 1778, 190 ;
 1778, 204 ; 1778, 205 ; 1778, 206 ;
 1779, 207 ; 1778, 207 ; 1779, 208 ;
 1778, 210 ; 1812, 213 ; 1754, 213 ;
 1781, 214 ; 1781, 215 ; 1780, 217 ;
 1781, 217 ; 1781, 218 ; 1784, 219 ;
 1741, 219 ; 1812, 219 ; 1812, 220 ;
 1813, 220 ; 1814, 220 ; 1676, 221 ;
 1666, 222 ; 1671, 222 ; 1672, 222 ;
 1705, 222 ; 1698, 223 ; 1860, 224 ;
 1638, 225 ; 1644, 225 ; 1676, 228 ;
 1631, 228 ; 1731, 229 ; 1748, 229 ;
 1778, 229 ; 1656, 229 ; 1677, 230 ;
 1634, 230 ; 1820, 231 ; 1671, 231 ;
 1859, 231 ; 1783, 233 ; 1835, 233 ;
 1680, 233 ; 1769, 234 ; 1658, 234 ;
 1694, 235 ; 1755, 236 ; 1759, 237 ;
 1763, 237 ; 1760, 240 ; 1765, 240 ;

INDEX

Dates Continued

1770, 240 ; 1779, 241 ; 1882, 241 ;
 1899, 242 ; 1899, 242 ; 1901, 242 ;
 1902, 242 ; 1825, 243 ; 1840, 244 ;
 1760, 245 ; 1775, 245 ; 1720, 246 ;
 1745, 246 ; 1777, 246 ; 1771, 248 ;
 1783, 249 ; 1735, 249 ; 1760, 249 ;
 1838, 249 ; 1725, 249 ; 1898, 249 ;
 1702, 251 ; 1702, 252 ; 1725, 253 ;
 1770, 254 ; 1733, 255 ; 1709, 255 ;
 1805, 255 ; 1725, 257 ; 1733, 258 ;
 1731, 258 ; 1728, 259 ; 1762, 260 ;
 1707, 260 ; 1704, 260 ; 1750, 260 ;
 1738, 261 ; 1775, 261 ; 1815, 262 ;
 1720, 262 ; 1734, 263 ; 1817, 263 ;
 1833, 263 ; 1902, 263 ; 1684, 264 ;
 1724, 264 ; 1728, 265 ; 1729, 265 ;
 1726, 266 ; 1733, 267 ; 1753, 267 ;
 1825, 269 ; 1830, 269 ; 1837, 269 ;
 1850, 270 ; 1853, 270 ; 1805, 270 ;
 1806, 270 ; 1853, 270 ; 1835, 271 ;
 1775, 271 ; 1747, 273 ; 1714, 274 ;
 1749, 274 ; 1757, 274 ; 1766, 274 ;
 1770, 274 ; 1759, 276 ; 1802, 276 ;
 1803, 276 ; 1780, 277 ; 1790, 277 ;
 1758, 277 ; 1826, 279 ; 1723, 281 ;
 1684, 283 ; 1800, 285 ; 1746, 285 ;
 1746, 285 ; 1822, 286 ; 1756, 286 ;
 1783, 287 ; 1825, 287 ; 1727, 288 ;
 1749, 288 ; 1779, 288 ; 1796, 289 ;
 1800, 289 ; 1809, 289 ; 1830, 289 ;
 1843, 289 ; 1822, 290 ; 1845, 291 ;
 1755, 292 ; 1756, 292 ; 1770, 293 ;
 1772, 293 ; 1777, 294 ; 1786, 294 ;
 1792, 294 ; 1794, 295 ; 1700, 298 ;
 1744, 298 ; 1838, 298 ; 1740, 300 ;
 1745, 300 ; 1766, 300 ; 1777, 303 ;
 1796, 303 ; 1800, 304 ; 1801, 304 ;
 1801, 305 ; 1802, 305 ; 1803, 306 ;
 1805, 306 ; 1642, 308 ; 1780, 309 ;
 1813, 310 ; 1754, 310 ; 1761, 310 ;
 1793, 310 ; 1768, 311 ; 1905, 311 ;
 1739, 312 ; 1772, 312 ; 1776, 312 ;
 1765, 314 ; 1783, 314 ; 1782, 314 ;
 1788, 314 ; 1747, 315 ; 1728, 316 ;
 1747, 316, 317 ; 1793, 317 ; 1755,
 318 ; 1788, 318 ; 1810, 318 ; 1813,

Dates Continued

319 ; 1812, 319 ; 1899, 319 ; 1899,
 319 ; 1858, 320 ; 1679, 325 ; 1679,
 324 ; 1676, 326 ; 1661, 328 ; 1758,
 329 ; 1717, 330 ; 1721, 330 ; 1724,
 330 ; 1734, 330 ; 1732, 331 ; 1734,
 331 ; 1762, 331 ; 1658, 332 ; 1656,
 333 ; 1657, 333 ; 1654, 338 ; 1733,
 349 ; 1850, 344 ; 1804, 345 ; 1691,
 346 ; 1693 ; 347 ; 1785, 349 ; 1799,
 350 ; 1812, 350 ; 1813, 350 ; 1853,
 351 ; 1853, 352 ; 1854, 352 ; 1850,
 357 ; 1860, 357 ; 1825, 358 ; 1752,
 358 ; 1157, 361 ; 1632, 361 ; 1836,
 361 ; 1675, 362 ; 1635, 362 ; 1677,
 362 ; 1756, 364 ; 1848, 364 ; 1834,
 365 ; 1760, 365 ; 1756, 365 ; 1850,
 365 ; 1120, 366 ; 1903, 366
 Dauphine, La, 96
 Davis, Miss Theodosia, 32
 the widow, 229
 Theodore M., 80, 127
 de Barras, 214
 de Béville, 213
 de Broglie, Prince, 216
 de Charles, 213
 de Closen, 216
 de Coverley, Sir Roger, 217
 d'Estaing, Count, 188, 190, 192, 194,
 199
 d'Estouches, 214
 de Fayette, Chevalier, 261
 de Forest, George, 54
 de Jongh, Miss, 37
 de Lamath, 216
 de la Touche, 216
 de Lombard, Chevalier, 213
 de Noailles, Comte, 335
 de Noailles, Countess, 29
 Henry, 28 ; town house, 29 ;
 dinners, 29
 de Rochambeau, Comte, arrival, 119 ;
 in command, 189 ; his muff, 189 ;
 history, 211 ; review, 212 ; head-
 quarters, 215 ; parade, 216 ; ball,
 216 ; March, 268 ; road, 345
 de Segur, 217, 314

INDEX

- de Tiernay, Chevalier, 212, 257, 309
 de Tousard, Major, trees, 89 ; survey
 by, 108; employed, 119; history,
 119; letter, 120; report, 120; fête,
 212; headquarters, 213; death, 213;
 at Fort Adams, 269
 de Vaughan, Comte, 216
 de Viomesnil, 216, 217
 de Warville, Brissot, 314
 de Wolf, James, 301
 Decatur, Commodore, 220
 Declaration of Independence, 137, 178,
 312
 Dedford, 180
 Dehon, Bishop, 263
 Delaware River, 168
 Derby, General, 290
 Mrs. Richard, 137
 Richard, 27
 Devil's Chasm, 69
 Dialects, 344
 "Diamond," the, 180
 Diekey, Mrs. Hugh, 33, 86
 Dino, Duchess de, 50
 Division Street, 233, 344
 Dixon Street, 50
 Dolan, Clarence, 75
 Dorchester Heights, 168
 Dorr rebellion, 220
 Drexel, John R., 28, 59
 Drogheda, 361
 Duddingston, William, tyrant, 147 ;
 pirate, 147 ; letter from Governor
 Wanton, 148 ; historical facts, 149 ;
 aggressions, 150; sleeping captain
 and crew, 151 ; stoned, 152 ; court-
 martialled, 153; his equal, 159
 Dudley, Lieutenant, 206
 Dudley house, 193
 Duer, Lieutenant John King, 351, 352
 Dulles, Mrs. Andrew, 91
 Dumpling, Fort, 83, 95, 104, 106, 118
 Dunlop, William, 284, 286
 Dunn, Mrs. Thomas, 336
 Durfee, Mrs., 35
 Duryea, Mr., 84
 Dutch colonies, 138, 160
 Dutch Island, 128
 Duval, 212
 Dwight, Timothy, 285
 Dyer, Captain, 183
 Elisha, 51
 Mary, 327, 332
 William, 126, 327
- ### E
- East River, 184, 205
 road, 189, 196, 310
 Easter morning sun-worship, 66, 226,
 227
 Easton, John, 127, 128, 223
 Nicholas, 55, 127, 132, 223
 Peter, 127, 128, 362
 Easton's Beach, 19; drive to, 44; road,
 57; excursionists, 64; trees of,
 65; sun-worship, 66; wreck, 98;
 bathing, 109; redoubt, 195;
 Easter morning, 226
 Point, 55, 66, 98, 223
 Pond, 64, 194
 Edgerston, 85
 Edmonson, William, 222
 Edna Villa, 50
 Edward VII., 161
 Elam, Samuel, 310, 315
 Eldridge, Mr., 28, 93
 "Electra," the, 111, 114
 Ellery, Martha Redwood, 313
 William, 254, 332
 Elliot, Colonel, 174, 183
 Ellis, Mr., 53
 Elm Court, 50
 Emmanuel Church, 263
 Emmons, Mr. A. B., 64
 Empire State, the, 103
 "Endeavor," the, 101
 Endicott, Governor, 134, 328, 333
 England, charter from, 23 ; seal from,
 129 ; Winthrop sails for, 136 ; in-
 dependent of, 142 ; her treatment of
 colonists, 142 ; dispatches to, 144 ;
 Burgoyne returns to, 187 ; at odds,
 160 ; admiral, 161 ; the Stuarts,
 161 ; Howe returns to, 204

INDEX

English sailors, tortures by, 151
tyrants, 145
vessels, 45 ; fleet, 179

Englishmen, 124, 126, 133, 146, 159,
162, 165, 175, 179

Ennis, Colonel, 180

Enterprises, 133

Entertainments, Mr. McAllister's, 34 ;
fêtes, 36 ; Dutch colony, 37 ; excursions,
109 ; cup races, 111 ; men-of-war,
112 ; yachts, 115 ; opening
Fort Adams, 120 ; the first, 130 ;
Indian, 140 ; reception of French,
211 ; fête of St. Louis, 212 ; for
Washington, 215 ; reception, 216 ;
ball, 217 ; dinner, 216 ; Awashonks,
324 ; pow-wow, 325

Episcopalians, 250, 251, 268

Erasmus, Dr., 229

Eric, Red, 96

Erie, Lake, 338, 350

Esopus, 160

Essex, Museum, 290

Estates, great, 132, 133, 134, 135

Eustis, Mrs., 65

Evangeline, 100

Everett, Edward, 351

Excursions, 109

dinners and dances, 358

Explorers, Dutch, 126

F

Factories, first, 108 ; sperm-oil, 141

Fahnestock, Gibson, 85

Fairechild, Major, 301

Fairfield, 208

"Falcon," the, 188

Fall River, 109

Fanning, Colonel, 180

Farewell Street, 128, 222, 230, 314

Fearing, Ex-Mayor Daniel B., 67, 92,
219, 302

George Richmond, 92

Miss Charlotte, her phaeton, 33

Federals, 178

Feke, Charles, 25, 47, 285, 286
R., 285

Fenner, Arthur, 326

Fenwick, Bishop, 269

Fern, Fanny, 358

Ferry Wharf, 259

Field, street, 144 ; a canal, 180, and
Coddington's Cove, 188 ; between
them, 189 ; French and British
ships, 191

Fillmore, President Millard, 351

First shot, 145

Fish, Stuyvesant, 76, 87
Mrs., 76

Fitch, Governor Thomas, 158

Flag, first, 136 ; history of, 137

Captain Perry's, 339

Fleet, American, 174, 175, 176, 179,
188, 189, 220, 351

British, 190, 191, 195, 199, 204,
205, 207, 218, 220, 331

French, 200, 189, 190, 191, 192,
194, 199, 203, 210, 212, 214, 215,
216, 218, 268

Fletcher, Mary, 229

Fleury, Colonel, 196, 198

"Flora," the, 188, 189, 210

Flowers, 134

Flushing, 306

Fo'castle, 79

Fogland Ferry, 185, 205, 206

Forster, John, 259

Forsyth, Mrs. Russell, 37

Fort Adams, 29, 59 ; situation, 84 ;
on harbor, 88 ; trees, 88 ; Major de
Tousard, 88 ; gray walls, 106 ; to
reach, 107 ; battery, 175

Fortifications, 118, 119, 213

Forty steps, 58, 89

Foteux, 217

Fountain, 41

Fox, George, 222

France, Huguenots, 161 ; vessel sent
to, 189

French, Dr., 133

French, Lt., 96

Franklin, Benjamin, electricity, 25 ;
letter of, 162 ; old press, 229 ;
lightning-rods, 230 ; a friend,

INDEX

Franklin, Benjamin (Continued)—
 288; diaries, 330; a visitor to
 Newport, 331

James, 288, 330, 331

John, 217, 288, 330

Mrs. James, 331

Robert S., 219, 274

Street, 313, 348

"Franklin," the, 103

Freemasons, the rope, 46; language,
 239; marks, 239; history, 273; R.
 S. Franklin's address, 219; New
 York, 274; Colonel Neill, 274; pat-
 rons, 275; liquids, 275; Newport
 organization, 275; lodge, 275; char-
 ter, 276; recognition, 276; temple,
 276; furniture, 276; cable-tow,
 280; King David's lodge, 277;
 Washington, 277; Scottish Rite,
 277; Mystic signs and words, 277;
 traditions, 288; Kabbalah, 278;
 William Morgan, 279; Masonic hall,
 279; Old Tower, 280; rhymes, 281;
 toasts, 281

Freemasons' Arms, 275

Fremont House, 30; situation of, 41

French, 96; fleet, 99; engineer, 108;
 war, 142; arrival of fleet, 188;
 jealousy, 190; reception of,
 211; grand entertainment of,
 212; defences, 213; procession,
 216; dinner, 216; ball, 216;
 servants, 216; aides, 216;
 newspaper, 217; taste, 217; on
 transports, 218; cenotaph, 257;
 at Newport, 335

Mrs. F. O., 86, 107

Friends, 17

Friendship Street, 25

Frigates, first American, 108; fight,
 143; English, 145; in bay, 180; the
 "Columbus," 187; French, 188;
 burned, 189; the "Flora," 210; the
 "United States," 220; the "Macedo-
 nian," 220

Fry, John, 184

Funeral of de Tiernay, 213

G

Gage, General, 143, 144

Mrs., 144

Gaillard, 20

Gallatin, James, 92

Gambrill, Mrs., 52

Gammell, R. S., 58, 67, 92

William, 58, 67

Gardiner, Lyon, 347

Gardiner's Bay, 144, 218

Island, 286, 346, 347

Gardner, Caleb, 343, 344

Herodias, 332

Newport, 343

Garretson, Frederic, 48, 219, 313, 364

Garrison on Hudson, 28

Gaspé Point, 157

"Gaspé," the, stoned, 101; fight, 113;
 in bay, 145; intimidation, 147; the
 letter, 149; trapped, 150; attacked,
 151; illegal seizures, 152; burnt,
 153; investigations, 154; after-
 wards, 157; her follower, 159;
 Wallace's letter to Whipple, 165;
 first gun, 166; meeting, 312

Gates, General, 205

Gazette, the Newport, 180, 210, 217

"General Greene," the frigate, 350

Gentil, Mrs. Theodore, 30

George II., 249

III., 149, 161, 164, 229

IV., 319

Fort, 119; regiment at, 145; re-
 paired, 159; stores at, 162;
 dismantled, 163; abandoned,
 167; rebuilt, 175; salute from,
 212

Germany, 161

Gerry, Elbridge, 63, 111, 114

Gertrude, 184, 204

Ghee, 29, 35

Gibbs Avenue, 64

& Channing, 101, 108

Governor William C., 48, 313, 364

Major Theodore, 65

Professor Wolcott, 64

INDEX

- Gilbert, the Misses, 54
 Gillis, Lieutenant, 352
 "Glasgow," the, 175
 Glasser, Mrs., 165
 Glover, General, 193, 196, 199
 Glyn, Miss, 52, 356
 Goat Island, wreck on, 101 ; government station, 103 ; boats, 105 ; strait, 107 ; no water, 108 ; historic incidents, 108 ; squadron, 112 ; anchorage, 115 ; yachts, 116 ; fortified, 119 ; names, 119 ; salute from, 120 ; purchase, 132 ; stock, 170 ; picnics, 342
 Goelet cup-races, 112, 116
 Miss, 62
 Mrs. Ogden, 58
 Mrs. Robert, 58, 91, 111
 Gofe cottage, 31
 Gold-mine, 92
 Golden Age, 102
 Golf Club, 82, 356
 Goodwin, Miss, 358
 Professor, 358
 Gooseberry Island, 64, 76, 78, 348, 356
 Goose-Neck, 78
 Gorahama, 352
 Gossip, 36
 Gould Island, 106, 189
 J. Stanton, 231
 Gould's Hill, 179
 Government station, 106, 113
 Governor Gerrard, 102
 Gracie, Archibald, merchant, 28
 Granby, Marquis of, 185
 Grand-d'Hauteville, 52
 Grand Duke, the, 188
 Grant, General, geraniums named after, 52
 Graves Point, 80, 356
 Great Britain, 160
 Green End, 62, 228, 231, 266
 Greene, Fort, 52 ; covered, 108 ; named, 176 ; covered, 219
 Nathaniel, his visitors, 48 ; vessel named, 108 ; in command, 164 ; verses on, 164 ; commended in
 Greene, Nathaniel (Continued)—
 despatches, 189 ; sent. of, 231,
 232, 233, 313
 Grenadiers, 185
 Griffin, Benjamin, 363
 Mrs. Mary, 185
 Grimes, Colonel, 174
 Grimkés, 20
 Griswold, John N. A., residence of, 47
 Grosvenor, Miss Rosa, 84, 88
 William, 84, 88
 Gull Rock, 68
 Gull-boats, 170
- ## H
- Hague, Mrs. Arnold, 82
 Haddon Avenue, 86
 Hill, pioneer settlers, 33 ; situation, 107 ; view from, 114
 Hall, John, 225
 Martin, 301
 Prescott, 28, 301, 302
 Samuel, 331
 Hammersmith, 27 ; price of, 29 ; the great estate, 74 ; history, 78 ; origin, 83 ; Governor Brenton, 83 ; owner, 83, 109 ; site, 87 ; boundaries, 130 ; entertainment at, 130 ; purchase, 133 ; situation, 133 ; description of, 134 ; improvements, 133 ; reasons, 168 ; noteworthy, 299 ; home, 317 ; cook, 342
 Hammond, James, 320
 "Hampden," the, 177
 Hancock, Governor, 290
 Handcock, John, 309
 Miss, 265, 283, 284
 Handy, Major John, 178, 312
 Hanging Rocks, 70, 270
 "Hannah," the, 150, 151
 Hanover, House of, 161
 Harbor view, 86
 Hare, first catch, 165
 Mr., 165
 Harges, John, 228
 Harlem Heights, 164
 Harper, M. Anne, 275

INDEX

- Harrison Avenue, 82, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88
 house, 85
 Peter, 237, 316
 Hart, Naphtali, 357
 Harte, Bret, 358
 Hartshorn estate, 107
 Harvard College, 229, 289, 320
 Havemeyer, Mr. Theodore, 87
 Mrs. Theodore, 53
 Haven, Mrs. George Griswold, 90
 "Hawk," the, 206, 207
 Hayden, Captain William, 101
 Hays, 245
 Moses Michael, 277, 278
 Hazard Avenue, 52, 87
 Captain John Alfred, 25, 77
 George, 219
 house, 213
 Mrs., 77
 Hazlehurst, Mrs., 31
 Heath, General, 212
 Hell Gate, 103
 Helm, Lieutenant, 207
 Henning, Mr., 336
 Heno, 180
 Henry, Cape, 218
 Herald, Newport, 366
 "Hermione," the, 211
Hesse Darmstadt or Hessian troops,
 88 ; beaten, 164 ; at Newport, 180 ;
 foraging, 180 ; officers spied upon,
 184 ; stationed, 185 ; retreat, 185 ;
 at Quaker Hill, 197 ; Hessian storm,
 204 ; manners, 211
 Higginson, Admiral, 113
 Colonel, 358
 High Street, 262, 343
 Hill, David, 147
 Hilltop, its occupants, 46
 people, 302
 "Hind," the, 145
 Historical Society, 219, 224
 Hobson's Hole, 71
 Hoffman, Charles F., 83
 Holden, Randall, 326
 Holland, Dr. J. G., 358
 Holmes, 228
 Home week, 21
 for destitute children, 213
 Hone, Miss Margaret, 30
 Philip, visitor, 29 ; his diary, 30 ;
 Dinner Club, 302
 Honyman, James, Jr., 320
 Miss, 261
 Mrs., 261
 Rev. James, 70, 232, 251, 252, 259,
 260, 266, 311
 Honyman's Hill, 65, 70, 191, 362, 365
 Hooker, William, 299
 Hopkins, Dr., 84, 248, 249, 271, 343
 Esek, 174, 175, 176
 Hopkinsonians, 84, 250
 Horsmanden, Chief Justice, 154
 Hospital, smallpox, 25 ; the Newport,
 incorporated, 25 ; its scope and en-
 dowments, 25 ; Rocky Farm, 77 ;
 at Coasters Island, 220 ; in State-
 house, 269
 Hospitality, 135
 Hotels, 30, 41, 113
 Holtinguer, Baron, 319
 "Hours," the, 304
 Howe, General Lord, 190, 199, 203, 204
 Mrs. Julia Ward, 93, 358
 Hubbard, Mr., 270
 Hudson River, steamboat, 30 ; yachts,
 111 ; Esopus on, 160 ; "Vulture" in,
 164 ; beacons, 168
 Hugers, 304
 Huguenots, 161
 Hunt, William H., his house, 46
 Hunter, Captain Charles, 336
 Miss Anna, 336
 Mrs., 215, 301, 309
 Mrs. William, 336
 William, 23, 24, 52, 109, 292, 301,
 318, 319
 Huntington, S. E., 82
 Hutton, G. M., 82
 Hyperion, 158, 333

I

- Icelandic scrolls, 367
 Inchquin, 54

INDEX

- Indian Avenue, 50
 Spring, 79
 "Indiana," the, 59
 Indians, 49; *Chamisso's*, 120; *tree*, 121;
 track, 82; sale of lands, 83; of
 America, 96; forts, 118; sell birth-
 right, 125; *Nantuxa* sides, 126;
 village, 127; wigwam, 128; land,
 purchased, 128; challenge, 129; de-
 sign on seal, 129; islands bought,
 132; war, 134; scorn, 136; work,
 137; reward, 138; trick, 138; *Nar-
 ragansett*, 135; history, 139; gam-
 bling, 140; dice, 140; industries,
 140; land purchased from, 160;
 trail, 168; *Oneida*, 212; types,
 284; *Dr. Johnson*, 294; chiefs,
 322; queen, 323; dress, 323;
 names, 323; *squaw*, 324; entertain-
 ments, 324; war dance, 324; at-
 tack, 325; war, 325; feast, 325;
 powerless, 326
 Industries, 137, 138, 139, 141
 Infantry, Newport Light, 159
 Ingersoll, Harry, 62
 Inhabitants, 141
 Inoculation parties, 25; favored, 26
 Insomnia, cure for, 22
 Ireland, 294, 359, 361
 Isaacs, Jacob, 357
 Iselin, Columbus, 112
 Oliver, 112
 Mrs. William, 86
 Isle of Rhodes, 126
 Italy, 284, 289
 Izard, *Mrs. Ralfe*, 30
- J
- Jackson, Colonel, 196
 Jacobs, *Dr. Henry Barton*, 391
 Jamaica, 19
 James, Court of St., 194
 Mrs., 285
 Jamestown, 105, 116
 Japan, 351, 352
 Japanese people, 52
 roses, 50
- Jay, *Mrs. Augustus*, 28
 Jefferson, Thomas, 178
 Jeffrey Road, 76, 87, 261
 William, 87, 261, 299
 Jenkins, Robert, 274
 Jennings, *Mrs. Oliver*, 54
 Jew Street, 41, 260
 Jews, 17, 97; Portuguese, 141; shel-
 tered, 142, 221; welcome French,
 190; in army, 190; rabbi, 232;
 oldest, 233; first in America, 234;
 outcasts, 235; introduce sperm
 candles, 236; congregation, 236;
 accession, 236; notable men, 237;
chazan, 237; synagogue, 237; ark,
 237; western or eastern position,
 238; worship, 238; *Masonic* rites,
 238; decoration of synagogue, 239;
 ovens, 239; scrolls of law, 239;
 synagogue closed, 240; founders,
 240; presents, 240; customs, 240;
 honest, 240; contentions, 240; fled
 before enemy, 241; supported
 American cause, 241; liberal, 241;
 religious buildings, 241; synagogue
 closed, 241; first synagogue, 241;
 Abraham Mendes, 242; charter,
 242; residents, 242; societies, 242;
 original congregation, 242; wedding,
 242; noteworthy persons, 243; gen-
 erous *Judah Touro*, 244; the
 rhyme, 244; New Orleans street,
 244; *spermaceti*, 244; syndicate,
 244; Redwood Library, 244; tower,
 244; old families, 245; descendants,
 245; honesty, 245; dinner, 246;
 in Newport, 250; harmonious, 268;
 merchants, 273; Jews in America,
 273; founders of the library, 316;
 women, 327; club, 357
 John, St., the evangelist, 275
 Johnson, *Dr. Samuel*, 274
 Johnston, Robert, 57
 John Paul, 177
 Miss C. O., 59
 Mrs. George, 33, 85
 Mrs. James, 51, 90

INDEX

Johnston (Continued) —

- Mrs. M. M., 33, 86
- Jones, Inigo, 361
- Joseph, St., 312
- "Josephine," the, 115
- Judith Point, 79, 95, 168, 169, 175, 187,
190, 207, 210, 262
- "Juno," the, 180

K

- Kabbalah, 278
- Kane, de Lancey, 28, 65
 - de Lancey Astor, 28, 89, 90
 - Mrs. de Lancey Astor, 50, 90
 - Woodbury, 28, 51
- Karigel, Haym Isaac, 237
- Kay Chapel, 262
 - Miss, 45
 - Nathaniel, custom inspector, 45 ;
vestryman, 45, 262 ; home, 46 ;
tombstone, 258 ; donations, 263 ;
churchyard, 285 ; school, 292
 - Street, 45, 141, 243, 276, 280
- Keeler, Captain, 154, 156
- Kemble, Miss, 144
- Kemp, Arthur, 107
- Kennedy, James, 319
- Kernochan, Mrs. James, 60
- Keteltas, Miss, 52
- Kidd, Captain William, 253, 313, 346,
347
- King, Charles, 302
 - Charles B., 287
 - David, 25
 - house, 313
 - Mrs. Archibald Gracie, 30
 - Mrs. Le Roy, 50
 - park, 107
 - Rufus, 193, 194, 302
 - Samuel, 286, 287, 289
- "Kingfisher," the, 145, 189
- Kingscote, 49
- Kingston, 215, 291
- Kirin, 112
- Klingender, Captain, 184
- Knight, Edward C., Jr., 54
- Knox, General, 358

Kosciusko, Thaddens, 48
Kuhn, Mrs., 37

L

- Lafayette, Marquis of, visitor, 48 ; at
Honyman's Hill, 70 ; report of,
119 ; arrival, 200 ; station, 203 ; his
aide, 261 ; portrait, 287
- Lake Erie, battle of, 24
- Lakeview Avenue, 54
- Landscraft, 180
- Land's End, 63
- Lane, Professor, 358
- Langdon, Mrs. John, 193
- "Lark," the, 180
- Laurens, Colonel, 196, 198, 201
- Lauzan, 216
- Lawnfield, 85
- Lawrence, Amos, 244
 - Archibald Gracie, 69
 - Governor Beach, 28, 59, 69, 93, 357
 - Mrs., 338
 - Mrs. Abbott, 31
 - Prescott, 50
 - Sir Thomas, 303
 - Walter Bowne, 306
- Laws, 131, 141
- Lawton, Benjamin, 314
 - Miss Polly, 215
- Leary, Miss, 47
- Lebanon, 183
- Leechford, 128
- Ledge Road, 54
- Ledges, the, 76
- Ledyard, Lewis Cass, 82
- Lee, General, 173, 183
- Leghorn, 264
- Leif, the Lucky, 96
- L'Enfant, Major, 119
- Lenox, 67
- Le Roy, Mrs., 49
- Lesser Britain, King of, 133
- Letters from Plymouth Colony, 136 ;
from Washington, 20 ; Horsman-
den, 154 ; Franklin, 162 ; Wallace,
165 ; Whipple, 165 ; Washington,
199, 203 ; P. V. B. Livingston, 254 ;

INDEX

- Letter. (Continued)
 office, 238; Berkeley, 265; New
 port, 338
 Leitch, Robert, 128
 Levin Street, 270
 Levy, Moses, 212, 357
 Lewis, Ida, 80
 Lexington, battle of 1775; Navy, 167;
 Quakers, 167
 "Lexington," the, 103
 "Liberty," the sloop, 191; cog-sawed,
 144; figs, 44
 Library, free, 321
 Redwood, situation, 41; tree,
 46, 57; history, 47; portraits,
 181; Jones' contribution, 244;
 librarian, 249; portraits, 287;
 Stuart's portraits, 293; stone,
 310; founded, 315; donors, 316;
 architect, 316; enlarged, 316;
 books, 316; first president, 317;
 vandal British, 318; property,
 319; patrons, 319; parent, 320
 Lightning-rods, first use of, 230
 Lily Pond, 74, 76, 77, 87
 Lime Rock, 85, 107, 130
 Lindsay, Captain, 150
 Lippitt, Governor, 64, 75
 Lisbon, 236, 244
 Little Compton, 208
 Livingston, Colonel Henry Brockholst,
 196, 198
 Governor William, 333
 Manor, 111
 Mrs. Herman, 58
 Peter Van Brugh, 254
 "Lizard," the, 146
 Lockyer, Captain, 157
 Rev. Mr., 251
 Lodge, King David's, 275, 277, 280
 of Free and Accepted Masters,
 274
 St. John's, 274, 275
 London, 141, 274, 293, 301
 "London," the, 158, 225
 Longfellow, Henry W., 81, 99, 109,
 224, 243, 328, 367
 Long Island, battle of, 164; cape, 346;
 mills, 363
 Sound, 102, 111, 141, 168, 169
 Wharf, 179, 188, 211, 215, 235,
 263, 303
 Lopez, Aaron, 97, 108, 235, 236, 240,
 243, 244, 245
 Moses, 243, 244, 316, 357
 Wharf, 245
 Lords of Trade, 153
 Lorillard, Louis, 93
 Lossing, Benjamin, 160, 364
 Lotteries, 311
 Louis XV., 121
 XVI., 121
 Louisburg, 99
 Love Lane, 65
 Lovell, Major General, 199
 Ludlow, Edward L., 85
 Lynn, Massachusetts, 228
 "Lynn," the, 187
 "Lysistrata," the, 111

M

- MacKay, 301
 Macomb, Major Alexander, 34
 Magnolia, 235
 "Magnolia," the, 59
 "Maidstone," the, 143
 Maine, State of, 103
 Maitland, Robert, 32, 109
 Malbone, Edward G., 287, 297, 303,
 304, 305, 306
 Francis, 302
 Godfrey, his estate, 27; site, 28;
 owned Ochre Point, 92; extrava-
 gance, 98; his privateersmen,
 100; the artist, 297; estate,
 298; house, 298; garden, 299;
 house, 299; garden, 299;
 Newport house, 300; hospita-
 ble, 300; fire, 300; house, 310
 house, 302
 John, 297
 Miss, 301
 Mrs., 301
 Thomas, 301

INDEX

- Mall, the, 41, 100, 141, 213
 Maltzbury, Captain, 184
 Manchester, Duchess of, 62
 Manhatttan, 125
 Manigault, 304
 Marble house, 53, 57
 Marchant Street, 89
 "Marietta," the, 111
 Marine Avenue, 60
 Society, 358
 Marlborough, Duchess of, 62
 Duke of, 316
 Street, 133, 230
 Marranos, 236
 Marsh, Colonel, 179
 Martin, Major, 213
 Mary Street, 45, 135, 141, 211, 213,
 215, 216, 269, 302, 313
 Mason, Benjamin, 24
 G. C., 217, 239, 277, 362
 Miss Ellen, 65
 Mr., 27
 the Misses, 23
 Masonic rites, 238
 Massachusetts Colony, 17, 25, 124, 131,
 134, 155, 158, 210, 223, 228, 234, 289,
 322, 325, 327, 332, 359
 "Massachusetts," the, 59
 Massasoit, 322
 Mather, Cotton, 235
 Matthews, Lieutenant, 352
 Mattison, Dr., estate of, 23
 Dr. Richard V., 65
 "May," the, 115
 Mayfield, 52
 Mayors, 219
 McAllister, Ward, 34; cotillon din-
 ners, 34; his book, 36; to introduce
 a girl, 36; arena, 49
 McClellan, Mrs. George, 336
 McSparran, Rev. Mr., 292
 Meatacom, 322, 324, 325
 Medical lectures, first, 23; literature,
 25
 school, 23
 Mediterranean Sea, 68
 Mellifont Abbey, 36
 Mendes, Abraham, 242
 Mendez, 234
 Mercer, Dr., 29
 Merchants, 102, 145, 147
 "Mercury," the, 145, 156
 Mercury, the Newport, 41, 180, 210,
 217, 250, 329, 331
 Meriam, Mr., curate, 69
 Merrill, Mr., 51
 Merton Avenue, 66
 Meteor, 351
 Methodists, 46, 270, 327, 343
 Metropolis, 103
 Miantomoni, 125, 126
 Hill, or Tomony, 28, 118, 119, 125,
 139, 168, 192, 195, 297, 321
 Midas, 62, 300
 Midcliff, 59
 Middleton, Mr., long life, 20; prop-
 erty owner, 29; his home, 49
 Middletons, 304
 Middletown, 41, 220
 Mile Corner, 41
 Mill Street, 47, 270, 290, 313, 364
 Miller, William Starr, 76, 87
 Mills, Ogden, 54, 62
 Mintus, 344
 Minyan, 241
 "Mississippi," the, 351, 352
 Mitchell, Dr. Weir, 358
 Miss Maria, 358
 Mob, 151
 Moffat, John, 285
 Thomas, first lectures, 23, 285, 331
 Monroe, James, 304
 Montagu, Admiral, 149, 156
 Montauk Point, 168, 169, 176, 210,
 218, 346, 347
 Monteceto, 112
 Moore, Miss Theresa, 30
 Moravians, 251
 Mordecai, the Misses, 245
 Morgan, E. D., 84, 107
 J. Pierpont, 111, 114, 356
 Randall, 115
 William, 279
 Morrell, Edward, 28, 32, 73

INDEX

Morris, G. P., 333
 Lieutenant, 352
 Major, 200
 Mortistown, 144
 Morse, E. Rogers, 21, 20
 Mrs., 51
 Mottoes, 129, 218
 Mount Hope, 293, 322
 Mt. Vernon Street, 269
 Mountfort, Arden, 26
 Mumford House, 213
 Joseph, 360
 Peter, 301
 Thomas, 314
 William, 261
 Murdo, Major Nathan, 180
 Murray, Mr., 79
 Myers, Napoleon, Hunt, 260

N

"Nalima," the, 111
 Name, 126
 Nanamapung, 324, 325, 326, 327
 "Nancy," the, 157
 Nanicut, 157
 Nantucket, 207, 235, 310
 Narragansett Avenue, 30, 51, 58, 89, 90
 Bay, 17, 18; the shores of, 39; entrance to, 81; demesne on, 82; vessels on, 88; sea, 90; explored, 96; its names, 96; blockaded, 100; vessels, 104; cruising ground, 105; defences of, 118; surroundings of, 123; Tomney Head, 126; commerce, 127; roses, 127; Brenton's purchase, 133; Indian battle, 139; flourishing settlements, 141; men-of-war, 144; English vessels, 145; the "Gaspé" and the "Beaver," 147; molestations, 149; Captain Lindsay, 150; Duddingston, 153; "Spywood," 156; "Rose," 159; Wallace in, 165, 166; farms on, 167; defences, 170; commerce, 171

Bay (Continued)
 North Tangle, 171; (see Hunt)
 County, 176; boundaries, 176; limits on, 191; guns, 192; the "Gaspé" and the "Beaver," 193; the "Gaspé" and the "Beaver," 193; trade in, 241; arrival of Berkeley, 250; St. Paul's church, 262; Rogers' house, 268; pirates, 316; concealed treasure, 321; Phony, 321; commerce, 327
 Indians, 322
 Hunt, 32, 323
 Naval Academy, 118
 apprentices, 127
 Landing, 127
 War College, 127
 Navy, secretary of, 103; first vessels, 108; squadron, 112; four thousand enlisted, 164; first fight, 166; demand for, 170; first ships, 174; Commander Hopkins, 174; active, 175; disasters, 176; crippled, 176; John Paul Jones, 177; expeditions, 177; naval history, 177; Midshipman Perry, 319
 Negroes from Africa, 137; account of, 341; ceremonies, 345; New Orleans, 244
 Negro's Head, 70
 North Channel, 118, 119
 Mrs. Edward, 37
 Neilson, Mr., 79
 Netherlands, 178
 Netop? What cheer, 17
 New Amsterdam, 161
 Bathurst, 180, 181, 235, 335
 Commerce, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000
 from, 28; landowners in Newport, 50; Mervin in, 50; land, 51; Miss Keteltas of, 52; Mr. Sturgis of, 67; Bishop of,

INDEX

New York (Continued)—

75; Mrs. Jones of, 86; packets to, 102; Peck Slip, 102; harbor, 102; Yacht Club, 105; passengers from, 109; races, 116; independent, 142; men-of-war to, 144; "Hannah" from, 150; Colonial document, 154; tea-party, 157; laws, 158; Dutch of, 160; not submissive, 161; battle, 164; beacons, 168; signals to, 169; fleet to, 174; ship for, 177; aid from, 178; Newport regiments at, 187; Lord Howe, 203; brig for, 207; raid from, 208; signal to, 209; evacuation, 218; coasters, 220; Quakers, 224; Freemasons, 274; Trinity Church, 279; Gilbert Stuart, 294; Prescott Hall, 301; Mrs. Cutting, 302; Philip Hone, Mayor, 302; Mayor and Mrs. Bowne, 306; New Amsterdam, 308; tours, 309; tea, 333; ship chandler, 337; Miss Burr, 338; sanitary fair, 339; dialect, 345; Captain Kidd, 346; merchant vessel, 347

Newmans, the Miss, 32

Newport, weather, 18; invalid resort, 19, 20; comforts, 21; police, 21; fire department, 21; grand fête, 21; for children, 23; inhabitants long lived, 23; Medical School, 23; physician founded, 23; celebrated doctors, 24; board of health, 24; Asylum, 25; smallpox hospital, 25; Newport Hospital, 25; great demesnes, 25; early account of, 25; books, 26; favorite resort, 27; country estates, 27; inhabitants, 27; tax book, 27; first summer visitors, 27; assessments, 27; Miss Mason's house, 28; chance visitors, 29; price of land, 29; dinners, 29; description, 30; social leaders, 33; extravagance, 34; coachmen, 36; balls,

Newport (Continued)—

36; winter colony, 37; cipher, 37; her thoroughfare, 41; early watering place, 42; fashions, 42; smart, 45; scientific visitors, 46; original cottages, 47; her sons, 47; early description of, 47; Mr. Tuckerman, 48; realm, 49; beautiful room, 54; unique walk, 55; settler, 55; mimic war, 59; show place, 62; puzzling, 64; pioneer place, 65; ex-mayor, 67; view of, 70; ocean drive, 73; residence, 75; club, 76; old house, 77; hospital, 77; transition, 79; exotics, 82; first great demesne, 83; Fort Adams, 84; heroine, 84; view, 88; centre of, 89; delightful home, 89; unique house, 90; Queen of, 90; ex-mayor of, 91; visitors, 92; approach to, 95; rhymes on, 95; Leif the Lucky, 96; at first, 97; merchants, 97; de Crevecoeur's description, 97; pews of, 97; pirates, 98; prizes, 100; cannon for, 100; privateersmen, 100; blockaded, 101; fight in harbor, 101; foreign trade, 102; packets, 102; early boats, 103; coal, 104; busy harbor, 105; government stations, 107; torpedo station, 108; playground, 108; Coasters Island, 108; to Block Island, 109; "Electra," in, 111; light-ship, 111; Naval Academy, 113; middies, 114; yachtsman, account of, 114; craft, 115; races, 116; boat building, 116; sightseers, 117; residents of, 117; de Tousard, 119; opening, Fort Adams, 120; refuge, 135; surveyor of, 135; descendants of Brenton, 136; capital, 123; social centre, 124; pioneers, 126; site selected, 128; boundaries, 128; Arnold's purchase, 128; Hammersmith, 130; fountain, 132; lots, 132; land-owners, 132; its flag, 137; original houses, 138; merchants, 140; schools, 140; packet lines, 141;

INDEX

Newport (Continued)

Jews, 142; Jews, 142; see also 142
years, 142; men of, 143; 1900
fight, 145; "first in war," 145; en-
listments, 146; committee given
from, 147; remonstrances, 148;
"Hannah" and "Clasp," 149; lib-
erty, 152; commissioners, 154; Cap-
tain Keeler, 156; customs, 156;
meetings, 157; Governor Coddington,
158; domestic tea, 158; Light
infantry, 159; warlike attitude, 159;
alarmed, 162; cradle of liberty, 163;
mob, 163; news of Lexington, 163;
army of observation, 163; four
thousand enlisted, 164; first fight,
166; captured vessels, 166; under
the guns, 167; signals, 169; deserted,
169; attacked, 169; stock driven off,
170; return of Wallace, 170; threats,
170; storm, 171; refugees, 171; at-
tack on, 172, abandoned, 172; de-
fence, 174; fortifications, 176; Paul
Jones, 177; raised three companies,
177; defence of town, 178; Declara-
tion of Independence, 178; Major
John Handy, 178; suffering, 179;
English fleet, 179; Prescott in com-
mand, 180; John Bannister's house,
181; tyrannical Prescott, 181; anec-
dote, 182; capture of Prescott, 182;
British sorties, 183; spies, 185;
British officers captured, 185; reg-
iments at, 185; force to attack,
186; Burgoyne at, 187; Treaty of
Paris, 187; French fleet, 188;
houses burned, 189; French sail,
190; Sullivan's march, 191; British
uncaptured, 192; Sullivan's report,
194; British troops for, 203; Gen-
eral Pigot's defence, 204; storm,
204; spies, 204; in Seaconnet, 205;
forays from, 207; Major Taggart,
208; evacuation, 208; Americans in
possession, 210; Mercury, 210; hos-
tile fleet, 210; French arrive, 211;
transformations, 211; reminiscences

Newport (Continued)

of, 217; peace, 218; incorporation,
219; Historical Society, 219; Ar-
tillery, 219; volunteers, 220; "Dart"
captured, 220; Quakers, 221;
Burnyeat, 222; May meeting, 222;
old names, 223; Roger Williams,
224; Quakers, 224; a poor society,
225; birthplace of Baptists, 225;
ceremonies at Blue Rocks, 226; sun
worship, 227; Dr. Clarke, 228; First
Congregational Church, 229; First
Baptist Church, 229; Home week,
231; Jews, 233; liberal, 234; mal-
contents, 234; a poor society, 234;
synagogue, 237; Masonic marks,
239; Jewish community, 241; closed
synagogue, 241; wedding, 242;
noteworthy Jews, 243; burial in
cemetery, 243; first syndicate, 244;
Congregational Society, 246; Dr.
Clapp, 246; Society before the Rev-
olution, 249; Mercury, 249; Epis-
copalians, 251; Rev. James Hony-
man, 252; gale, 254; funeral, 257;
organ, 258; arrival of Berkeley,
259; the Mumfords, 261; Berkeley's
description, 265; the reception of
Berkeley, 266; Whitehall, 266;
the Roman Catholics, 268; im-
migrants, 269; Methodists, 270;
Unitarians, 270; Freemasons, 273;
lodge, 275; mason's marks, 279;
artists, 283; types, 284; Berkeley's
picture, 284; Fefe, 285; Samuel
King, 286; William Claggett, 288;
Washington Allston, 288; Corné,
290; his house, 290; Gilbert Stuart,
291; school, 292; rich citizens, 293;
Prescott's headquarters, 293; Stu-
art's serenade, 293; furniture, 294;
Miss Jane Stuart, 295; easy living,
296; anecdote, 296; Edward G.
Malbone, 297; rich men, 299; in-
comes in 1853, 299; great colonial
estates, 299; Godfrey Malbone, 300;
Prescott, 300; the 300th

INDEX

Newport (Continued)—

widows, 300; Mrs. Hunter, 301; Peter Mumford, 301; Charles H. Russell, 302; pioneer cottages, 302; William Ellery Channing, 302; little art, 303; death of Malbone, 306; hamlet, 308; Nichol's house, 309; Joseph Wanton, 309; descendants, 309; Baily's description, 310; old landmarks, 313; liberty tree, 314; de Segur, 314; de Warville, 314; lugubrious description, 315; books destroyed, 318; Southwick, 319; Redwood Library, 319; a court, 326; William Dyer, 328; generous women, 329; ventures, 329; *Mercury*, 329; John and Benjamin Franklin, 330; Widow Franklin, 331; newspapers, 331; industrious women, 331; gloves, 332; Russian duck, 332; Herodias Gardner, 332; during Revolution, 334; French, 335; trusts, 335; impostor, 337; nurses, 337; Theodosia Burr, 338; Mrs. Lawrence, 338; Captain Perry, 338; two factors, 341; slaves, 341; negroes, 342; the novel, 342; negro schools, 343; only thermometer, 343; negro undertaker, 344; dialect, 344; old cook, 345; Captain Kidd, 346; Kidd's house, 348; heroes, 349; Commodore Perry, 351; clubs, 355; the meet, 356; fox hunting in colonial times, 357; Hebrew club, 357; societies, 358; old stone tower, 359; construction, 361; mills, 363; Lossing's visit, 364; the *Herald*, 366; beasts, 368; pharos, 369

Newport Harbor, entrance, 39; places on, 86; views, 88; situation, 95; light in, 101; historie vessels, 101; cargo, 101; yachts, 104; scene, 105; August days, 109; the lights, 113; fights, 113, 143; New York Yacht Club, 115; cup races, 116; defences of, 117; batteries, 119; discovery of, 127; Brenton arrived,

Newport Harbor (Continued)—

133; the shipping, 141; lesson to English, 143; captures, 144; regiments at, 146; "Hannah" and "Gaspé," 150; wreck, 153; "Spywood," 156; Fort George repaired, 159; vessels burned, 160; captured ships, 166; unprotected, 167; signal stations, 167; beacons, 168; Wallace, 172; British, 175; smallpox, 176; British army land, 188; fleet flee, 191; British reinforcements, 204; engagements, 205; prizes, 220; privateers, 220; whale-ships, 235; old stone tower, 359, pharos, 369

Newport Reading-room, 355

Newspapers, *Gazette*, 180, 210, 217; *Mercury*, 41, 180, 210, 250; *New England Courant*, 330

Newton, Henry, 292

Nichols, Governor Jonathan, 213, 309

Nicholsen, James, 177

Mrs., 89

Nightingale, Colonel, 162

Nile, 81

Non-importation agreement signed, 146

Norman, Reginald, 112

Norsemen, 96

North Battery, 262

Lord, 161

Norwalk, 208

"Nourmahal," 111, 114, 115

Newell, 20

Nunmuit, 325, or Pitu, 326

"Nutshell," the, 32

O

Oakland, entertainments, 35; again, 67

Oaklawn, its owner, 30; Queen of Newport, 90; Mr. Stillman, 90; show pace, 302

Occupation by British, 179

Ocean Avenue, 73, 75, 76, 78, 81, 86, 87, 127, 356

House, early days, 30; situation of, 41; when built, 49

INDEX

Bellevue Avenue, 91, 93
 Bedford, 28, 33; The prison, 34
 View of, 60; history, 62, comp.
 91; story of, 93; women, 98
 Van Astor's prison, 28; 30
 See LAURENCE, and
 O'Brien, H. Maria, Mrs. of
 house, 61
 O'Brien, Edward, 32
 Ogilvie, James, 318
 Old Beach road, 47, 57, 263
 Church, near, 260
 Colony line, 103
 Fort Road, 86, 87
 "Olive Branch," the, 102
 Olmstead, A. H., 78, 79
 Olney, Colonel, 164
 Oneida Indians, 212
 Oorst, Sarah, 346
 Oranson, Frances, 136
 Organ, 258
 Osborn, Mrs. Fairfield, 347
 Osgood, Mrs. Franklin, 90
 Otis, Mrs. James W., 30
 Outré, Madame, 32
 Overton, Mr., 182, 183
 Oxnard, Grand Master, 274

P

Protection, Moses, 231
 Padlet ships, 29, 105, 106, 141
 Paget, Mrs., 49
 Palisades, 168
 Paradise, the, 213, 217, 269, 277, 312
 Paradise Avenue, 70
 Paradise, fly, Miles, 31, 32; description of, 68; eggs, 105, 106, 107
 Paris, treaty of, 187, 188, 190
 Parker, James, 66
 Sir Peter, 179
 Parliament, 161, 187
 Parocheth, 239, 243
 Parrish, Mr., 47, 62, 64
 Parsees, 237, 238
 Pasture lands, 132
 Patriotic movements, 178, 312

INDEX

- Philadelphia (Continued)—
 news to, 209; Hebrews in, 245;
 Mr. Powell, 288; Mr. Coates, 288;
 French artist, 303; Congressman
 at, 337
- Philip, King, 322, 326
- Philosophical Society, 316, 358
- Physicians, 229
- Picnics, 33, 34
- "Pictorial Field-Book," 160
- Pierce, C. S., 365, 368
- Pierson, J. F., 54
- Pigot, Sir Robert, 204
- "Pigot," the, 206, 207
- Pinard cottages, 67
- Pinckney, Major-General, 20
 Mrs., 20
- Pitt, 161
- Pitt's Head tavern, 212
- "Plaine Dealing," 128
- "Pluck and Luck," the, 112
- Plymouth Colony, 136, 322
 patent, 124
- "Plymouth," the, 351, 352
- Pocasset, 127, 321, 325, 326
- Point, the, 213, 214, 308, 309, 332
- Pollen, Thomas, 274
- Pollock, Isaac, 20, 240, 245
 Issachar, 357
- Polo Club, 356
- Pomeroy, Mrs., 77
- Pomfret, 152, 168
- Poplars, Lombardy, 120
- Portsmouth, 104, 127, 128, 193, 314
- Portuguese Jews, 141, 236, 245, 327
- Post, Mrs. William, 53
- Potter, General Robert B., 75
 Mrs. Edward, 302
- Powel, John Hare, 288
 Miss, 37
 Miss Ida (Johnson), 32
 Mr., house, 50
 Mrs. Samuel, 65
- "Powhatan," the, 353
- Presbyterians, 17
- Prescott, General, 180, 181, 182, 183,
 185, 204, 293, 313, 318
- President of Colony, 130
 of Congress, 194
- Price, the shoemaker, 88, 135
- Price's Neck, 64, 79, 133, 134, 135,
 138
- Priests, 211
- Prime, Mrs. Frederick, 121
- Princeton, 344
- Pringle, John Julius, 29
 Mrs., 30
 Miss Mary, 32
- Printing press, Franklin's, 331
- Privateersmen, 184, 220, 225, 300
- Proclamations, 312
- Proverb, 165
- Providence, situation, 18; Mr. Brown
 of, 52; Mr. W. Grosvenor, of,
 88; Mr. Coates, of, 88; settlers
 from, 97; boats to, 109; the
 capital, 123; business, 123;
 schools, 128; letters, 136; com-
 merce, 147; remonstrances, 148;
 "Hannah" sailed, 150; promi-
 nent rebels, 153; the "Spy-
 wood," 156; tea-party, 158;
 stores removed, 162; beacons,
 168; sends help, 170; protective,
 172; blockade runners, 172;
 Prescott sent to, 183; prisoners
 to, 185; rejoicings, 187; threat-
 ened, 188; General Sullivan,
 190; the "Hawk" from, 206;
 Burnyeat, 222; Historical So-
 ciety, 224; birthplace of Bap-
 tists, 226; whaleships, 235;
 James de Wolf, 301; first trust
 company, 310
- Plantations, title, 123; founded,
 124; letters, 136; charter, 136;
 brigade, 163; State title adopt-
 ed, 178; Quakers, 221; secre-
 tary of, 327
- "Providence," the, 103, 177
- Provincial government, 162
- Prudence Island, 106, 132, 170, 173,
 182, 185
- Pumpelly, Professor, 64

INDEX

Purgatory, 32; pictures, 33; description of, 68; statue, 68; transportation of, 69; waves, 70; code, 207; Berkeley's coat, 285

Puritans, 13; their prayer, 99, 131; bricks, 138, 223

Q

Quaiapen, 325

Quaker Hill, 193, 197

Quakers or Friends, brave, 164; as soldiers, 167; light-house tenders, 167; in Newport, 169; punished, 182; Mr. Overton, 182; spies, 184; welcome the French, 190; give information, 205; livery, 211; surprised, 213; history of, 221; meetings, 222; house, 222; influential men, 223; property, 223; John Hull, 225; Friend Greene, 231; sheltered, 235; harmonious, 251; sect, 268; Redwood, 316; library, 317; women, 327; Mary Dyer, 327; hanged, 328; Mrs. Gardner, 332; Robinson, 334

Quarimo, 345

Quarterfoil, 91

Queen Street, 217

"Quidder Merchant," 347

Quinebaug River, 302

Quaiapen, 326

R

Races, 116, 117

Rameses, 80

Ray, Robert, 32

Reading Room, the Newport, 16

Rebellion, 145

Recruits, 178

Redemptionists, 337

Red Island, 68

Redmond, Henry Sheaff, 112

Mrs. William, 37, 338

Redwood, Abraham, 287, 316, 317, 318, 338

Reed, Colonel William, 314
J., 86

Reef, the, 80

Regiments, British, 179

Reichman, 126, 221

Reid, Captain William, 144

"Reliance," (Rev. 112)

Reminiscences of Newport, 217, 239

Rensselaerwyck, manor of, 286

Reports of Seafaring, 194

on Duddingston, 155

Reunion of Sons and Daughters, 22, 231

Revolution, hospital, 25; beacons, 69; Rhode Island, 118, 167, 168, 113; Carter Hill attacked, 149; first rebellion, 145; Wesley's sermon, 155; rebellion, 163; Rhode Island troops, 164; first gun, 166; signals used, 169; the campaign on Rhode Island, 203; aftermath, 219; Congregational Church, 248; French, 268

Rhode Island, health resort, 19; charter, 24; first charter, 24; Medical history, 25;

books, 26; relics of battle, 46; a governor of, 48;

Avenue named, 64; Chow-
der, 66; coast, 67, 68;

68; refugee to, 87; as-
sembly, 99; sloop of, 99;

privateersmen, 99; the
"Tartar," 100; coal, 104;

frigates, 108; battle of,
119; trees, 120; title,

123; capitals, 123; its
name, 126; State seal,

129; first president, 130;
laws, 131; first charter,

133; Governor Coddington,
133; William Brenton,

134; neighbors, 136; de-
scription of, 136; charter,

137; the first charter,
146; bold merchants, 146;

David Hill, 147; Governor
Wanton, 148; federacy,

155; tea, 157; imitative,
158; charter, 158; forti-

INDEX

Rhode Island (Continued)—

- fied, 159; warlike attitude, 159; condition of settlement, 160; call for justice, 161; brigade, 163; brave men, 164; history of, 166; troops sent to Boston, 167; the Quakers, 167; first Navy, 170; ships, 174; State title adopted, 178; troops, 186; army recruited, 190; storm, 191; battle of, 193; report of battle, 194; campaign, 203; laurels, 207; new regiments, 210; Governor Nichols, 213; progressive, 219; Quakers, 221; many sects, 223; Quakers, 224; first electric rods, 230; welcome Jews, 234; vote for Jews, 235; first church incorporated, 251; Berkeley sails for, 265; Roman Catholics, 268; charter to Freemasons, 276; Trumbull at battle, 286; portraits, 297; Peterson's history, 299; great estates, 299; aide, 302; Union bank, 310; governor proclaimed, 312; de Segur, 314; de Warville, 315; Aquidneck, 321; ball, 324; Dyer, 327; slave trade, 341; slaves emancipated, 342; treasure, 348; history of, 361; battle ground, 362 Avenue, 263
- de Tousard at battle of, 119
- Rhua cottage, 51, 90
- Richardson, Mr., 283
 - Jacob, 320
 - Miss Sarah, 334
 - Mrs. S. O., 64, 75
- Richie, Mrs., 30
- Richmond, Colonel, 175
- Ridge road, 73
- Rives, George Lockhart, 90
 - Mrs. George Lockhart, 51
- Riviera, the, 86
 - Abraham, 240
 - Jacob Rodriguez, 240, 243, 245, 316, 357
- Rivieras, 97, 236
- Roach, John, 310
 - William, 310
- Robinson, Abby, 334
 - Amy, 334
 - Mary, 334, 336
 - Miss Mary, 309
 - Thomas, 334
 - Mrs., 335
 - Mrs. William, 309
- Rockhurst, 63
- Rockledge, 79
- Rocks, the, 75
- Rocky Farm, 25, 27, 77, 135
 - Point, 109
- Rodman, Dr. Robert, 232, 233
 - Miss, 335
- Rogers, Fairman, Mr., flowers and sports, 59
 - John, 275
 - Mrs., 65
 - Robert, 289
 - William B., 358
- Roman Catholics, 213; arrival, 268; chapel in state-house, 268; priests, 269; influx, 269; churches, 269; St. Joseph's, 312
- Roode Eylandt, 68, 126
- Roome, George, 308
- Roosevelt, Theodore, as godfather, 57
- Rope-walk, Brinley's, burned, 45; Masonic rope, 46; account of, 141
- Rose Island, 68, 106, 132, 342
- "Rose," the, 127, 145, 159, 165, 166, 170, 175
- Roselawn, 54
- Rosevale, 91
- Roslyn, 88
- Ross, Dr., 228, 288
 - Mr., 220

INDEX

Rotch, Mrs. William, 335, 336
 Rough Point, 51, 63, 68
 Rowlandson, Mrs., 323
 Roxburghe, Duchess of, 62
 Ruggles Avenue, 60
 Russell, Charles H., 22, 30, 40, 41
 Miss Fanny, 90, 357
 Mr. and Mrs., 32
 Russia, Czar of, 284
 Rutgers, Anthony, 274
 Rutherford, Mr. Lewis, 85
 Mrs. Lewis, 32
 Rutledge, 304
 John, 20, 309

S

Sachuest Bay, 205
 Beach, 68 ; surroundings, 70, 267
 Cape, 39, 71, 205
 River, 39, 128, 205
 Safe, Mrs. T. Shaw, 58, 67
 Salem, 290
 Sands, Admiral, 113
 Sandy Hook, 112, 116, 346
 "Santee," the, 113
 Saratoga, 49, 186
 "Saratoga," the, 351
 Sarzedas, Abraham, 357
 Savannah, 20
 "Scarborough," the, 109, 175, 306
 Schermerhorn, Mrs. William, 90
 School Street, 213
 Schools, 128, 129, 131, 349
 Schrier, Eugene, 242
 Sarah, 242
 Schnyder, Philip, 347
 Science Monthly, 365
 Scotchmen, 161
 Scott, George, 136
 George S., 53, 87
 General Winfield, 319
 Judge Edward, 320
 Mary, 136
 Miss Margaret, 361
 Scripture, British perversion of, 132;
 quotation, 222; texts, 232, 238, 250
 Scrolls of the law, 230
 "Seynitar," the, 175
 Seabury, Mr., 311
 Seaconnet, 70, 132, 181, 189, 205, 209,
 321
 Seafield, 76
 Seaford, 166, 167, 174, 176, 177
 Sears, Mr., 27
 Seaside, 60
 See Avenue, 60
 Avenue, 60
 Seawan, 125
 Seaside, 125
 Seekonk, 70
 Sefet-torah, 210
 Sefet-torah, 210
 Seixas, Moses, 277
 "Senegal," the, 191
 Settlers, first, 124, 127, 128, 132, 140
 Sevastopol, 49
 Shakers, their cloaks, 35
 Shakers, 35
 Shawmut Mountains, 168
 Shawmut, 168
 Shawmut, 168
 Shawmut, 168
 Sheldon, Mrs. Frederick, 67, 92
 Shenandoah, 85
 Shepard Avenue, 52
 Sheffield, 116, 117, 118
 Sherman, 116, 117, 118
 Street, 220
 William, 22, 302
 Shields, Professor, 28, 93
 Ship chandler, 141, 310
 Ship, 141, 310
 Singleton, 20
 Sisson, Cudjo, 183
 "Slaap-hauck," 308
 Slave trade, 300
 Sleeping Beauty, 77
 Smith, J. C., 87
 John, 220
 Snow, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120
 Nathaniel, 285
 Snow, Captain, 175
 Snug Harbor, 53

INDEX

- Society for Promotion of Knowledge
 and Virtue, 320
 Solomon, King, 275
 Sorehon, Mrs. Victor, 62
 South Baptist street, 263
 House, 91
 Kingston, 220
 Southwick, Solomon, 217, 218, 319, 331
 Spain, 161, 327
 Spanish American War, 220
 Sparkler, Henry, 143, 144
 Spencer, General, 183
 John Thompson, 60
 Lorillard, 86, 107
 Spermaceti, 236, 237, 310
 chandlers, 310
 Spies, 184, 188, 204, 205
 "Spitfire," the, 170
 Spouting House, 63, 64, 68, 75, 76
 Spring Street, 40, 41, 87, 89, 135, 141,
 181, 229, 231, 250, 260, 263,
 269, 270, 293, 311, 313, 362
 name, 135
 "Spywood," the, 156
 "Squirrel," the, 143
 St. Domingo, 177
 St. Galahad Society, 355
 "St. John," the, 143
 St. John's Lodge, 274
 St. Louis, Chevalier de, 119
 St. Mary's Church, 270
 St. Paul's Church, 292
 Stamford, 208
 Stamp Act, 161, 162, 314
 Stark, General, 269
 State, first mention, 129
 Rock, 17
 Seals, 129
 State-house, its use, 25 ; on parade,
 89 ; abandoned, 123 ; situation, 141 ;
 Declaration of Independence, 178 ;
 tavern near, 184 ; Masonic signs,
 239 ; as church, 263 ; chapel, 268 ;
 lodge, 275 ; Masonic marks, 279 ;
 stone, 311 ; cart-tail, 311 ; pillory,
 312 ; erected, 312 ; proclamations,
 312 ; meetings, 312 ; hospital, 337
 Staten Island, 32
 Steamboats, 102
 Steuben, Baron, 48
 Stevens, Mrs. Parau, 49
 Stillman, James, 90
 Stock, imported, 133
 Stone, Mrs. Joseph, 51
 Mill, see Tower
 Storm-King, 204
 Storms, 171, 186, 191, 204, 253, 254,
 263
 Stout, Mrs. Aquilla, 61
 Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher, 84, 248,
 342
 Streets cut, 135
 Stuart, Ann, 291
 Gilbert, 291
 Gilbert Charles, 181, 291, 292,
 293, 294, 295, 296, 297
 James, 291
 Miss Jane, 295, 296
 Mrs. Gilbert, 292
 Mrs. Gilbert Charles, 294
 Stuarts, the, 161
 Stubbs, John, 222
 Sturgis, Frank K., 67
 Styles, Dr. Ezra, 230, 248, 249, 250,
 317, 318
 Mrs., 250
 "Successful Campaign," 217
 Suekling, Sir John, 227
 Sugar refineries, 141
 Sullivan, General, 190, 191, 192, 193,
 194, 203, 204, 280, 302
 Sully, Thomas, 288
 Summit, 169
 Sun-worship, 66, 226, 227, 237
 Surveyor, first, 135
 "Susquehanna," the, 351, 352
 Swan, J. A., 65
 "Swan," the, 145, 166
 Swanhurst, 51
 Swinburne, Peckham & Co., 311
 Synagogue, 234, 237, 273, 311
 Syndicate, first, in America, 244, 310
 Syndicates, yacht, 116

INDEX

T

- Taggart, Cudjoe, 184
 Judge William, 184, 208
 Talbot, Major, 196, 199, 201, 206, 207
 "Tartar," the, 99, 100, 284
 Taunton, River, 326
 Tavernis, John Fry, 181 : Marquis of Granby, 184 : Pitt's Head, 212 : Freemasons' Arms, 274
 Taxes, 157
 Taylor, Bayard, 351, 352
 farm, 92
 Henry, 35 : domestic oil, 67
 Lieutenant, 352
 Mrs. Amos, 31
 Nicholas, 92
 Robert, 92
 William Vigneron, 24
 Tea, cargo, 157 ; in New York, 158 ; in Baltimore, 158 ; domestic, 158 ; fight, 163 ; refused, 215
 Teething infants, 22
 Teie, Queen, 80
 Tell, Major, 179
 Temple, Solomon's, 237, 238
 Thames Street, 19, 40, 48, 57, 135, 141, 214, 216, 260, 270, 287, 296, 304, 311, 313, 314
 Thaw, Benjamin, 54
 Thayer, Dr., 29
 Nathaniel, 54
 Theatricals, 37
 Thermometer, 343
 "Thetis and Hermes," 102
 Third Beach Road, 70
 Thirty footers, 112
 Thomas, E. R., 335
 Saint, 275
 Thompson, Charles, 162
 Thothmes, 80
 Thun, 80
 Tiffany, George, 29
 Mrs., 90
 Tilley, Thomas, 276
 Tilley's rope-walk, 276
 Tiverton, 170, 182, 185, 186, 190, 194, 195, 204
 Todd, Joseph, 320
 Tomatoes, 291
 Tombs, 111. See *Mitochondria*
 Tompe Swamp, 325
 Prophets, William, 11, 112
 Torah, 243
 Tories, 178, 208, 214, 261, 334
 Torpedo station, 95, 105, 108, 188
 Totten, Major, 121, 269
 Touro, Abraham, 243, 245
 chapel, 46
 Dr. Isaac, 232, 237, 243, 245, 248
 house, 30
 Judah, 48, 243, 244, 245, 316, 364, 367
 Manor, 48
 Park, 47, 48, 349, 359
 Street, 41, 45, 233, 276
 Tower, or old mill, 47, 113, 128, 209, 245, 280, 313, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367
 Hill, 167
 Town and Country Club, 338
 Townsend, Charles, 161
 Christopher, 213, 296
 John, 213
 Nathan, 320
 Train Villa, 54
 Travers Block, 48
 William, 91
 Treasure trove, 76
 Treaty with Japan, 333
 Trees, the fern-beech, 47 ; the grafter, 57 ; moving trees, 91 ; Lombardy poplar, 120 ; on Rocky Farm, 135 ; Cherry Neck, 135 ; "Liberty tree," 114
 Trenton, 164
 Trinity Church, 29 ; curate of, 69 ; Jeffrey's tomb, 87 ; spire of, 105 ; English occupation of, 179 ; funeral of de Tiernay, 214 ; Mr. Honynman distinguished, 251 ; the original, 251 ; history, 251 ; first church incorporated, 254 ; house, from *Ther*

INDEX

Trinity Church (Continued)—

land, 252 ; most beautiful, 253 ; the royal crown, 253 ; spire wrecked, 254 ; fire, 254 ; clock, 255 ; vane, 255 ; bells, 255 ; interior, 256 ; cenotaphs, 257 ; Queen Anne's service, 257 ; building, 257 ; organ, 258 ; Dean Berkeley's arrival, 259 ; situation, 260 ; graveyard, 260 ; the streets adjoining, 260 ; graves, 260 ; pastor, 260 ; tombs, 261 ; Tory congregation, 261 ; King's Arms destroyed, 261 ; Jefferay, 261 ; jealous neighbors, 261 ; desecration, 261 ; damaged, 262 ; Kay Chapel, 262 ; vestryman, 262 ; Dr. Dehon, 263 ; rector, 266 ; St. John's Lodge, 274 ; Lucia Berkeley, 285 ; curate, 292 ; funeral announcements, 344 ; Boys' club, 355

Tripp, William, 180

Truant, 111

Trumbull, Colonel John, 193, 286

Trust company, first, 310, 335

Tryon, Admiral, 208

Governor, 208

Tuckerman, Henry, 48 ; description of place, 49 ; his Life of Talbot, 206 ; Blackburn, 286 ; on Prescott Hall, 302 ; house, 313

Turin, Count de, 60

Tuscany, Grand Duke of, 284

Tuxedo, 29

Twombly, Hamilton, 28, 58, 93

U

Undertaker, negro, 344

Union Congregational Church, 344

Lodge, 274

United States, 102 ; select Newport, 103 ; buildings, 106 ; fortifications, 119 ; training-schools, 127 ; existence, 161 ; first Navy, 166 ; Minister to Court of St. James, 194 ; formation, 219 ; ratified, 312 ; oldest paper, 329 ; Oliver H. Perry, 349 ; expedition to Japan, 351

University, Brown, 24

Uraga, 351

V

Valiant, 111, 115

Van Alen, James, estate of, 28, 93, 286

J. Lawrens, 53, 87

Cortlandt, Oloff, 308

Horne, Rev. Mahlon, 344

Rensselaer, Alexander, 115

Henry, 29, 32

the Patron, 309

Zandt, Governor, 313

Vanderbilt, Alfred, his house, 35, 67

Cornelius, 319

Frederick W., 54, 63, 111

Miss Consuelo, 62

Mrs. Cornelius, 25, 28, 59, 67, 299

William, Jr., 112

William K., 111, 115, 116

Varnum, General, 199

Vauchuse, 310, 315

Vaughan, Rev. William, 230

Vaughan's Pond, 230

Vehicles, fashions in, 42 ; barouche, 44 ; electric, 44 ; names, 45

Vermont, 187

Vernon house, 215

William, 215, 330

Verrazani, Giovanni da, 96

Verses, on the Spring, 41 ; Spouting Horn, 75 ; Agassiz, 81 ; Newport, 95 ; the Puritan's prayer, 99 ; Cromwell, 131 ; rebellion, 161 ; Nathaniel Greene, 164 ; beacons, 168 ; freedom, 179 ; entertaining angels, 221 ; martyrs, 224 ; sun-worship, 227 ; Jew and Gentile, 244 ; Berkeley, 264 ; westward, 268 ; Freemasons, 280 ; Thames Street, 311 ; Mary Dyer, 328 ; parody on Yankee Doodle, 334 ; Captain Lawrence, 338 ; Newport's tower, 367

"Vesper," the, 145

"Victoria," the, 208

"Vigilant," the, 220

INDEX

- Vancouver, Dr., arrival of, 24
 Vinland, 58
 Violet, Old, 345
 Virginia, Company of, 155; losses, 168;
 harassed, 161; army, 218, 298,
 309
 reel, 217
 "Virginia," the, 112
 "Vulture," the, 184
- ## W
- Waddington, Mrs. William, 29
 William, 29
 Wade, Colonel, 196
 Wadsworth, Mrs. James, 30
 Wager, Admiral, 224, 225
 Walker, Commodore, 352
 Wallace, Captain Sir James, 171;
 a commissioned pirate, 164; sharp
 letters, 165; active, 166; attacks,
 169; returns, 170; sails, 171; cor-
 respondence of the war, 172; returns,
 174
 Walpole, Horace, 162
 Wampanoags, 322, 323
 Wampum, 126
 Wamsutta, 322
 "Wanderer," the, 35
 Wanton, Governor Gideon, 215, 223,
 231
 house, 316
 John, 167, 148, 149, 152, 164,
 163, 215, 223, 231, 335
 Joseph, 309
 Mrs., 215
 Mrs. Stephen, 230
 Stephen, 231
 War College, 103
 Ward, Henry, 163
 Samuel, 53
 Thomas, 317
 Warren, General, 228
 Warren, 229
 George Henry, 90
 "Warren," the, 174
 Warwick, 184, 183, 186
 Washington, President, letter from,
 184; losses, 185; 186;
 employed de Tousard, 119; Long
 Island, 164; Delaware, 164;
 in the land, 164; gen-
 eral, 170; Rufus King to Eng-
 land, 194; letter from, 199;
 dispatches from, 203; plans,
 214; reception for, 215;
 speech, 216; parade, 216; ball,
 217; departed, 218; Freema-
 sons, 277; apron, 280; picture,
 287; Gilbert Stuart, 295;
 Stuart's portrait of, 297; town
 papers, 366
 Square, 41, 349
 Street, 108, 141, 176, 263, 335
 Waterhouse, Dr., 25
 "Waturus," the, 115
 Wayside, 51
 Weaver's hill, 179
 Webster, Daniel, 85, 302
 Hamilton Fish, 85
 Sidney, 85, 107
 Weetamoe, 323
 Weld, Mr., 50
 W. F., 90
 Wellington Avenue, 107, 209
 Wells, Mr. Storrs, 53
 Wesley, John, 15
 West, Benjamin, 288, 293, 294, 304,
 305
 Indies, 133, 300
 Point, 31; Military Academy
 built and opened, 120, 168
 Road, 31, 41, 182, 184, 189, 196
 Wetmore, George P., 29; his place,
 52
 Mr., 52
 Whale-boats, 182, 209
 Wharf, Long, 45, 108
 Wharton, Mrs. Edward, 85
 "What Cheer, Netop?" 17
 Wheatland Avenue, 53
 Whipple, Abraham, 151; spirited let-
 ter, 165; fired first gun, 166
 White Hall, 32, 70

INDEX

- White Lodge, 51
 Mrs. Harry, 85, 107
 Whitefield, George, 271
 Whitfields, 30
 Whiting, Augustus, 51
 Whitney, Harry Payne, 53; the
 studio, 61
 Whittier, 168
 Wickford boat, 109
 Widener, P. A. B., 115
 Widow's Lane, 91
 Wigwams, 140
 Williams, Dr., 285
 Roger, 17; founder, 23; advising,
 124; life, 124; founder, 125;
 account, 126; settled, 139; In-
 dian friends, 139; Spring, 158;
 discussions, 223; visitor, 224;
 grave, 224; court, 326
 Willing, Mrs., 285
 Willoughby, Hugh, 86
 Willow Bank, 306
 Wilson, Richard T., 91
 Sarah, 337
 Winan, Ross, 81
 Windmill Hill, 185, 195
 "Wing and Wing," the, 112
 Winslow, Major Josiah, 322
 Winthrop, Egerton L., 54
 Governor John, 136, 225
 Wolecott, Fort, 119
 Wolfe, Miss Catherine, 93
 Women, signals, 167; aided sailors,
 169; refugee, 171; General Prescott,
 182; spy, 184; robbed, 185; give
 information, 205; Major Talbot,
 206; hostesses, 211; beauty, 211;
 of Newport, 215; Hebrew, 242;
 industrious, 250; at fire, 255; In-
 dian, 322; chieftainess, 323; Mrs.
 Rowlandson, 323; dress, 323; in-
 dustries, 324; squaw ball, 324;
 pivotal, 327; Spring Street, 327;
 Women (Continued)—
 religious, 327; martyred, 327;
 heroines, 327; hanged, 328; gen-
 erous, 329; ventures, 329; indus-
 tries, 329; journalists, 329; widow
 Franklin, 331; industrious, 331;
 Mrs. Gardner, 332; tea, 333; spin
 or reel, 333; brews, 333; spies,
 334; Mrs. Thomas Robinson, 334;
 education, 334; intellectual, 334;
 prudent, 334; Hunter family, 336;
 redemptionists, 336; impostor, 337;
 nurses, 337; fashions, 338; wits
 and beauties, 338; Mrs. Lawrence,
 338
 Woodward, James, bric-a-brac, 60
 Wordworth, Mrs., 57
 Work, Frank, 50
 Wrecks, "Blackbird," 98
 Wyndham, 88
 Wyndhurst, 53
 Wysong, John J., estate of, 28, 93
- Y
- Yacht Club, New York, 105, 109, 115,
 116
 Yachts, 110, 111
 Yale College, 248, 285, 317
 Yankee Doodle, to attract, 146; the
 original, 158; audacious, 175; feat,
 182; the "Flora," 189; capture
 brig, 207; in Japan, 352
 Yates, Peter W., 274
 Yeddo, 351
 Yeshuat Israel, 233, 240, 243, 245
 York, Duke of, 161
 Young Men's Christian Association,
 136, 313
 Yua, 60
 Yznaga, Don Antonio de, 62
- Z
- Zerubbabel, 275
 Zion Church, 270

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